April 27, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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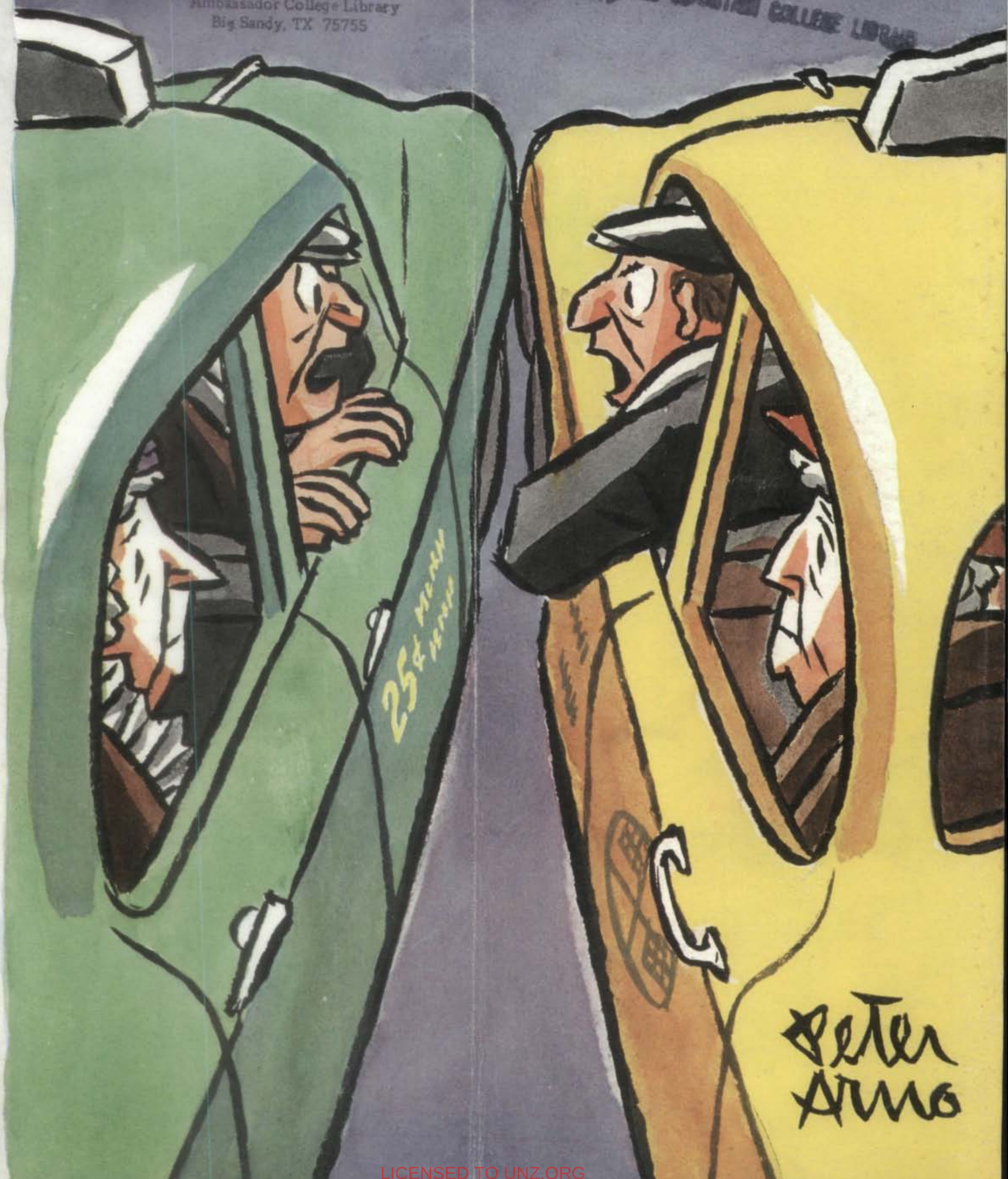

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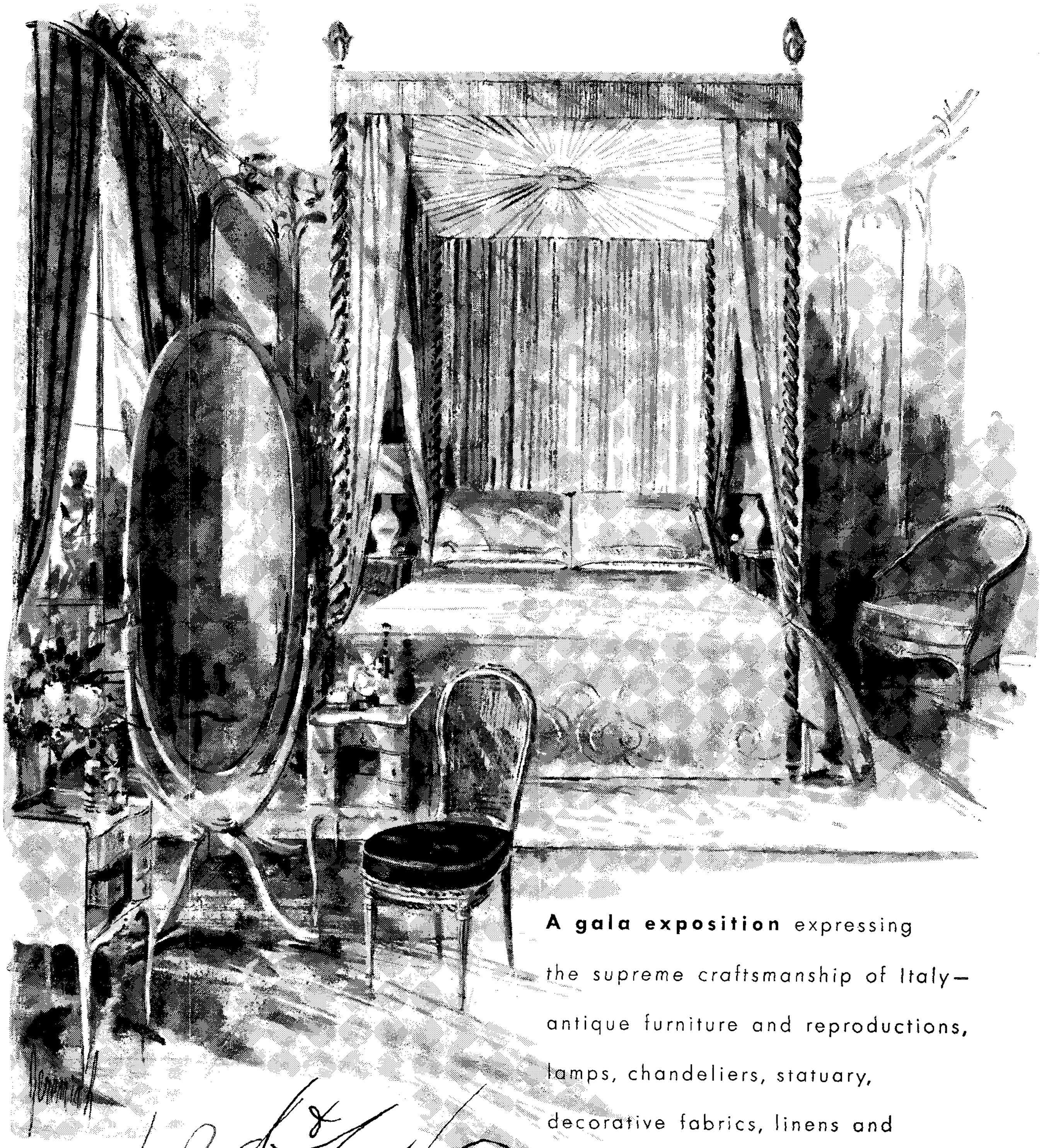

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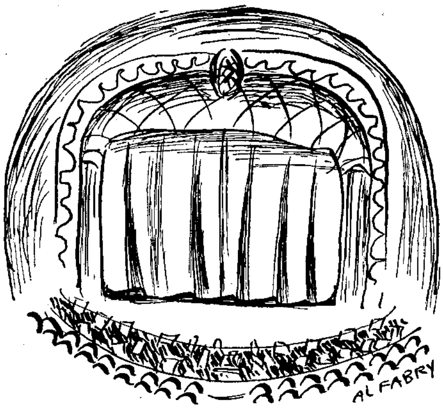
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Beyond the Fringe—A delightful diversion in which four superb English comedians—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A drama dealing with the ins and outs of a struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. The actors, led by Joseph Cotten, try hard to inject an element of suspense, but they fail, alas, since the play just doesn't have much melodramatic content. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 11.)

Dear Me, the Sky Is Falling—A slight but warm-hearted comedy, written by Leonard Spigelgass and directed by Herman Shumlin, in which Gertrude Berg figures amiably as a kind of Jewish Mrs. Fixit who is eventually persuaded by a psychoanalyst to change her interfering ways. Howard Da Silva, Jill Kraft, Tresa Hughes—and, indeed, all the others in the cast—support Mrs. Berg valiantly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—Joseph Stein's funny adaptation of a novel by Carl Reiner, in which Alan Arkin is extremely comical as a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor—a profession for which he is totally unprepared. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, Meg Myles, and Michael J. Pollard are among those in Mr. Arkin's humorous circle. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—Bertolt Brecht uses a sprawling canvas to present the various ironies of a world at war—this one back in the seventeenth century. The translation from the German, by Eric Bentley, is meritorious, but the direction, by Jerome Robbins, doesn't put much bounce into the business at hand. The part of Mother Courage is enacted by Anne Bancroft, who is a bit young to play an old lady operating an army canteen in the days when wars went on for thirty years, instead of half an hour. She is aided by Zohra Lampert, Mike Kellin, Gene Wilder, Barbara Harris, and assorted others, all of whom labor mightily. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Never Too Late—Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a brisk farce about a sixty-year-old who finds, to his dismay, that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. The play was written by Sumner Arthur Long, who is a good man with dialogue, and directed by George Abbott with his customary authority. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Photo Finish—Peter Ustinov's comedy about an ancient who has the deathbed ability to review his life as a young, a middle-aged, and an elderly man. The device grows a trifle tiresome, but the acting of Mr. Ustinov, Dennis King, Donald Davis, John Horton, Eileen Herlie, Jessica Walter, and Paul Rogers is admirable. Mr. Ustinov is not only the author and the hero of the piece but the co-director as well. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rattle of a Simple Man—A lovable and antic prostitute tries to establish virile confidence in a shy, middle-aged millworker in this three-character drama by the English playwright Charles Dyer. The grounds are familiar and the play is too long, but the dialogue rings true, and the direction, by Donald McWhinnie, is alert. Tammy Grimes and Edward Woodward are engaging as the featured players, and George Segal is competent as the third party in the enterprise. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Strange Interlude—Eugene O'Neill's practically endless attempt to conquer the stream-of-consciousness technique has in its favor the first-rate direction of José Quintero and a fine cast that features Geraldine Page, Pat Hingle, Ben Gazzara, and William Prince, and, in briefer roles, Betty Field, Franchot Tone, Richard Thomas, and Geoffrey Horne. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LT 1-9840. Nightly, except Sundays, at 6, with a dinner intermission from 8:30 to 9:30.)

Tchin-Tchin—Arlene Francis and Jack Klugman have just succeeded Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn in this play, rather weak on logic, about an English lady who has been abandoned by her spouse and a construction boss who is in the same predicament. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Too True to Be Good—This comedy, which was first presented here in 1932, doesn't reveal George Bernard Shaw at the top of his game, but it is fairly droll. The performers include Robert Preston, David Wayne, Cyril Ritchard, Eileen Heckart, Glynis Johns, Ray Middleton, Lillian Gish, and Cedric Hardwicke, and they all do splendidly. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Edward Albee employs some grim charades to expose the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The language is rough by any standards, and the play goes on much too long, but there are some dramatic episodes. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Elaine Stritch, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**a man for all seasons:** An English drama, by Robert Bolt, outlining some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, and David J. Stewart are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **mary, mary:** Diana Lynn, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Hot Spot—Judy Holliday is, as usual, beguiling as a Peace Corps worker who keeps getting herself and her outfit snarled up in international difficulties, but the book, by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, is humdrum, and the music, by Mary Rodgers, and the lyrics, by Martin Charnin, are by no means distinguished. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Little Me—In this comedy by Neil Simon (who based his play on a work by Patrick Dennis), Sid Caesar portrays seven men in the life of a Middle Western girl constantly on the make. The drollery, despite Mr. Caesar's protean efforts, is limited. The music is not much and the lyrics are rather ordinary. The play was directed by Cy Feuer and Bob Fosse, and the latter staged the dances and musical numbers. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Although Irving Berlin, Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Joshua Logan had a hand in this one, it never quite jells into a first-class musical. Nevertheless, it is not without merit, and Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, and Anita Gillette are pleasant as the principals. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—An entertainment based vaguely on Dickens' "Oliver Twist" and having in its favor several fine big production numbers. The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are quite competent in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—The seven ages of man, or something of the sort, interpreted by Anthony Newley, who owes a large

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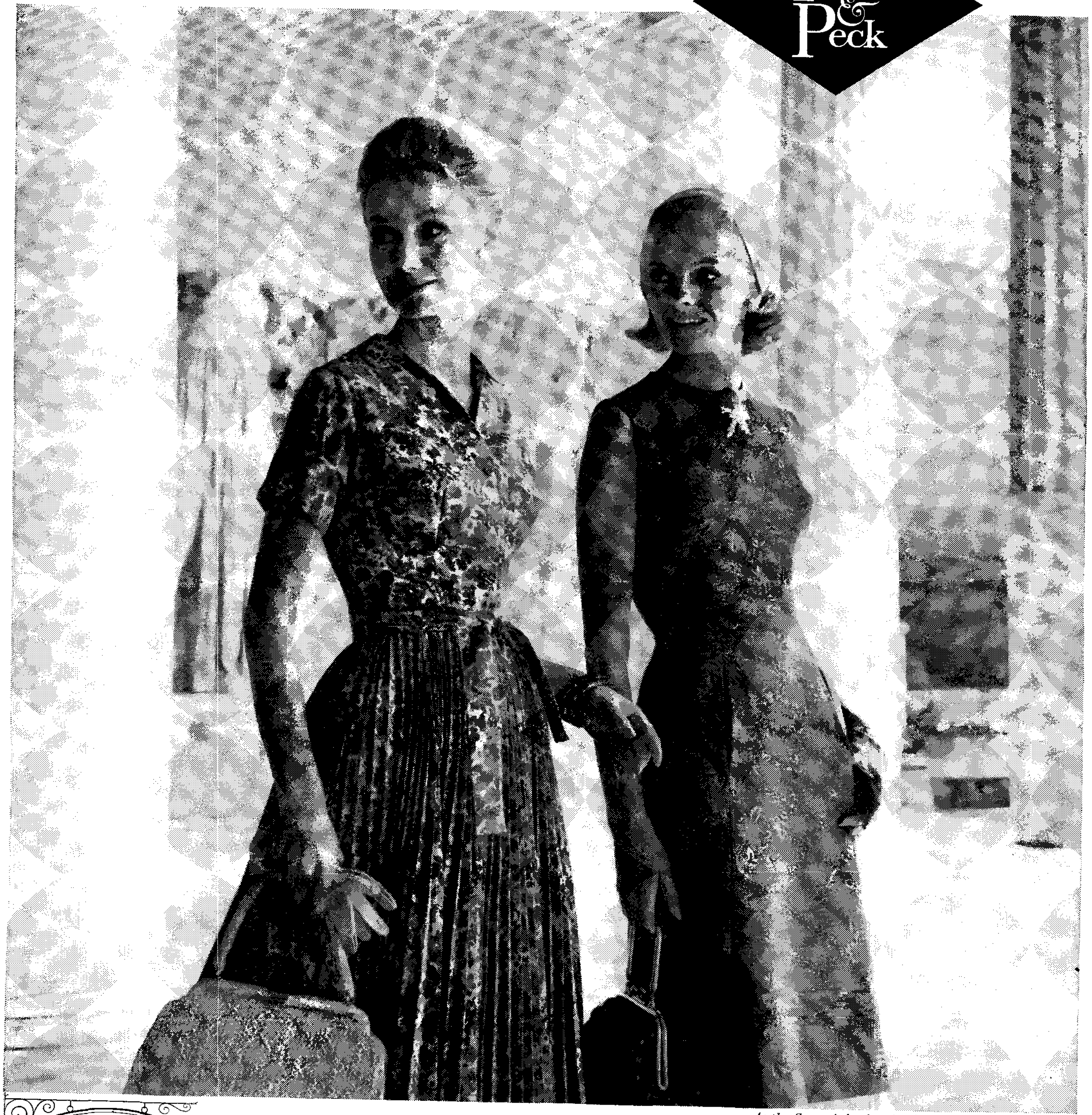

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

debt to Marcel Marceau. The pantomime, songs, and patter are pretty lame. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—This new musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, White and Red, is handicapped by a book that just doesn't make much sense. The music, by Lee Pockriss, is dull, and so are the lyrics, by Anne Croswell. However, Vivien Leigh, even if her voice is small, turns in a reputable, even regal, performance as a grand duchess of all the Russias. The direction, which is somewhat aimless, is by Peter Glenville. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Zero Mostel leading a cast that includes Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, and Ronald Holgate through ancient Rome in a show written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A musical that deals in part with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley plays the writer and Diahann Carroll a Paris *Vogue* model. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Nancy Dussault in a Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

She Loves Me—A musical version of a play by Miklos Laszlo, which also inspired the 1940 film "The Shop Around the Corner." Jerry Bock composed the score, Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics, Joe Masteroff did the book, and the cast includes Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, Ludwig Donath, and Jack Cassidy. Directed by Harold Prince, who is also the producer, in association with Lawrence N. Kasha and Philip C. McKenna. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical about a movie actress who comes to a prep-school dance. The songs still sound fine, and the attractive young cast makes up in high spirits what it lacks in professional finesse. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A thoroughly satisfying revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. The book, an adaptation of "The Comedy of Errors," gets a bit annoying, but who cares? (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A feeble play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—George C. Scott plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Colleen Dewhurst plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably animated revival of the O'Neill melodrama. Frank Schofield and Salome Jens will take over the leading roles on Tuesday, April 30. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Do You Know the Milky Way?—A revival of a poor play by Karl Wittlinger. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dragon—A fable by the late Soviet dramatist Eugene Schwarz, in a frisky and lively production. The villains are a tyrannical dragon and a despotic burgomaster; the hero is, of all people, Sir Lancelot, and his assistant and *éminence grise* is a middle-aged talking tomcat. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

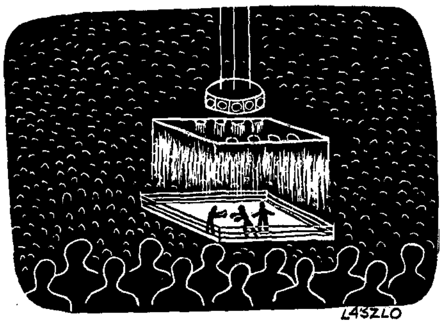
The Emperor—Tim O'Connor and M'el Dowd in a rather static German play about the Emperor Nero. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A sprightly, stylish revival of Wilde's comedy of paradox and double identity. Michael Allinson plays Worthing, Renee Gadd Lady Bracknell, and Melville Cooper Canon Chasuble. (Madison Avenue Playhouse, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-1431. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; on Thursday, May 2, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Lion in Love—A comedy by Shelagh Delaney. Opens Thursday, April 25. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—A revival of the George Bernard Shaw drama. (Showboat, 219 Second Ave., at 13th St. GR 7-7570. Mondays, Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, and James Ray. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Purple Canary—A play by Gordon Bishop and Frank Papps. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Saving Grace—This farce with a message is occasionally entertaining but more often not. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk and buoyant production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Typists and **The Tiger**—A couple of funny one-acters, each for two characters, give Eli Wallach a chance to display his first-rate talents as an actor and a comedian. Mr. Wallach is well supported by his wife, Anne Jackson. The promising dramatist is named Murray Schisgal. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

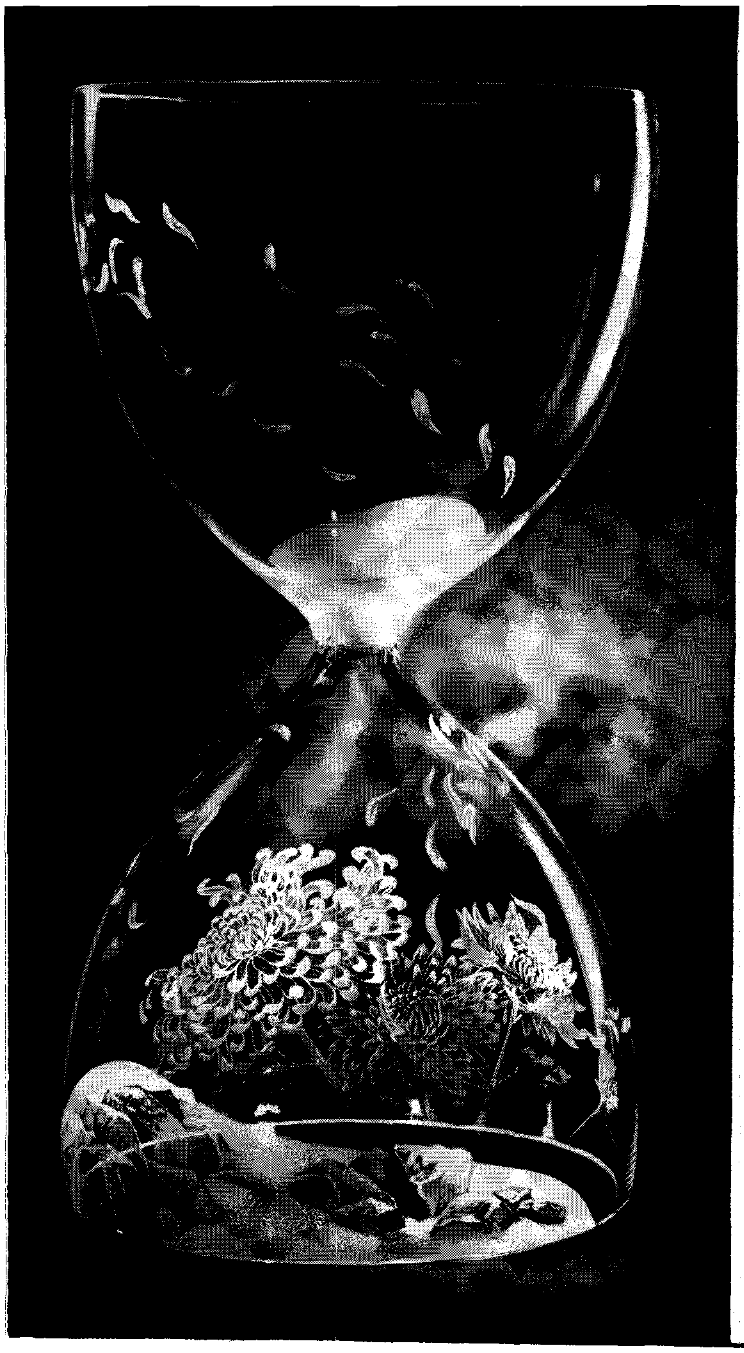
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Royal Ballet—Thursday, April 25, at 8:45: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday, April 26, at 8:15: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 27, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Two Pigeons" and "Façade." . . . ¶ Sunday, April 28, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Le Lac des Cygnes." . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 30, at 8:45: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, May 1-3, at 8:30: "Symphony" (American première), "Marguerite and Armand" (American première), and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 4, at 2:30 and 8:15: "Le Lac des Cygnes." (Metropolitan Opera House. OX 5-6157. Through Sunday, May 19. No seating at any performance after the curtain is up.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—A concert for the benefit of the Waltann School of Creative Arts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. Sunday, April 28, at 2. For tickets, call SL 6-3522.)

Yuriko—With her company, in the last in a series of programs of modern dance. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 28, at 2:30.)

Freda Miller Memorial Concert—A dance program performed by, among others, Pearl



Glass design by Donald Pollard
Engraving design by Alexander Seidel

THIS SEASON

So deep a fire does burn, deep, deep within,
Deeper than bones that shape the earthly frame.
Surely such fire must send an emanation
Along the voice and from the wary eyes.

The chin, once vulnerable and round,
Lifted with innocent joy, grows thin and sharp,
Watchful for sorrow's wound. The lips that curved
In trust long hours ago, turn downward now,
Following resignation's flow.
The breasts, once tender and serene,
Apples rounded, hinting of summer,
But still stroked with green,
Are heavy now and weary on the bough.
The body that welcomed assault by a wild sea
And leaned in rapture to the fiercest wind,
Is blurred and slack incredibly.

Incredibly . . . the inmost Self refuses to accept this season.
All the clocks strike the final hour, but there is a climate
Blooming beyond reason, a place where the same morning
Lifts its flower, carrying the leaves of love
In widening eddies to the retreating snows.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

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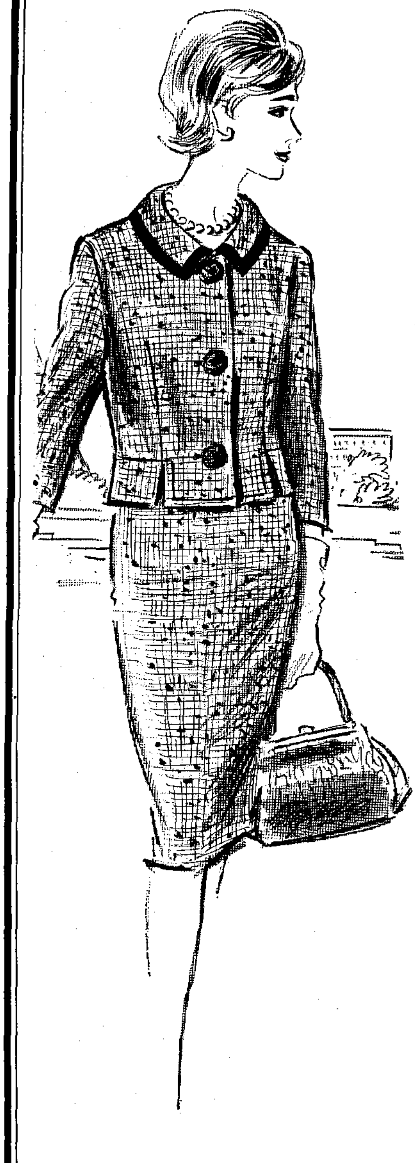
STEUBEN GLASS



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Primus, Iris Mabry, and the companies of Sophie Maslow and Alvin Ailey. A benefit for the Freda Miller Memorial Fund. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, May 4, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Danny Kaye—Plus several other performers and a bunch of chimpanzees, in a four-and-a-half-week engagement. (Ziegfeld Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Final performances Saturday, May 11.)

The Circus—Everything but the canvas top. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Wednesday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The third edition of the Royal Box, which at last looks more like a café than a continent, is presided over by Ella Fitzgerald, who sings those good old American ballads in a very good American way, though without neglecting her bop aficionados at all. Lester Lanin's varsity band and Charlie Fisk's wee squad do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The one kingdom on earth that hasn't been troubled by the gold-export problem. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. The alcove called the Champagne Room, designed for immobile types, gets along with Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, where the only approved forms of athletics are circumspect dancing and circumspect table-hopping, is shared by Stanley Worth's minute band and the guitar of Renato Rossini, which knows the Riviera all the way from the Costa Brava to Sorrento. They give over on Mondays to another band.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room at dinner and supper, Eartha Kitt is tossing her annual kitten-with-claws ballad salad, and it's got quite a lot of vernal urge in it. Emil Coleman's large band and Mark Monte's minuscule one perform for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Every day but Monday, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Everybody sits above the salt in the perfectly preserved grand duchy of the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's thickly populated and fluent dance band has a night-long partridge-and-champagne picnic on the lawn. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a haven slight enough to be engraved on the head of a fraternity pin, is full of richly inlaid peace and quiet even when piano and violin are cajolling the dinner and supper guests. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The space ship called the Columns has room for the most individualist dancers and their global maneuvers, which are accomplished in the rays of a full-dress moon. Chauncey Gray's orchestra, which is practically Knickerbocker Grays, works (after seven) in concert with Arturo Arturos's Latin trio; from six-thirty to seven, diners get the benefit of Ray Hartley's pleasurable piano. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley occupies the Café Lounge (from five to seven, and from eight to midnight) every night but Sunday with lots and lots of neatly turned keyboard.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two formal gardens that bloom only in the colder months: the ample Embassy Club (Gunnar Hansen's orchestra and Quintero's rumba buffs) and the tiny Knight Box (Jani Sarkozi's violin). Both gardens are in the hands of the caretakers on Monday nights.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Carol Channing, the condiment for dinner and supper in the Empire Room, is a girl who has no intention of keeping out of mischief, and on a girl of such nubile mien it looks good. Her words-and-music gambol is surrounded by two bands, one of them Milt Shaw's big cheering section and the other the activist foursome run by Sonny Kendis. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In another part of the forest, Peacock Alley, Emile Petti plays piano every so often between five and one; Fridays and Saturdays he also runs a dance trio after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The old grads of Louis (Goldie, that is) Hawkins' earlier clubhouses chatter side by side with the undergraduates of his present one, while the music plays on and on. The score runs like this: The pensive piano of Sam Hamilton prevails from five-thirty to eight, before his turn of duty at Downstairs at the Upstairs; the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from the latter two. Closed Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **El Chico,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Plenty of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the tables with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **King Henri IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v., *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **Ritz Bar,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarterdeck of the bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **Roma di Notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday, when the keys are given to Forrest Perrin. . . . **Méditerranée,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Rock Cornish hen is *not* a specialty of this de-luxe Grande Corniche aquarium, but Ralph Strain's piano (which sits astride the lounge) is. His odes to nocturnal ambiance occur between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **La Zambra,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **Barberry,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A rainless plain in Spain, to judge by

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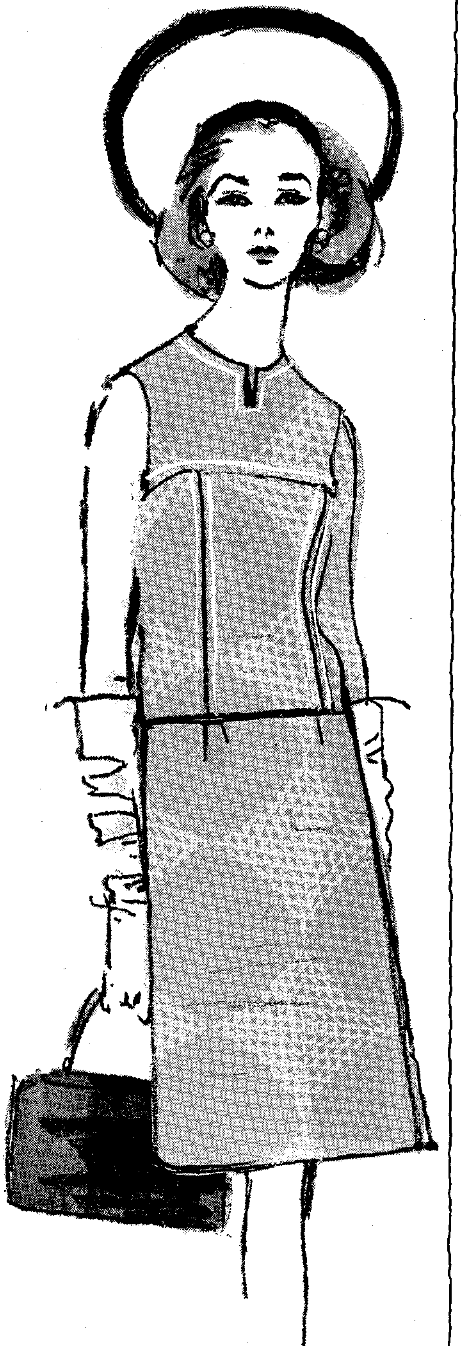

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the topography. The bill of fare and the music, which is Conrad Monjoy's piano, are midtown Manhattan, though. He's there from six to nine-thirty every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): The participants in the small turmoil onstage may be Latin Americans, but they still cling to the mother tongue—flamenco—in song and dance. Weekdays, there's dancing for the patrons, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Make-believe Central Europe at harvesttime, which calls for celebration by violin, zimbalon, and voice. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman legion is forever on the night march through this picturesque and lively residential area. Its military band is the ever-so-lightly violin of Herman Honigsberg and a set of acolytes also fitted out with stringed instruments. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, an unbridled *femme fatale* in her musical-comedy incarnations, is simply a docile housewife when she does her at-homes (songs, mostly) in this small efficiency apartment and dining room. An accordion or a piano talks in whispers whenever she's not front and center. Close-order dancing (the floor is minute) after ten-thirty, to the music of a trio, but not on Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, whose piano is courtly and crystal-clear, is at work in the Casino-on-the-Park every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A few of the seats on this stock exchange are hereditary. Not very long after the market closes, the music begins. It's made, gently, by Karl Inwald and his piano. On Monday, April 29, George Feyer returns to the throne. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti's piano beguiles, in European fashion, the hours between five and eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The gentle and dulcet Joan Bishop has the run of the piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The leisurely dinner hour, from eight to one, gets marginal notations by the guitar of José Luis Franco, who comes from the part of Spain where flamenco is the official language. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Nearly every member of the staff wears two hats—as waiter, as singer—and he'll spout snatches of opera at the drop of either one of them. Closed Mondays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER**, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A zither and the diet that goes with it are the permanent institutions. The visiting hours are six to ten. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **ABSINTHE HOUSE**, 130 W. 48th St. (CO 5-6571): Herman Chittison's lean, sinewy, good-old-days piano brightens the hours between eight and one-thirty in a small country devoted to charcoal broil and such. Closed Sundays.

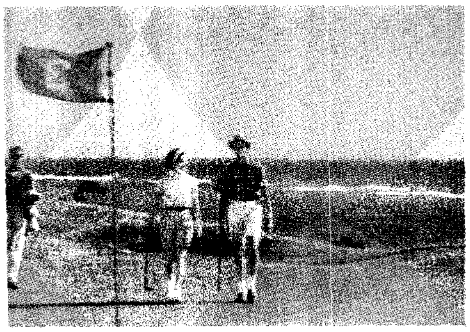
BIG AND BRASSY

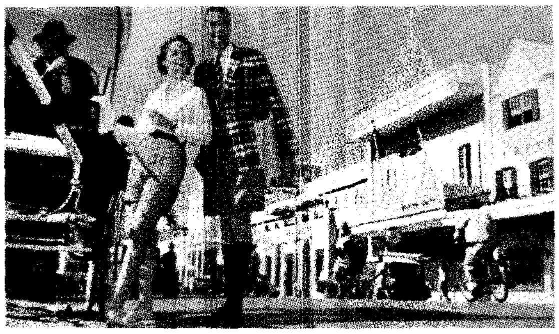
LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Three dozen nudes (or the next thing to it) descending the staircase of paradise enow to bring an ample supply of beauty into all our wan lives. A couple of superb European variety acts, such as the Wazzan set of tumblers, remind one that men still exist, too, and there are, in addition, a couple of mild sedatives—one of those traditional jesters, and Nelson Eddy, a singer of rock-ribbed Puritan stock. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Investigating the theorem that all life's a stage, Julius Monk's revue ("Dime a Dozen" is the name) discovers, to its and the audience's infinite merriment, that life is really a theatre of the absurd. The standees on the peak in Darien are Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Lovelady Powell, Fredricka Weber, Rex Robbins, and Susan Browning; the music is two pianos most properly plied by Carl Norman and Robert Colston. The work program is twice a night every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A remembrance of good things past is provided, as this enterprise enters its twenty-first year, by Wally Cox, who is once more turning his seeing eye and hearing ear on the idiosyncrasies of the American race. A certain elegance is the contribution of Anne Francine, a singer who hasn't set foot for years in a night club, and folksiness is the contribution of Addis & Crofut, a new firm seriously devoted to the music of the people. Sunday, April 28, is the last night for Mr. Cox and Miss Francine; next evening's acquisitions are Louis Nye, a wit from the Broadway theatre, and Jane Harvey, who sings it's-you-and-me-forever songs. Billy Rubenstein's trio is a further embellishment. . . . ¶ In the lounge, Bobby Short, one of the dawn's earliest and brightest lights, gets to his hot-potato piano and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks) soon after the theatre, and gets to his first ballad a moment later. Sunday is their solitary day of ease. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "To the Water Tower," a new lead editorial on the willful ways of the world, enlists the valuable services of Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Paul Dooley, who are old hands at this cheery game, to whom has been added Bob Dishy, a leading man of Chicago's Second City. Tom O'Horgan's incidental music for this revue occurs largely on his own harp. The charades start at eight-thirty and eleven, except on Sundays, when there's no late show. Mondays darkness prevails. . . . **THE PREMISE**, 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): The new revue here is, like its predecessor, a vehicle (eight-cylinder, most of the time) for Ted Flicker, a disarming bearded prophet, to lament—generally in brusque blackouts—the shortcomings of the world at large. With the help of three aides, also facile at ad-lib, this makes a rapid and impetuous little evening. It's presented in a coffeehouse with theatre seats instead of tables. Its method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three-and-seven-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fun and games is the principle of Ronny Graham's namesake, "Graham Crackers," a revue that has aspersions to cast here and there but ties them up with bright-red ribbon. The aspersions are made especially lively by Bill McCutcheon, as a pet laughing hyena. Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire, inventors of a lot of the words and music, are newcomers of distinction. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS**, the real Mr. Graham shows up at ten, Fridays and Saturdays, with an armful of homemade ditties to take us on a personally conducted tour of the Grand Duchy of Paranoia. Mabel Mercer, who, on the other hand, is there all week, is the patron saint of the *chanson d'amour*, which she has raised from infancy to a fine art. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Ten is their hour of arrival, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): There should always be an England like the one—part fact, part fantasy—that five well-endowed players from London's The Establishment (all but one in their minor twenties) have set up on the alternately amused, astounded, and possibly aghast stage here. They are John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson, and the revue they and Peter Cook (of "Beyond the Fringe") keep writing and ad-libbing is presented—along with steak, kidney pie, ale, and such—Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Sundays at four and eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Juan Carlos Copes and his Argentine Ballet troupers, who bound onstage at dinner and supper, indulge in tangos whose variety and vigor would overtax Rudolph Valentino and—for that matter—the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The customers, no slouches at footwork, are given equal time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. The Sunday *thés dansants*, which run on and on, are bacchanalian. . . . ¶ Off the bar is an alcove so tiny that thirty's a matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and





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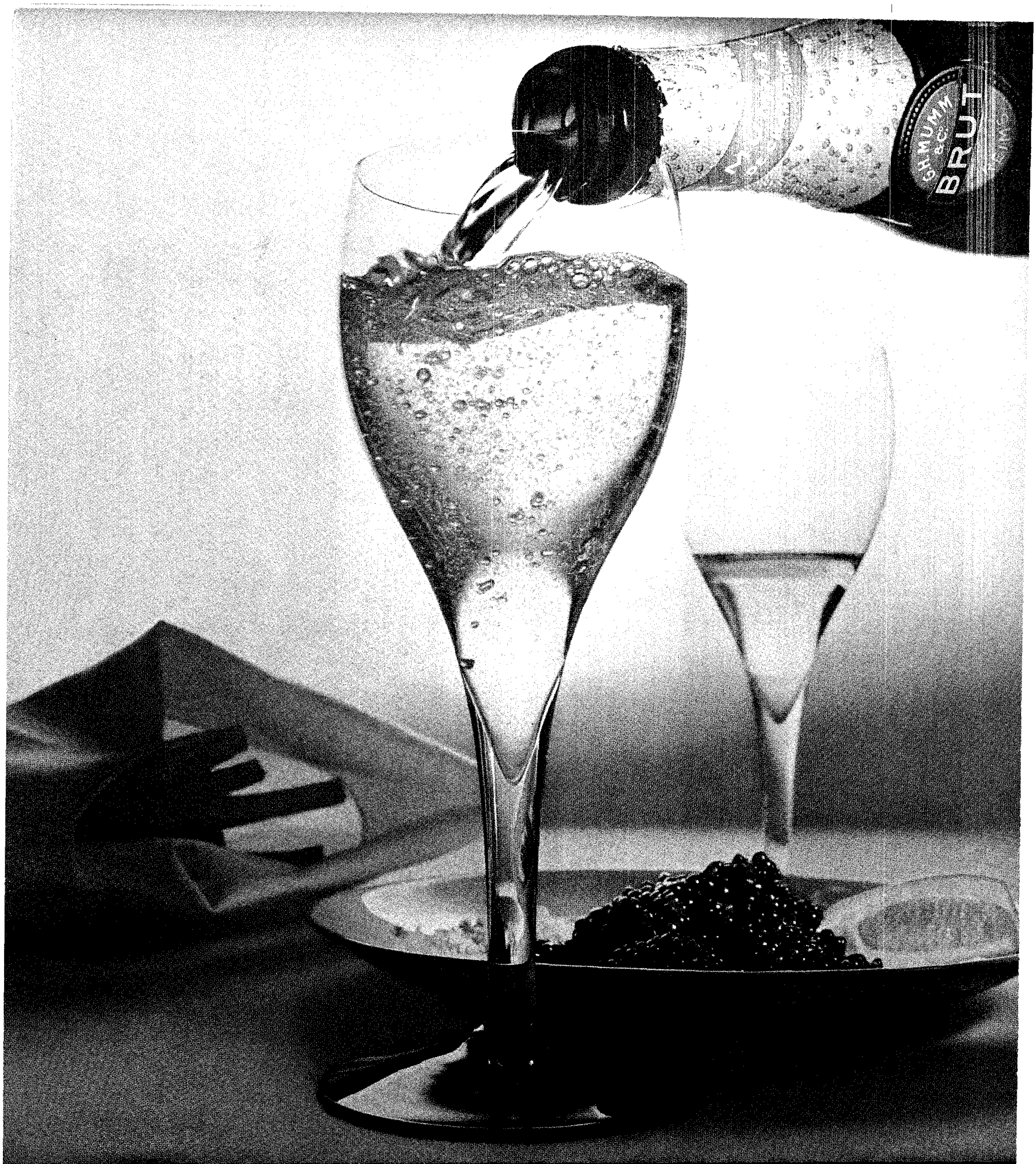

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **FOUR WEST**, 4 W. 49th St. (CI 5-6770): "4-West," a small patter-and-piano sort of revue, unwinds in the rear room of this bar-and-grill at ten and twelve, or seven-thirty and ten-thirty Sundays. It contains some rubble and half a dozen sketches of excelling virtue. One of them—what happens to Elsie Downey, a skillful participant in the cast of four, when she gets a Western Union candygram—would rate A + anywhere. Jonathan Lucas is both director and choreographer. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Bossa Tres, exponents of 1963 Brazilian folklore, and the Phoenix Singers, exponents of more remote American folklore, call it a night on Sunday, April 28. On Tuesday, April 30, Bola Sete, a Brazilian guitarist of quiet but obvious magnificence, brings his threesome back to town, and Bill Evans will arrive with his world-of-its-own trio. Jerry Stiller and Anne Meara will be staying on, to continue their set of playlets proving that people just can't get along with people. There's an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): A precarious balance is not so easily maintained between Vic Damone, who is all milk and honey and croon, and Don Rickles, whose words and manner have the innate charm of a Madison Avenue bus driver. On Monday, April 29, a new lot of characters move in, prominent among them Al Hirt, owner of a large showboat jazz band, from Dixie. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Charlie Byrd's guitar, sometimes all by its lonesome in Spain or Brazil and sometimes hand in hand with his trio, is for devotees of perfection. Also around: Clark Terry's fivesome, to which is attached a new folk musician, Judy Henske; and Woody Allen, a free-hand wit who can come up with great ideas. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here is made with real coffee, and nothing else; the sounds are made by Allen & Grier, who impart to folk singing a sprightliness that so often gets left out, not to mention Gertrude Ward and another passel of Ward Gospel Singers; the jokes are made by another newcomer, Bill Cosby. Tuesdays, the regulars are off duty. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris and his cohorts—Sidney de Paris and Garvin Bushell among them—are expounding, very much out loud, their version of ancient history. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Sol Yaged and a couple of pals, one of them Dick Wellstood, have set up old-fashioned housekeeping. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): "Assault" and "battery" are the sole notations on the musicians' manuscripts, if there *are* any manuscripts. Gene Krupa's thunder-on-the-left-and-right band will, on Friday, May 3, turn the place over to Cozy Cole's quartet. Guest performers pick up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Sonny Rollins, who proceeds with due deliberation toward filling in the pattern of his abstractions, has a quartet to help out; Chris Connor relies simply on her own voice to project herself into her concept of the fourth dimension. And there's Herbie Mann, with his sextet of very North American *bossa-nova* makers. Extracurricular sessions Mondays, when other hands take over. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A neighborly bar whose denizens, all believers in furthering progress, keep looking for new sound barriers to scale. Lennie Tristano's quintet, in which Don Ferrara is trumpet, has the floor now. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Edmond Hall's mellowed and wistful clarinet is the keynote of the small those-were-the-days band he leads. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Experimental research is the project here. The staff is subject to graduation without notice. Mondays and Tuesdays, only one band takes the stand. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' foursome pours music on the troubled squatters down front. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's foursome plays for the traditionalists. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A lot of hard work goes into the music of the Lee Evans trio, and that's about all that comes out of it. Howard Reynolds does easygoing, on-the-beat music between sets. No action Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Weekend reversion to the music of our forefathers. On Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, it should be distributed by Max Kaminsky, Buster Bailey, Red Richards, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Louis Metcalf's quartet, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little red schoolhouse of 52nd Street, where so many of us got our early education, is offering the same sort of courses (Cliff Jackson's piano the week long, plus Danny Barker's trio Fridays and Saturdays) as before. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Peter Agostini—Abstract plaster sculptures and drawings; through May 11. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Franco Assetto—Abstract relief-like paintings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

George Biddle—Drawings and silverpoints (portraits, animals, flower studies, and the mummies of the Cappuccini, in Sicily); through May 11. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Alexander Calder—Stabiles, mobiles, and gouache paintings; through Saturday, May 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Campbell—Stone-on-stone sculptures; through May 9. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

John Cook—Abstract bronze and welded-steel sculptures; through Saturday, May 4. (Osgood, 137 W. 55th St.)

Mildred Crooks—Semi-abstract landscapes with figures; through May 11. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Robert Dash—Impressionistic landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, May 4. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Elaine de Kooning—Recent portraits; through May 11. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rosalyn Drexler and Tom Doyle—Paintings by the former, abstract sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, May 4. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

Bernard Dufour—Works showing the transition from abstract to figure painting by this School of Paris artist; through Saturday, May 4. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oil paintings from the period 1886 to 1909; through Saturday, May 4. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings, water colors, and oils; through Saturday, April 27. (Balin-Traube, 11 E. 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Frederick Franck—Ink, pencil, and wash drawings of the 1962 session of the Ecumenical Council; through Saturday, May 4. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

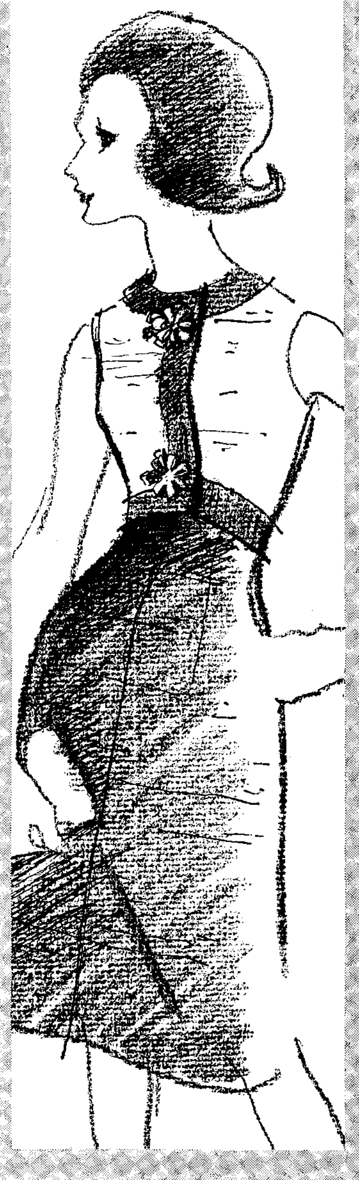
Hamilton Fraser—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes by a young British painter; through Saturday, May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Elias Goldberg—Paintings, primarily scenes of New York City; through May 18. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

John Hultberg—Oils and lithographs of landscapes and cityscapes, with figures; through Saturday, April 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Dong Kingman—Water colors of Madrid, Hong

BONWIT TELLER



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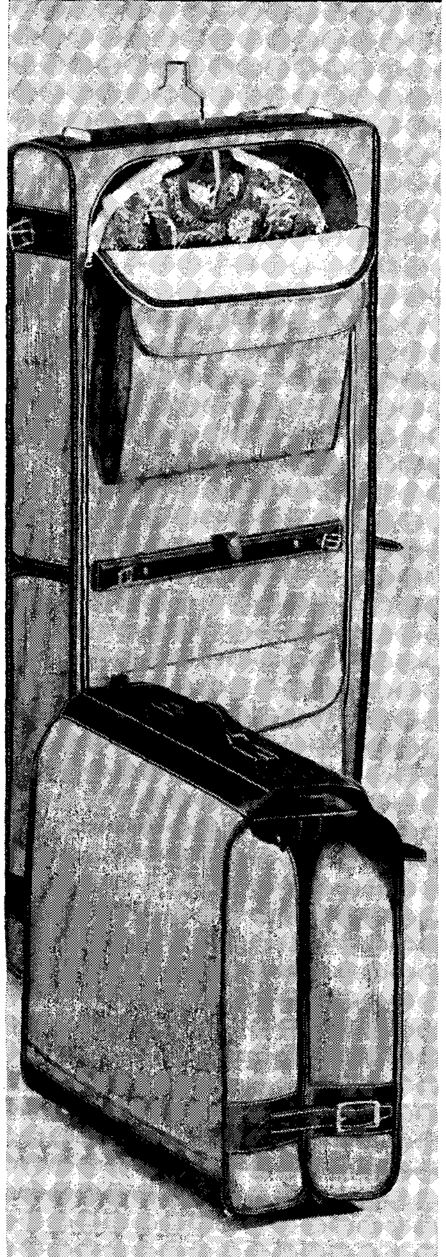

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kong, New York, and San Francisco by this Chinese-American artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Abstract sculptures; through Saturday, April 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Peter Lanyon, Robert Broderson, and Joseph Glasco—Drawings and water colors by one English and two American painters; through Saturday, April 27. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Welded-metal abstractions; through Saturday, May 4. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rico Lebrun—Ink drawings based on Brecht's "Threepenny Novel;" through Saturday, April 27. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jack Levine—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave. at 66th St.)

Alexander Liberman—Abstract paintings and metal sculptures; through May 10. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jacques Lipchitz—A hundred and fifty-seven small bronzes recently cast from maquettes (clay sketches) created over the years from 1914 to 1962; through May 11. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Oils and water colors by a sculptor lately turned painter; through Saturday, April 27. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Bernhard Luginbühl—Abstract iron sculptures, as well as drawings, etchings, and lithographs, by a young Swiss artist; through Saturday, May 4. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Boris Lurie—Paintings and collages by a New Realist; through Saturday, May 4. (Stein, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Maryan—Primitive images reflecting the horrors of contemporary life by a French artist now living here; through Saturday, May 4. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Isamu Noguchi—New bronzes; through Saturday, April 27. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Paintings; through May 18. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Richard O'Hanlon—Abstract bronzes by a California sculptor; through Saturday, May 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Ortman—Painting-constructions and drawings; through Saturday, April 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Pike—Water colors of Florida, Woodstock, Hawaii, and Jamaica; through Saturday, April 27. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings and bronze sculptures by this Canadian-born Paris artist; through May 18. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Rousseau—A retrospective loan exhibition of paintings by the Douanier. For the benefit of Les Amis de Nogent. Through May 25. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Hyde Solomon—Impressionist landscapes; through May 11. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Vivian Springford—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 4. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Still-life paintings; through Saturday, April 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz—Drawings and water colors, 1903-31; through Tuesday, April 30. (Tutti, 1314 Third Ave., at 75th St.)

Stanford White (1851-1906)—Drawings and water colors of America and Europe done by the architect during the seventies and eighties; through May 11. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract water colors; through Saturday, May 4. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

The Armory Show—50th Anniversary Exhibition: A re-creation of the famous 1913 show, held at the same site. Of the thirteen hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings (mostly Post-Impressionist, Fauvist, and Cubist) originally shown, about four hundred have been rounded up for display. Among the artists represented are Duchamp, van Gogh, Picasso, Matisse, Cézanne, and Braque. For the benefit of the Creative Arts Program of the Henry Street Settlement. Through Sunday, April 28. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. Thursday through Saturday, noon to 10; Sunday, noon to 6.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirtieth annual exhibition of bas-reliefs and medals, plus, this year, small sculptures; through Tuesday, April 30. (Schoneman, 63 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the AMERICAN GALLERY, 156 E. 64th St.: Drawings by Robert Beauchamp, Lester Johnson, and Frank Roth; through May 11. (Closed Mondays.) . . . BLACK, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Theodore Robinson, Thomas Anshutz, Arthur B. Davies, and seventeen other late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century artists who have been revived in exhibitions since 1955; through May 18. . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 67th St.: Colonial portraits and nineteenth-century landscapes and still-lifes by Charles Willson Peale, William Harnett, Thomas Cole, and others; through May 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . KRAUSHAAR, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures, 1900-50, by (for instance) Hartley, Luks, and Lachaise; through Saturday, April 27. . . . MILCH, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group of contemporaries, including Dehn, Kroll, and Pleissner; through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . SCHWEITZER, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Blakelock, Cassatt, Inness, and other turn-of-the-century artists; through May 15.

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Paintings by, among others, Klee, Feininger, and Baziotes; through May 31. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the HAHN, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Paintings by such artists as Dubuffet, Giacometti, and Chagall; through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . HUTTON, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings done between 1908 and 1914 by members of Der Blaue Reiter school, including Kandinsky, Marc, Macke, and Delaunay. For the benefit of the Manhattan Chapter of the American Association for the United Nations. Through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: "Parisiens with an Accent," an exhibition of paintings and sculptures by artists from all over the world who work in Paris, among them Sam Francis, Vieira da Silva, and Jean Paul Riopelle; through May 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Utrillo, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others; through June 1.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"American Art from American Collections," comprising furniture (attributed to John Townsend, Duncan Phyfe, and others), silver, glass, porcelain, miniatures, paintings (by Copley, Sully, and others), and prints, from the Colonial and Federal periods, lent by private collectors throughout the country; through Sunday, April 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of oils, prints, and water colors, ranging from landscapes to religious paintings and mystic fantasies, by Emil Nolde, one of the founders and leaders of the German Expressionist movement; through Tuesday, April 30. . . . ¶ Sculptures (bronze, marble, terra cotta, and plaster), drawings, and water colors, dating from 1863 to 1917, by Auguste Rodin; starting Wednesday, May 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Twenty-second International Watercolor Biennial, made up of items by more than a hundred and thirty living artists from Sweden, Yugoslavia, and the United States; through Sunday, April 28. . . . ¶ "Gold of the Andes, Treasure of Peru;" starting Monday, April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of paintings by French eighteenth-century masters, including Boucher, Robert, and Vigée-Lebrun; through May 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth

Ave., at 89th St.—Five abstract mural panels executed by Mark Rothko for Harvard University; through June 2. . . . ¶ "Six Painters and the Object," a display of "pop art" by Jim Dine, Robert Rauschenberg, Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, James Rosenquist, and Jasper Johns; through June 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Holland: The New Generation," an exhibition of fifty paintings and twenty-five sculptures by Gerrit Benner, Jan Sierhuis, Carel Visser, and others; through May 5. . . . ¶ A comprehensive survey of paintings, objects, and drawings by Robert Rauschenberg; through May 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan show of dry-brush and pencil drawings by Andrew Wyeth; through Saturday, April 27. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—Woven forms and Venezuelan ceramics; through May 12. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Masks, figures, and other sculptures created by the Senufo people in West Africa; through May 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Sculptures by Mark di Suvero, Peter Forakis, Sandra Beal, and five other artists between the ages of twenty-five and forty; through May 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective (1932-62) of sculptures and drawings by Herbert Ferber; through May 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective (1939-63) of paintings by Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart; through May 26. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, May 12—Thursday evening, April 25: The company's première of Benjamin Britten's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (A benefit for the New York City Opera's Production Fund.). . . ¶ Friday evening, April 26: "Street Scene.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 27: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 28: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 28: "A Midsummer Night's Dream.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 1: "Oedipus Rex" and "Carmina Burana.". . . ¶ Friday evening, May 3: "Susannah.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 4: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 4: "Street Scene." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; evenings thereafter at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Hunter College Opera Association—Rossini's "The Turk in Italy," in English, staged by Carolyn Lockwood and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Paul Hindemith conducting on Thursday, April 25, at 8:30; Friday, April 26, at 2:15; Saturday, April 27, at 8:30; and Sunday, April 28, at 3 (all with Anton Heiller, organ). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein directing a Schumann-Britten program on Thursday, May 2, at 8:30; Friday, May 3, at 2:15; Saturday, May 4, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 5, at 3 (all with Jennifer Vyvyan, soprano; Regina Sarfaty, mezzo-soprano; Richard Lewis, tenor; the Collegiate Chorale; the Boys' Choir from the Little Church Around the Corner; and others).

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing, with the Columbia University Chorus. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Symphony of the Air—Alfred Wallenstein conducting an all-Brahms program, with Boris Gutnikoff, violin, and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 29, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Interracial Chorale and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing, with Stephanie Turash, soprano, and other soloists. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Oratorio Society of New York—T. Charles Lee directing a program of eighteenth-century and contemporary liturgical music, with James Fromme, tenor, and a string ensemble. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Monday, April 29, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call CI 7-4199.)

Bach's B-Minor Mass—Stephen Simon directing the Schola Cantorum of New York, the Manhattan School of Music Chorus, and members of the Symphony of the Air, with Judith Raskin, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

Centenary Singers—Newel Kay Brown directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple and Allan Miller directing a program of the choral music of Palestrina. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 2, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Erica Morini and Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Violin and piano, in a program of sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Janáček, Schubert, and Stravinsky—The third in a series of five chamber-music concerts, this one devoted to the works of Schubert and Janáček, performed by Ernst Haefliger, tenor, and Paul Ulanowsky, piano, with assisting artists. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

Chamber-Music Concert—Gerald Tarack, violin; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Alexander Kouguell, cello; Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Lawrence Smith, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30.)

Sonya Monosoff and Irene Jacobi—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

Fernando Germani—The first three in a series of fourteen programs presenting the Bach cycle of organ works. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, April 26, at 8:30; Sunday, April 28, at 6; and Friday, May 3, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Alfonso Montecino—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 5:15.)

New School Concerts—Participants in a chamber-music program include Vera Zorina, *récitante;* Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Richard Cumming, piano; Samuel Rhodes, viola; David Soyer, cello; and Julius Levine, bass. The final concert of the season. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, April 28, at 3 and 9.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff program. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 30, at 8:30.)

The Weavers—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, May 2-3, at 8:30.)

International Society for Contemporary Music—The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Arnold Schoenberg and Irving Fine, performed by the Brandeis Players. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 3, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Alfred Heberer and Waldemar Link directing the Liederkranz Symphony Orchestra and several choruses, with Jean Madeira, contralto; Lauritz Melchior, tenor; Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritone; and others. A benefit for the Isabella Home for the Aged and several other charities. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concert—Ray Charles, pop singer, with

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Cleveland, Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, April 29-30, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Wednesday, May 1, at 8, and Thursday, May 2, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, May 3, at 8, and Saturday, May 4, at 2.

CREW—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.) . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 4.) . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Dartmouth, Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge, Mass. Saturday, May 4.) . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Syracuse. Saturday, May 4.)

GOLF—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Friday through Sunday, May 3-5.)

HORSE SHOWS—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28.) . . ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (White Horse, Pa. Saturday, May 4.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.) . . ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 4.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 1. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, April 27; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, May 1; and the Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 4. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30, from Saturday, April 27, through Thursday, May 30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays, except Monday, April 29, at 1:30; through Wednesday, May 1. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

TRACK—Penn Relays. (Franklin Field, Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:15; through Tuesday, May 21.

FOR CHILDREN

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S REPERTORY THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Kips Bay Playhouse, 229 E. 82nd St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays at 2.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Abe Lincoln," Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "Young Tom Edison," Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Young Jefferson," Sundays at 1:30. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Peter Rabbit." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturday, April 27, at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sunday, April 28, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **HORIZONS:** "Contrary Mary and Dr. Jingle." (Rodale Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. GR 5-9496. Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturday, April 27, at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, April 27, and Sunday, April 28, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Group Soup." (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Saturday, April 27, at 1 and 3.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Just So Stories." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturday, April 27, at 1:30 and 3, and Sunday, April 28, at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Stories in the Stars." Starting Tuesday, April 30, there will be a new show, "Journey to Alaska," which will anticipate the trip many astronomers will take this summer to

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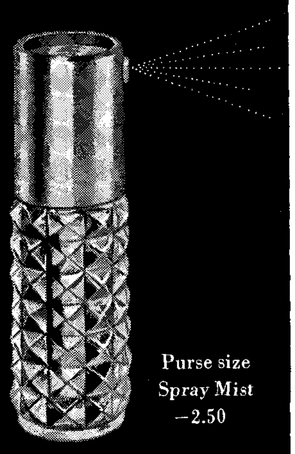

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observe the total solar eclipse of July 20. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the little ones may visit a pond inhabited by ducks, geese, and penguins; a Jonah's whale (with an aquarium inside); a storybook castle; and so on. There are also lambs, kids, deer, rabbits, and other animals to be petted and admired. (Daily 10 to 4:30. Except on Mondays, adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.) . . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Rembrandt the Rabbit, George the Crow, and several other old friends are on hand again, plus such new additions as a baby llama, twin lambs, two young Japanese macaques, and a cockatoo. (Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

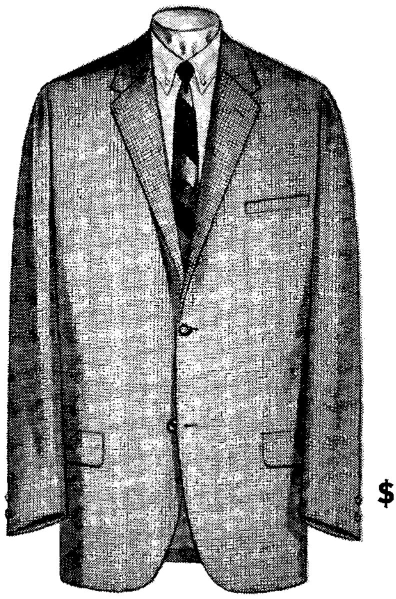
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Randall Jarrell reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays, except May 1, through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 27, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture; gold, silver, and porcelain bibelots; paintings and drawings; bronze *doré*, rock crystal, and other decorative objects; and Aubusson and Bessarabian carpets. The property of Juleen Compton and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 1, at 8: Old-master paintings, including Frans Hals' "The Merry Lute Player," Rembrandt's "Portrait, Said to Be Hendrickje Stoffels," and Bellini's "Madonna and Child;" from the collection of Oscar B. Cintas. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, April 26. . . . **NOTE:** Prior to its sale at Christie's, in London, on May 29th, Lord Brownlow's collection of silver bearing the royal arms of past kings and queens of England will be exhibited at Duveen Brothers, 18 E. 79th St. Among the items are a dinner service of a hundred pieces, each bearing the arms of George III; a huge wine cistern with its handles fashioned as a lion and a unicorn; and a set of four William and Mary sconces. For the benefit of the Shaker Community of Hancock, Massachusetts. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; through Tuesday, April 30.)

DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME—Starts Sunday, April 28, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—April 25, at 8 P.M.: "Arsenic and Old Lace" (1944), with Cary Grant and Priscilla Lane. . . . ¶ Four programs (tentative schedule) in a series called "Television, U.S.A.: Thirteen Seasons." April 25, at 5:30: C.B.S. Reports, "Harvest of Shame" (1960); and Camera 3, "Actors Choice No. 7" (1960). April 26-27 (showings at 5:30; on Saturday, unless the construction work going on next door interferes, at 3 also): Bell & Howell Close-Up, "Yanki No!" (1960), and Casals Master Class, "Dvořák, Concerto in B" (1961). April 28-29 (showings at 5:30; on Sunday at 3 also): National Political Conventions, Democratic and Republican (1960); and The Red Skelton Show, "Laughter, the Universal Language" (1961). Starting April 30 (showings at 4): Play of the Week, "The Iceman Cometh" (1960). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)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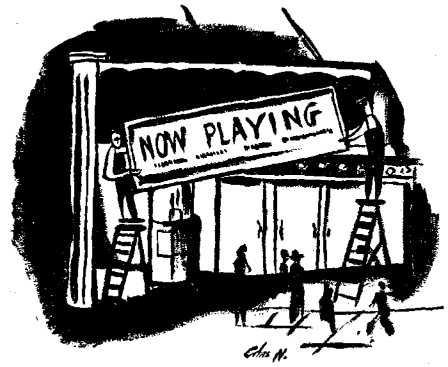
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Balcony—Joseph Strick and Ben Maddow, of Hollywood, have made a remarkably successful adaptation of the grim play by Jean Genet, of Paris. Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith are among the superlative cast. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 1.)

Billy Budd—A classic study of good and evil, drawn from the crabbed work of Melville. Peter Ustinov has directed it with an eye to beauties internal as well as external, and is fine in one of the chief roles. Also present and also fine are Robert Ryan and Terence Stamp. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 1.)

David and Lisa—A touching story about a mentally disturbed boy and girl who find their way back into the world by finding each other. Starring Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Days of Wine and Roses—The burden of this woeful fable is that it's bad enough to work in public relations without being a drunk as well. Jack Lemmon is a wonderful actor, and he and Lee Remick lighten the burden as best they can. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 28. . . . ¶ New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 30, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 30, tentative. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting May 1, tentative.)

Divorce—Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Four Days of Naples—A young Italian director named Nanni Loy has thrillingly reconstructed a heroic incident of the Second World War. The cast is largely unprofessional and wholly anonymous. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Freud—How a certain young doctor in Vienna in the eighteen-eighties came to explore the unconscious mind, and what he found there. But the director, John Huston, has made the map of the unconscious a little too easy to read, and Montgomery Clift sounds more like Coolidge than Freud. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Happiness of Us Alone—A curious story about a Japanese couple who are not only deaf but very poor. A great deal cheerfuller than you might expect, and superbly acted by Hideko Takamine and Keiju Kobayashi. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lazarillo—From a celebrated Spanish novel and featuring the celebrated Spanish landscape. The title role is played by a beguiling child actor, Marco Paoletti, and his fellow-children should all go and see him. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through April 28.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—An English tragicomedy whose protagonist looks and behaves like a very young D. H. Lawrence. Thanks to the director, Tony Richardson, this proves to be a highly attractive state of working-class affairs. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 1, evening performances only.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—An overly reverent, unevenly acted film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through April 30. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 30, tentative.)

The Longest Day—Darryl Zanuck's conscientious re-creation of D Day, which, for all its three hours' juggling with life and death, is never very moving. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian and Trevor Howard as Captain Bligh in a high-flown rendering of a tale that used to be about good man and bad but that now concerns the class struggle, sex, and other Hollywood commonplaces. The sea scenes are stupendous. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A young French war veteran who has lost his memory and a child who has lost her family become friends and might someday be more than friends, but the world blunderingly intervenes, to the ruin of all their hopes. Sad and beautiful, and more beautiful than sad. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Trial—The horror of Kafka's novel springs from the matter-of-factness with which everyone, including the hero, accepts an outrageous fate. Orson Welles couldn't be matter-of-fact if he tried, and his brand of outrageousness is especially unsuited to Kafka; to make things worse, the hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Ugly American—A good movie made from a bad novel. Marlon Brando plays the part of an intelligent but wrong-headed United States ambassador to a mythical republic in Southeast Asia. When Mr. Brando feels like acting, no one can beat him, and this time he felt like acting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 30.)

The Wrong Arm of the Law—Peter Sellers back in top form, in a nonsensical farce about cops and robbers in the not very dangerous London underworld. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 29-May 1.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 1, evening performances only.)

La Belle Américaine (1961)—A French comedy, starring Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and a huge American car—the beauty referred to in the title. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 28-30.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through April 30.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; April 29-May 1.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through April 30, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 27. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 30.)

Letters from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 26-29.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 30.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

School for Scoundrels (1960)—Spirited English fun, based on Stephen Potter's mock-sociological studies of lifemanship and gamesmanship. Alastair Sim, Ian Carmichael, and Terry-Thomas. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 30.)

Show Boat (1951)—The old stern-wheeler. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through April 30.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 26-29.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 1.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 27. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through April 30.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Love Is a Ball," Glenn Ford, Hope Lange.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Lafayette," Jack Hawkins, Orson Welles.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Bye Bye Birdie," Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through April 30: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.
From May 1: "Come Fly with Me," Dolores Hart, Hugh O'Brian.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
HAPPINESS OF US ALONE (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Magnificent Sinner," Romy Schneider, Curt Jurgens.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FREUD.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through April 30: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French), revival.
From May 1: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**; and **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through April 30: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.
From May 1: "Critic's Choice," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Lad: a Dog," Peter Breck, Peggy McCay.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 30: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and **SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS**, revival.
From May 1: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 30 (tentative): **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From May 1 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Law" (in French; formerly called "Where the Hot Wind Blows"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Yves Montand.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Time Out for Love" (in French), Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Birds," Rod Taylor, Jessica Tandy.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE UGLY AMERICAN.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through April 30: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.
From May 1: "Critic's Choice," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Lad: a Dog," Peter Breck, Peggy McCay.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE BALCONY.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 28: "Landru" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Charles Denner.
From April 29: "Two Daughters" (in Bengali).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 30: **WEST SIDE STORY.**
From May 1: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through April 30: **SHOW BOAT**, revival.
From May 1: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 30 (tentative): **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES.**
From May 1 (tentative): "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Love Is a Ball," Glenn Ford, Hope Lange.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through April 30: "To Kill a Mockingbird," Gregory Peck, Mary Badham; and "Showdown," Audie Murphy, Kathleen Crowley.
From May 1: "Critic's Choice," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Lad: a Dog," Peter Breck, Peggy McCay.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through April 30: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From May 1: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson; and "Country Music Holiday," Ferlin Husky.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"The Army Game" (in French), Christian de Tilière.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 28: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**; and "The Road to Hong Kong," revival, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.
April 29-May 1: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through April 30: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and "Oedipus Rex," revival, performed by the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespearean Festival players.
From May 1: **THE BALCONY.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE WRONG ARM OF THE LAW.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 30: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From May 1: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson; and "Country Music Holiday," Ferlin Husky.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 27: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
April 28-30: **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French), revival; and "Term of Trial," Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret.
From May 1: **BILLY BUDD**; and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through April 30: "Fiasco in Milan" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Claudia Cardinale.
From May 1: "The Mind Benders," Dirk Bogarde, Mary Ure.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE TRIAL.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Playboy of the Western World," Siobhan McKenna, Gary Raymond.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 28: **LAZARILLO** (in Spanish).
From April 29: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in French), performed by the Comédie-Française.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through April 28: "Love and Larceny" (in Italian), Vittorio Gassman, Anna Maria Ferrero.
From April 29: "The Black Fox," a documentary film on Adolf Hitler, with a narration by Marlene Dietrich.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through April 30: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From May 1: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson; and "Country Music Holiday," Ferlin Husky.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 29: "Love Me Tonight," revival, Maurice Chevalier, Jeanette MacDonald; and "Laughter," revival, Fredric March, Nancy Carroll.
From April 30: "The Idiot" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 30: "Nine Hours to Rama," Horst Buchholz, José Ferrer; and "Woman Obsessed," revival, Susan Hayward, Stephen Boyd.
From May 1: "Diamond Head," Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux; and "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters.

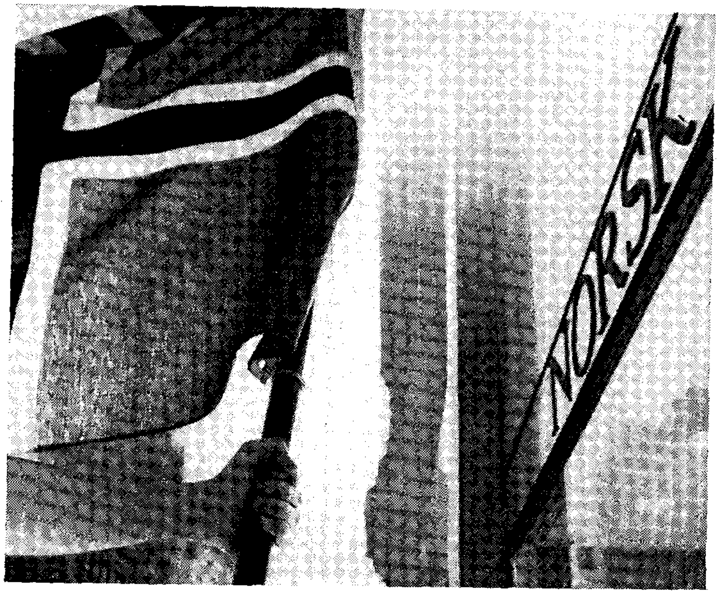
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 25: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
April 26-29: **LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL** (in French), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
From April 30: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through April 30: "Son of Flubber," Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson; and "The Legend of Lobo," a full-length Walt Disney film.
From May 1: "Critic's Choice," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball; and "Lad: a Dog," Peter Breck, Peggy McCay.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 30: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
From May 1: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through April 30: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**
From May 1: "My Six Loves," Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson; and "Country Music Holiday," Ferlin Husky.

Norsk arrives on 57th street



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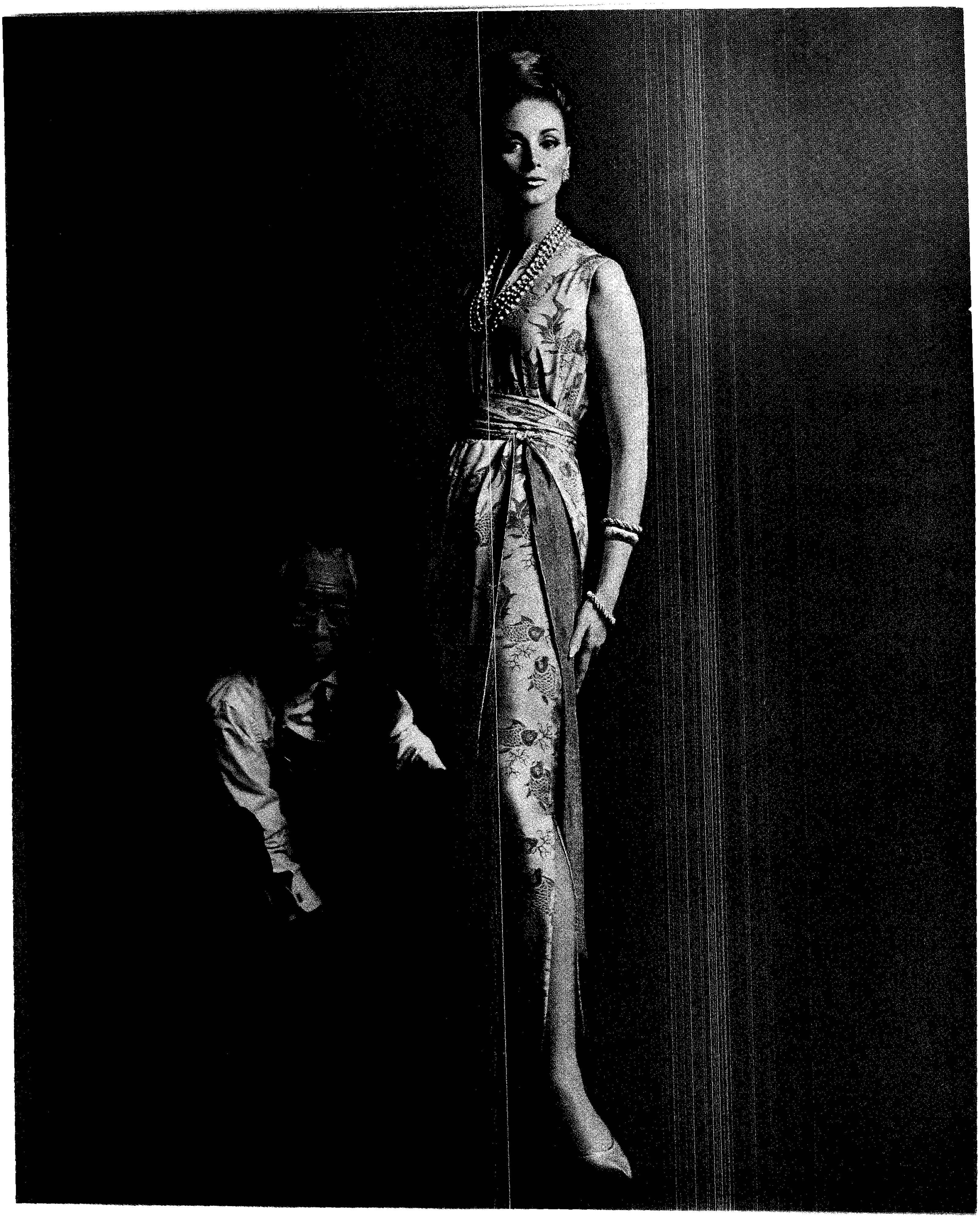

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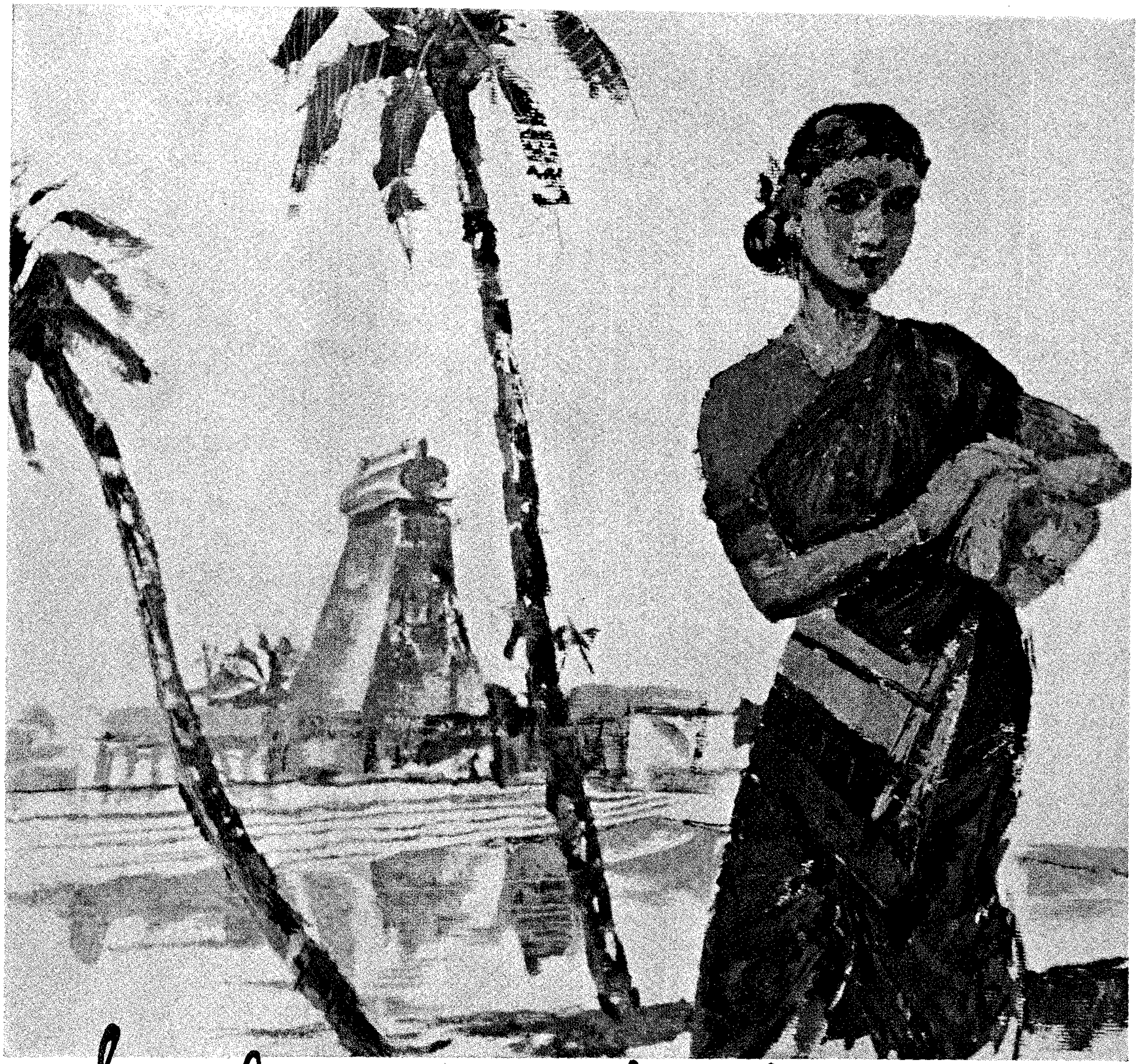

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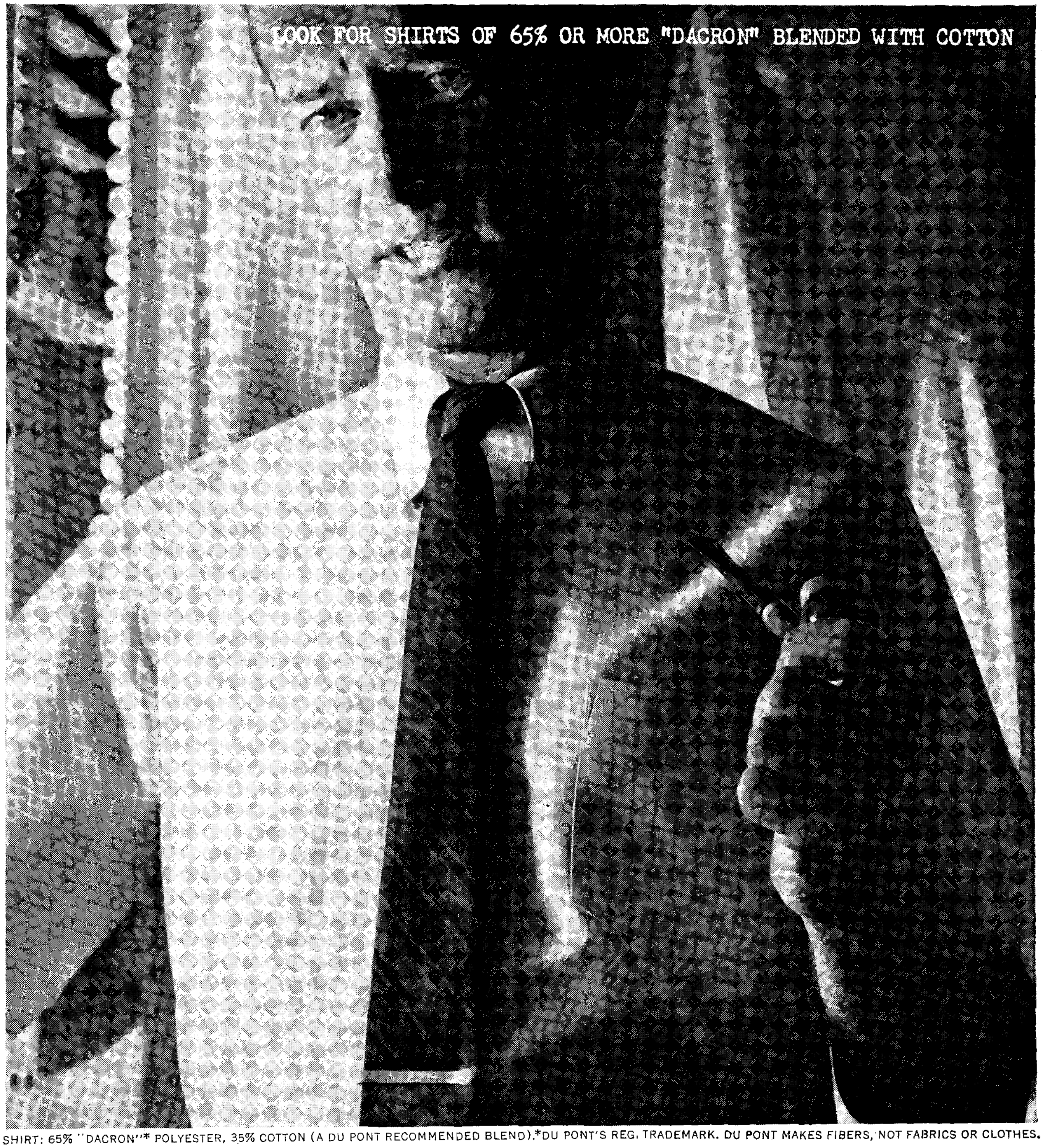
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No joke intended. It's true. Feet are the most complicated mechanisms in the body. They were not designed to break in shoes. Johnston & Murphy has created a new shoe construction. Trampoline. Not just a wonderfully soft, yielding shoe—but shoes that always hold their original shape—always spring back, no matter how much they are bent, twisted or flexed. There's a reason: Trampoline construction involves finest steam-moistened leather gently moulded to the last by hand. Calfskin insole is vegetable tanned for extra pliability. Outsole is stitched, not cemented to the upper. Stitches yield to foot movements. Finally, a shield of fine foam between insole and outsole acting as a shock-absorber. Your head tells you these shoes are for your feet. Shown here: The Dorretti. A new Trampoline slip-on in black and brown Harra calfskin. Full leather lining—one of J&M's American sophisticated lasts, with tapered toe and cinch strap across the vamp. Sleek and classic in line. $35. Featured in America's finest stores.

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We just hate to have a PAWOB traveling on United

"PAWOB," you see, is the airline abbreviation for "Passenger Arrived Without Baggage."

Happily, in just the past year—through a great deal of hard work—we cut the number of PAWOBs on United just about in half.

Considering the nearly seventeen million pieces of baggage we handle every year, the number mishandled is now very small.

We make mistakes but we try to learn from them. Some of the improvement has come from investigation, followed up by what-went-wrong reports to all concerned. Some from new automated equipment.

And some from simple little ideas: for example, a clutter of old tags can cause mishandling. So we invented a new tag that won't come off by itself but will yank off easily when you're through with it. (It's a simple strip of strong paper that loops around the handle of your bag and sticks together with a special adhesive.)

SHORTCUT

We have also advocated an arrangement we have here on United: if your bag is small enough to tuck under the seat . . . you can carry it aboard. The outside measurements of the bag should be no larger than 21″ x 13″ x 8″.

Amazingly enough, that's big enough to hold an extra suit, two or three shirts, pajamas, underwear, socks and toilet articles. The carry-on bag saves you time at both ends of the trip. One caution: don't forget it.

But in case you do . . . here's a suggestion we've been making to our customers: put a personal tag on every bag. This tag will help keep your bag from getting mixed with somebody else's bag that looks the same. And if your bag is misplaced we'll be able to return it to you more speedily.

A TAG OF YOUR OWN

To make it easy for you, we have had a manufacturer make up plastic tags which can be imprinted with your name, city and state. You can see a sample at any United counter and order the tags if you wish, for only one dollar each.

WHAT'S YOURS IS OURS

Any problem that our customers have with their belongings or anything else is a problem of ours. For the working policy of this airline says that the welfare of our customers must come first in everything we do . . . and a genuine concern for people as individuals must be part of all who work with us. United's extra care—for *people*—covers a lot of ground.

In fact, with the great human responsibilities involved, we think there can be no better basis for running—or choosing—an airline.

UNITED®

THE EXTRA CARE AIRLINE

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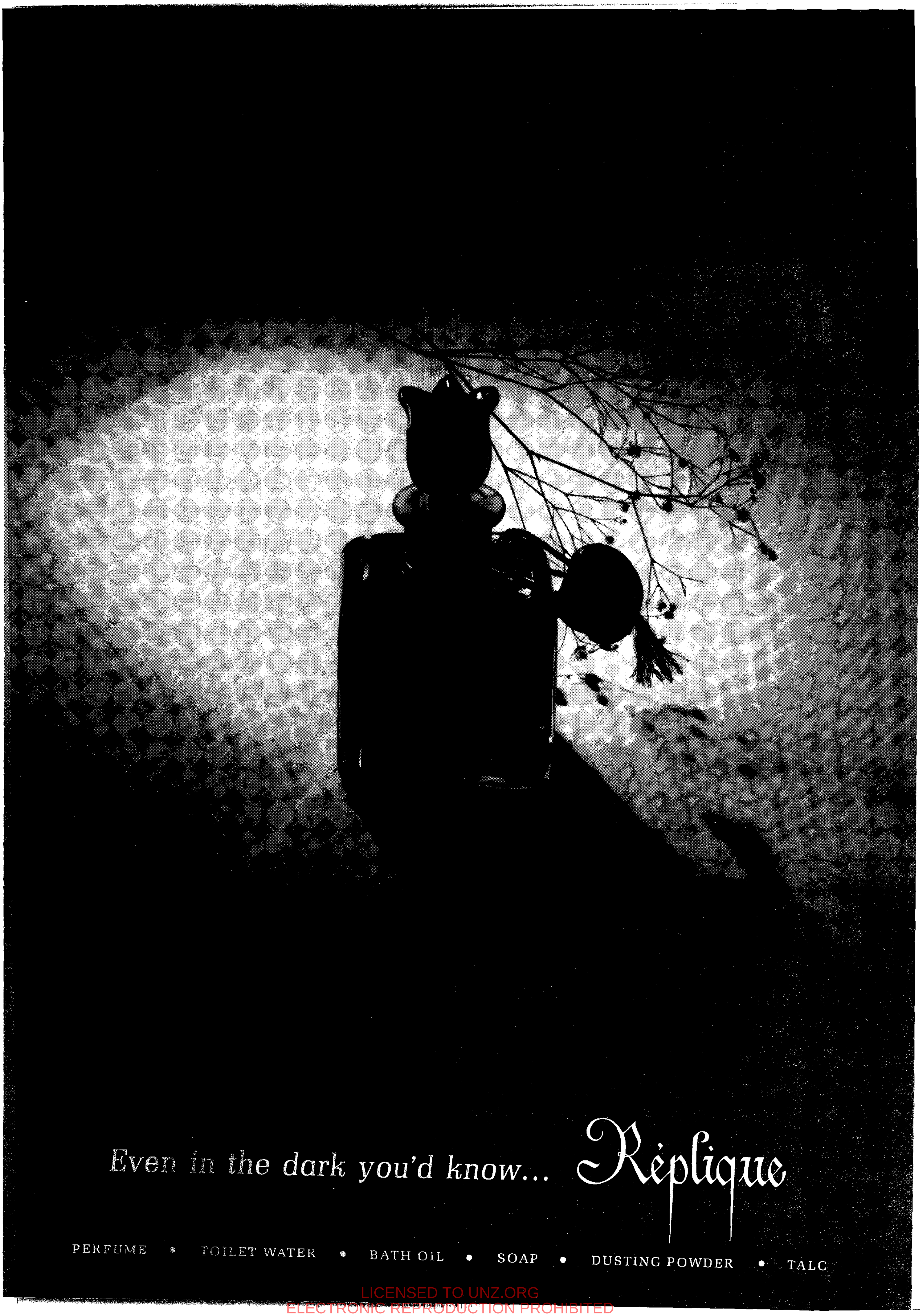
GREAT AMERICAN DISH

Take the simmer out of summer! Slip into our all cotton skimmer printed in shades of ice blue and green or sunny yellow and gold. 5 to 15 sizes. About 23.00 at America's favorite stores, or write us at 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.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GORHAM

Twenty-five years from today...

these lovely Gorham designs in precious sterling: 1) will still be as beautiful as ever, 2) will be a cherished heirloom, 3) will have brought joy to every day of your life and...a Gorham service for eight will have cost so little a year you won't believe it. Why not have the permanent elegance of Gorham sterling in your life from today on? You'll be so glad you did twenty-five years from now...and all the beauty-filled years in between!

SEA ROSE / CAMELLIA / ROSE TIARA / ESPRIT / CHANTILLY

Prices for 4-piece place-settings in Gorham sterling start at $31.00 FTI.
Dinner-for-Eight set savings on all designs. Prices subject to change without notice.

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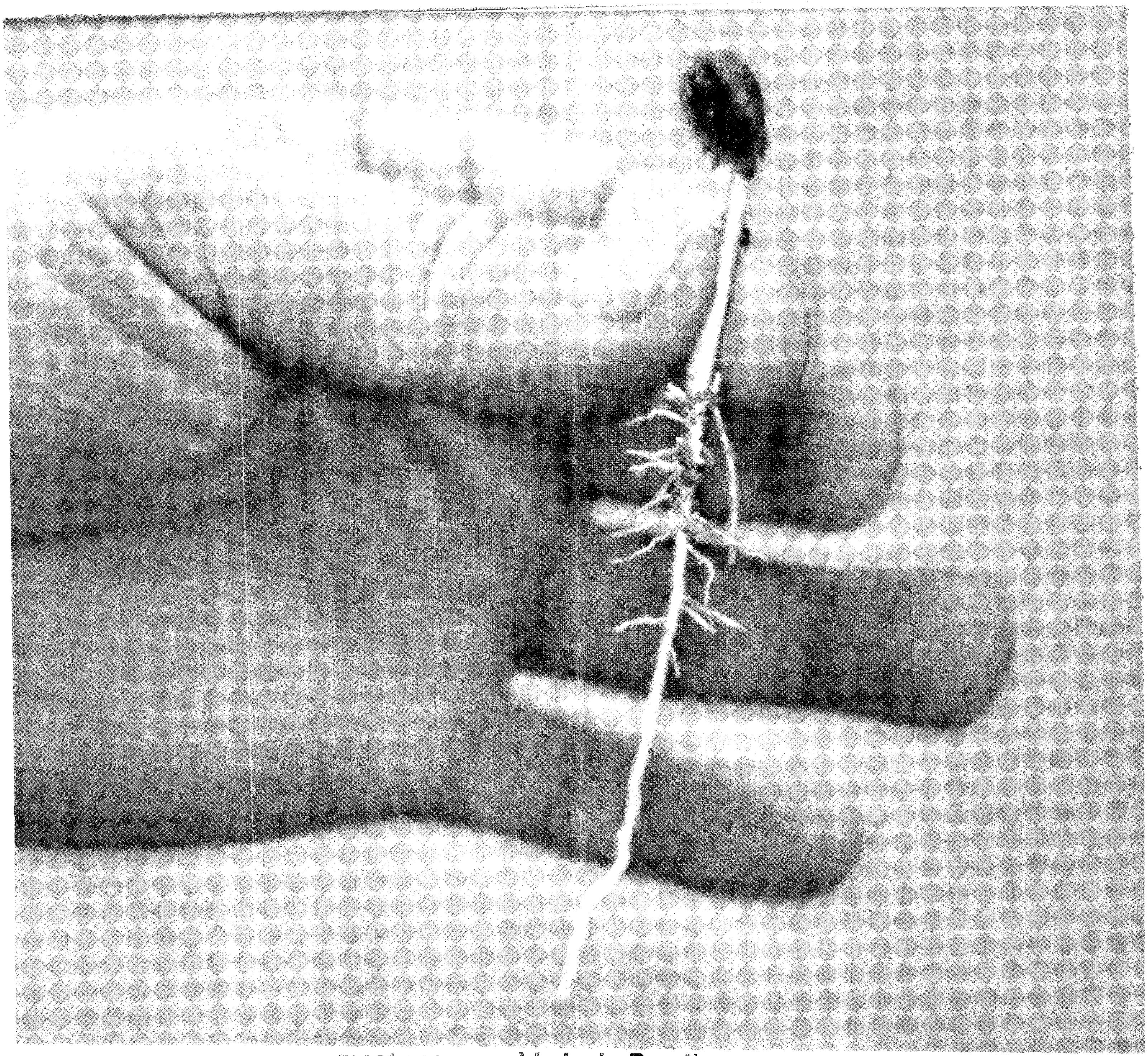

most pampered baby in Brazil

If you spend any time in Brazil, you can't help noticing that Brazilians are crazy about their kids.

But no kids in Brazil, or anywhere, could take the care and attention that will be lavished on the coffee tree seedling you see in this picture.

As you see it now, shortly after germination, it's called a "match".

For the first year of its life it will be sheltered, nourished and coddled in a nursery. It will receive careful doses of sunlight. It will be nurtured in natural soil, then force-fed in a specially constructed seed pot.

The scientists and nurserymen who will study and pamper this "match" are little short of obsessive about insuring its health and welfare.

By the time it's transplanted in the field, they'll be absolutely certain it has passed every test and been given every chance to become a fruitful, healthy coffee tree.

That's how Brazilians are about their coffee. No detail is too small, nothing is left to chance.

In over 200 years of coffee research and cultivation, Brazilian scientists and growers have developed the most advanced techniques in the world. Also the most rigid standards of quality control.

American coffee roasters know this. They know that before coffee leaves Brazil it has been classified, checked, re-checked and checked again by the most modern electronic machinery and the world's most knowledgeable coffee men.

That's why practically every American brand—including yours, probably—blends Brazilian beans for quality and flavor.

That's why you enjoy a good cup of coffee so much.

Brazilians are dedicated to shipping you the world's best coffee. But it's up to you to brew it properly.

For a free booklet, "How to Make Better Coffee", write to: The Coffee Man, Dept. NY-11, Brazilian Coffee Institute, 120 Wall Street, New York 5, New York.

THERE'S NOTHING AS GOOD AS A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE **COFFEE OF BRAZIL**

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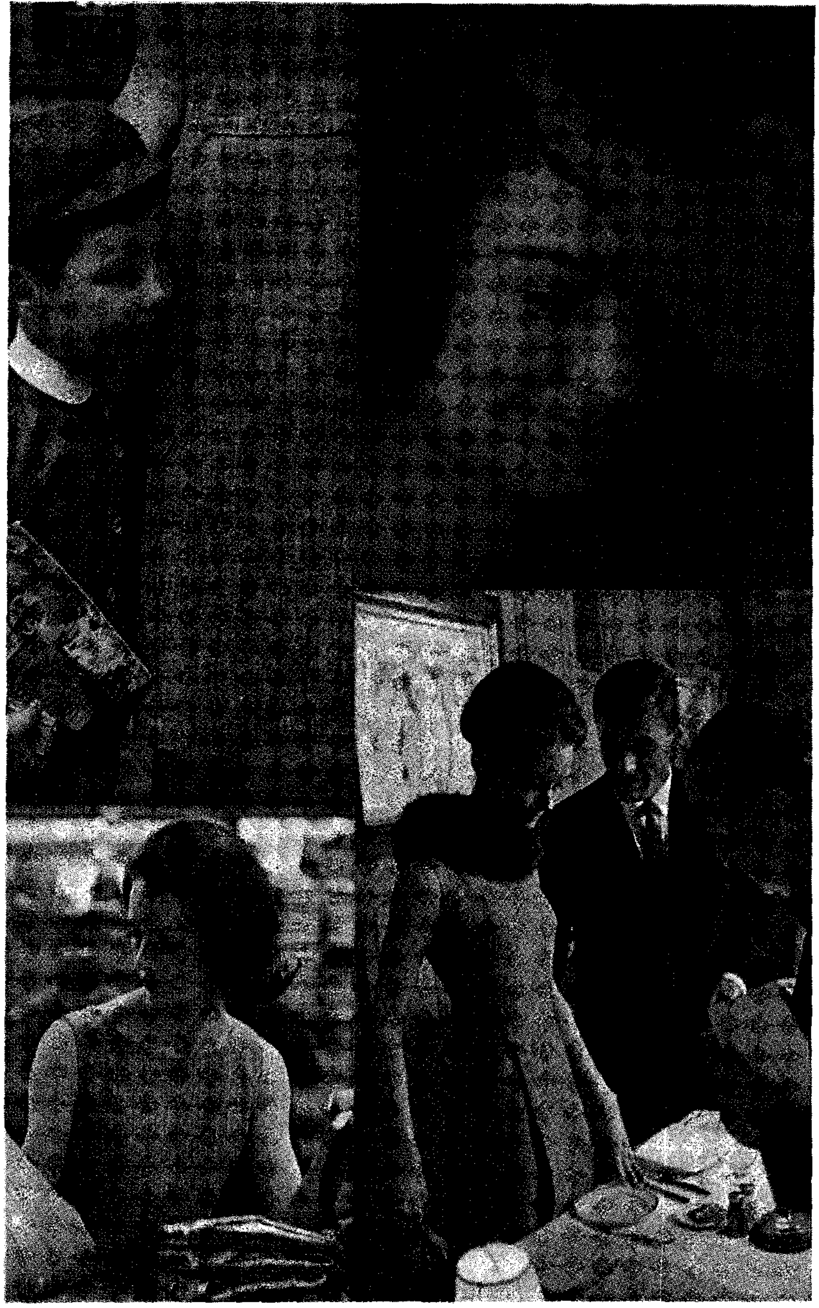


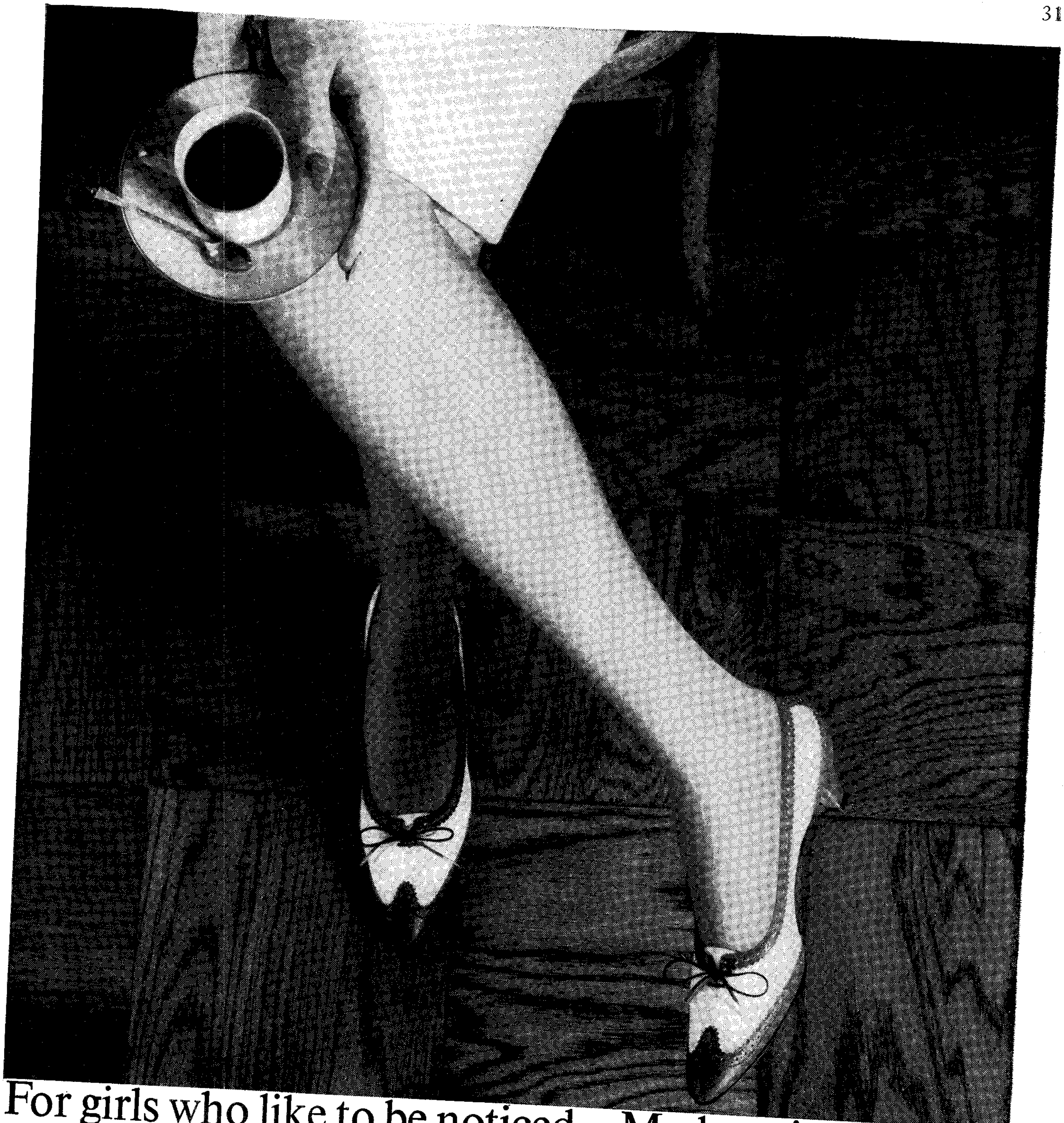
Is this your life?

Take the kids to school. Make a menu. Go to market. Go to town. Visit Mother. Pick up the kids. Be sure the scouts don't wreck the basement. Kiss a bruise. Hear a lesson. Feed the children. Go to dinner.

Is that the way the day goes? Or do you substitute a busy business schedule that starts at 9:00? Rush, rush, rush—that's the modern woman's motto.

Well, wait a minute. You do so much for others; but who's taking care of you? Those scouts keep you in beaded bracelets. Every bruise that gets kissed brings a tear-stained hug in return. Mother keeps the kettle on for a fresh cup of tea. Your husband takes you dining in the best restaurant in town. And we'd like to help as much as we can. It's for women like you that we produce Fortrel polyester. Fortrel keeps you looking serenely smooth through a hectic day. Fabrics with Fortrel can be quickly and easily washed. And if they need ironing at all, it won't be much. This non-stop dress is by *Sloat,* made of Cohama's *Fortrel polyester, rayon, and silk* rustic crash. In black/brown, navy/beige, brown/beige, red/beige. 6-16. About $30 at Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; G. Fox & Co., Hartford; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington; Rich's, Atlanta; Stewart's Dry Goods, Louisville.

Fortrel polyester...a Celanese contemporary fiber



For girls who like to be noticed...Mademoiselle shoes.

Sporting spectator,
lowered, tapered heel.
Takes to understated suits and dresses.
A walk-away attention-getter.
About twenty-one dollars.
For stores near you write
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Germaine Monteil
on smart lips everywhere—because it is the best!

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

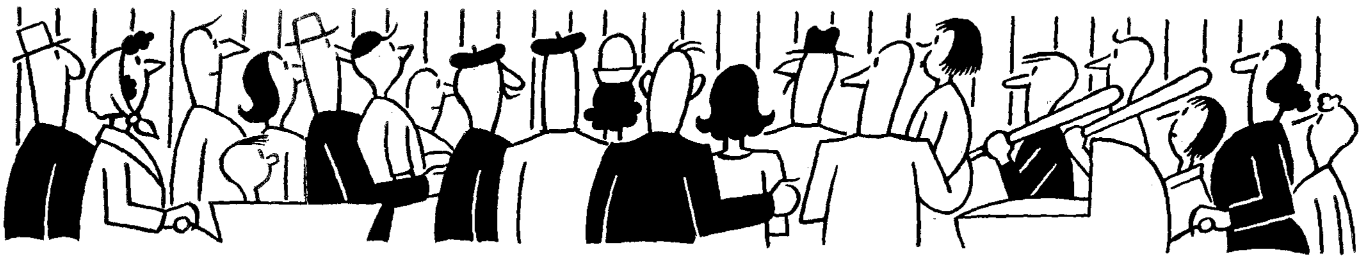
Notes and Comment

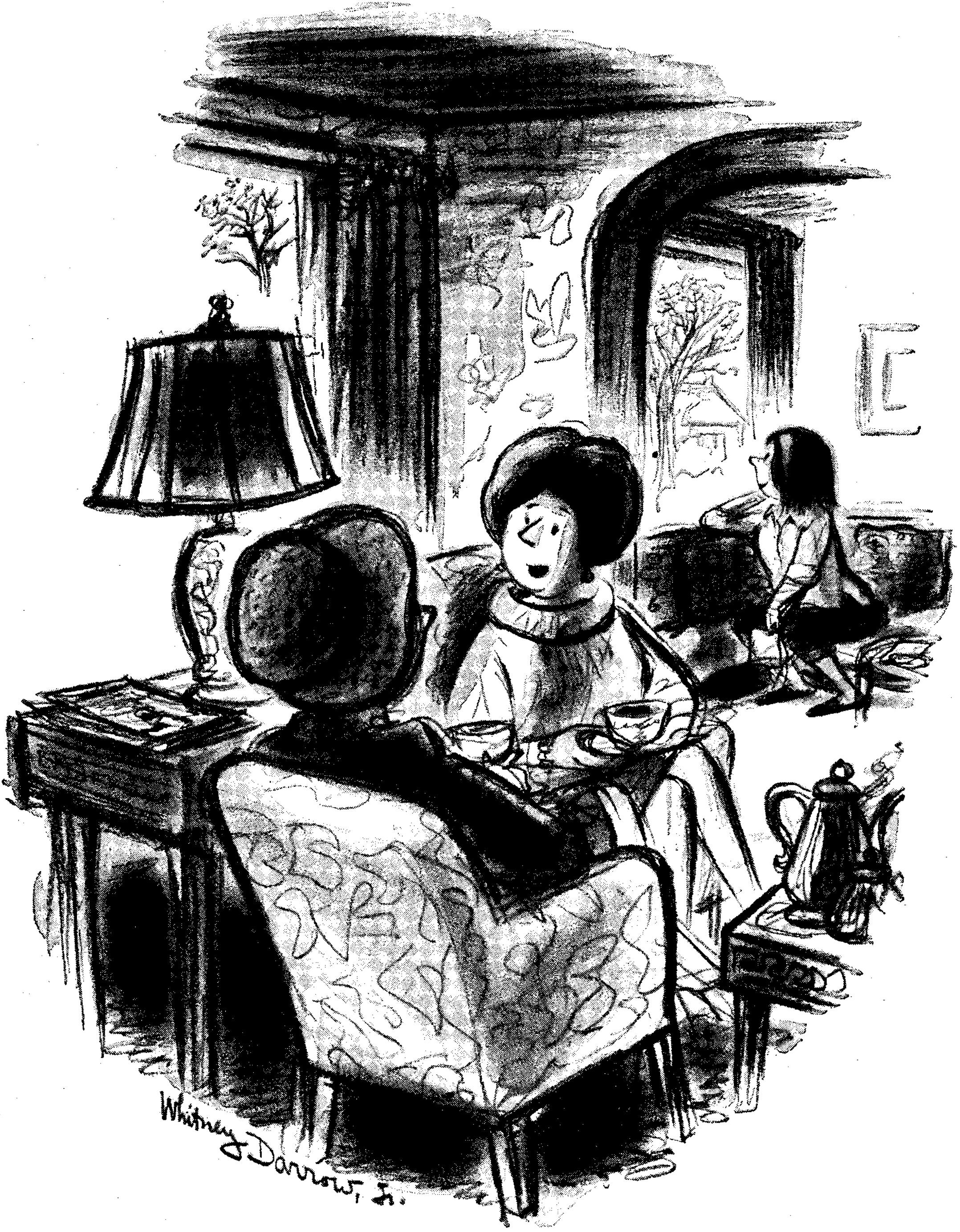
TO all those who mourn the departure of Mona Lisa or who somehow failed to make her acquaintance during her short visit to the city, we recommend an immediate substitute pilgrimage to the south tier of cages in the lion-and-great-ape house of the Central Park Zoo, where they will find, behind a bigger barrier and before slightly smaller crowds than those at the Metropolitan, another feminine smile of impenetrable subtlety, another face impossible not to remember. The lady in question, our own resident Gioconda, is a large female orangutan (*Pongo pygmaeus*), with the flabby figure of a retired fullback. The cause of her smile—a fixed expression of interior joy and total preoccupation—is (we are certain) the five-month-old baby, of the size and hairiness and approximate color of a coconut, that lives and sleeps, for the most part, on the back of her neck.

We made the acquaintance of this Darwinian madonna on a breezy Saturday of brilliant sun and cool shadows—a day for shoeshines, a day for walking. The first sloops and barkentines of the season were tacking, hulls heeled and jibs fluttering, across the small-boat lake off Seventy-fourth Street, and down at the Zoo the lawns and borders, well mulched with peanut shells through the winter, had brought forth a rich crop of jonquils and shiny young privet. Nudged by perambulators, softly bumped by balloons, we paid our customary calls on the sea lions and the bears. What drew us to the outdoor cage containing the orangutan mother and child was not so much the crowd that had gathered there as its stillness. Mothers with babies, fathers holding up young children, couples arm in arm, boys toting roller skates and baseball bats, European tourists in berets—all stood motionless and silent. No one shouted; no one threw popcorn into the cage. Inside the low metal fence, a keeper leaned a shoulder against the cage, his arms crossed and his cap on the back of his head, and stared in with the same absorbed, almost sleepy expression that everybody else was wearing. Our first thought was that the animal inside might be ill, but when, at last, we found a clear view, between the heads and new spring hats in front of us, our gaze instantly met the smug, heavy-lidded stare and lunar half-circle smile of the mother ape, and we, too, stood still and watched. Immobile, she was half hunched at the back of the cage, her legs tucked under her somewhere, her weight on her stomach, and her chin resting on her folded, hairy forearms—an absurd pile of rubbery spheres, round head and softball-size muzzle and full breasts, all balanced somehow on the great medicine-ball belly. We started to laugh, but that face stopped us. All of us were entirely alone in front of her. This was private; we were intruding on something. Then we saw the baby, half-hidden in the long reddish-brown hair that surrounded the bare dark-brown face of the mother. It was fast asleep, with its aged, tiny head propped in the niche between the neck and one thick shoulder. One hand clutched the hair above the mother's ear, and the other arm lay over the shoulder like a skinny rope, the long palm open in an empty parenthesis. A breeze stirred the fine hair on the infant's head, but the sleeper remained lost in sleep.

Naptime ended a minute or two later. The mother, responding to some interior alarm clock, raised herself to a sitting position. Even before the baby's eyes opened, its loose arm pulled back and seized an anchor of hair. It woke, blinked, and nearly split its head with two amazing yawns. Released, the audience laughed, pointed, applauded. The big orangutan moved the child to a safer perch at the back of her neck and climbed to the top of the cage in two long grabs. Then, clinging to the side bars with feet and one hand, she removed the baby from her neck with delicate care and held it above her head until the baby's waving arms found the top bars and clutched them. The mother looked up, judging the reliability of the grip and, no doubt, of the bars, and then lowered herself to the floor, found a fragment of carrot, and began to eat it. Paralyzed, the baby hung in the air like a diminutive shirt pinned to a clothesline. Cries of alarm from the crowd. Unperturbed, the mother finished her carrot, flicking only momentary glances aloft. At last, taking her time, she swung back up to her small charge, settled it in its papoose perch on her neck, and returned to the ground and resumed her patient hunched position and her knowing, silent smile.

The crowd moved away as the spell was taken up again, and new visitors moved in. Just up the line, separated from the mother and child by an empty cage, the male orangutan, a raffish old gent in need of a haircut, banged noisily about in his enclosure, looping from bar




Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“She’s in love with Eric Sevareid.”

to bar and quarrelling with a gorilla in the other adjoining cage. Every few moments, however, he came to a stop and fixed his eyes to a crack in a tin barrier that blocked his view of his family. He was checking up on them, but he didn’t fool anyone. He was out of it; every male was out of it. We went back to the fringes of the silent audience in front of the nursery cage and stole glances at the faces about us, and for an instant it seemed to us that every woman there reflected, in gentle eyes and half-smiling, half-open mouth, that same expression of peace and renewal and secret, abounding joy. This startling cliché—the primate *primavera* and the exchanged look—has stuck in our head with foolish obstinacy, and we carry it with us as the presiding portrait of this, the brightest and loveliest city springtime in our memory.

Fighting the Tax

LAST Thursday was a fine day, too—just the day for a protest down at City Hall. The sun was warm, the wind was soft, and Mayor Wagner’s magnolia trees were coming into light, sweet bloom. The public hearing on the Mayor’s package proposal that would boost the city sales tax by one per cent had just begun when we dropped by, and we met countless foes of the four-per-cent sales tax picketing amicably around City Hall Park, enjoying spring. “There was some talk of a sitdown demonstration, you know, but it’s much too nice a day for that,” a pretty girl with a “Fight the Tax” sign and a chocolate-ice-cream sandwich told us as we crossed the park. “A sitdown is always such a gloomy, rainy sort of affair.” We wished the girl cloudless hearings and made our way up the steps—where a few hundred of her fellow anti-four-per-centers stood, feeding pigeons—and into City Hall.

The ubiquitous Gabe Pressman N.B.C. news unit was barricaded at the City Council Chamber door. We slipped past two Councilmen who were talking tax into Mr. Pressman’s microphone, and took our seat in the judicially oaked and gilded room just in time to catch the end of a speech on revenue reform. The gentleman with the reforms, who faced eleven Finance Committee Councilmen on the bench, ten news photographers squatting at the foot of the bench, and the imposing oil presences of George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette in full battle dress, had the support of a small gallery claque, which in energetically applauding him frightened several birds off the window sills. He was followed by a spokesman for the automobile dealers of Queens, who said that sales taxes hurt automobile dealers, and a representative of the stationers of lower Manhattan, who said that sales taxes hurt stationers, too. The stationer confided to the Council that his secretary was already trafficking quite profitably in New Jersey cigarettes, and predicted a citywide black market, run by secretaries, if the new cigarette sales tax should go through.

The stationer then addressed himself to Councilman Theodore Kupferman, who had been whispering, behind his water pitcher, to a friend. “Councilman Kupferman, sir, will you please pay attention to me?” the stationer said.

Councilman David Ross, the chairman of the Finance Committee, banged his gavel. “You are never to admonish Councilmen,” he said. “We have our own rules, and we can whisper all we want to here.”

The anti-four-per-centers, an amenable lot, clapped and cheered.

Photographers ran up the aisle snapping pictures, and reporters converged on the stationer, who could be heard, intermittently, spelling out his middle name for them.

Ross brought the gavel down again. A storekeeper from City Island stood up and announced that he would go to jail before he would collect one cent of this odious tax. A Village coffeehouse tycoon disclosed a Planning Commission plot to bankrupt New York. A pharmacist from the Bronx read from Lincoln's First Inaugural Address. The Reform Democrats and the Young Americans went on record together in opposition to the bill. The Communist Party of New York rejected the Mayor's tax package and proposed a "people's alternative" tax on capitalists, as well as general world disarmament. The Conservative Party of New York rejected the Mayor's tax package and proposed, in its turn, a strong economy and no taxes at all. Several mothers discussed their children, in reference to tax reform. The mothers were, for the most part, a wordy crew.

"It's hard to tell a woman to stick to the point," Ross said. "We'll permit the ladies to stretch things out a bit."

All the ladies clapped for him.

A few minutes later, two guards carried out Mr. Pressman's cameraman, who had smuggled his gear inside and had been discovered televising the melee from the top of a radiator. Then we left the Councilmanic goings on to the partisans and headed for home. Out in the park, a policeman was supervising the last of the picketers. "They're a nice crowd, but I'll be glad to see them go," the policeman said. "I'm a magnolia connoisseur myself. I like the trees—and these picketers, they always ruin my view."

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SIGN in the window of a cosmetic shop on Fifty-ninth Street near Madison Avenue: "Make Your Eyelashes Look Artificial. Use New Long Lash."

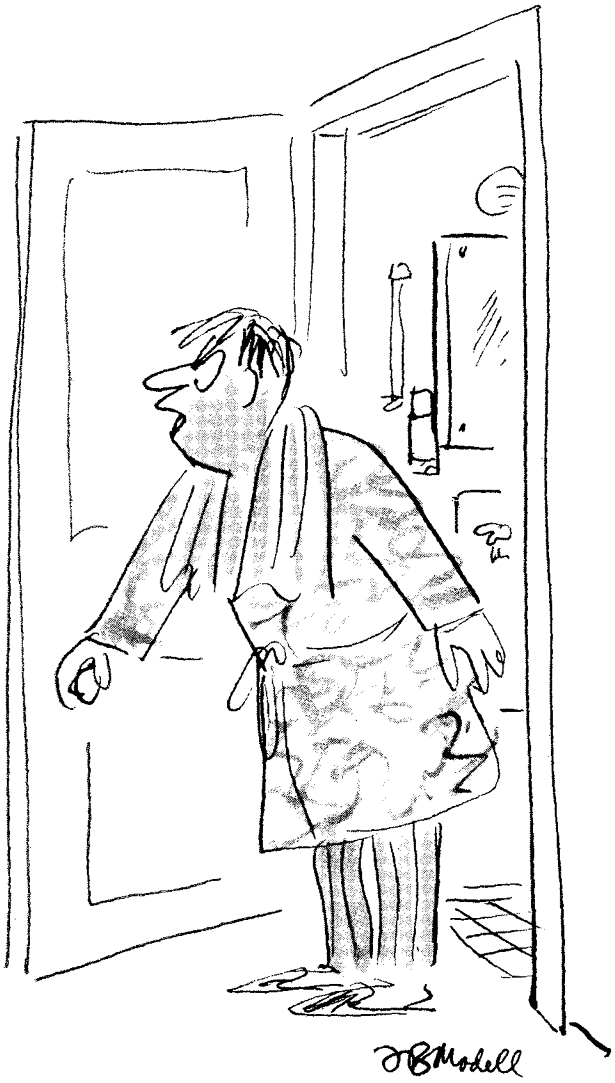
Family Game

A GAME called "The Kennedys" has just come on the market, and its inventors and proprietors, two young men named Jack Winter and Alfred C. Harrison, Jr., recently joined us in the taproom of the Yale Club to demonstrate its virtues. "It's the game of intra-family power struggle," said Mr. Winter, a dark-haired, brown-eyed, cherubic-faced Harvard graduate, class of '62. He unfolded a playing board, which looked a little like a parcheesi board but had large oblong areas marked "Personal Image," "Popular Support," "Social Standing," "Influential Friends," "Position of Importance," and "Backing of a Power Group," and bore colored pictures of members of the Kennedy family. "It can be played by from three to six people," he went on. "A game lasts from fifteen minutes to an hour and a half; forty minutes is about average. You choose your favorite Kennedy, the one you're going to be (Jack, Jackie, Bobby, Teddy, Caroline, or John, Jr.), and take a colored plastic playing piece corresponding to him or her (the same color as his or her picture on the board, that is), along with a supply of money totalling half a million dollars—three hundred-thousand-dollar bills, three fifty-thousand-dollar bills, and five ten-thousand-dollar bills."

"The remaining money is used to create a bank," said Mr. Harrison, a blond, blue-eyed, firm-jawed Harvard senior. He indicated a box of yellow ($100,000), pink ($50,000), and green ($10,000) certificates, each adorned with a likeness of Joseph P. Kennedy. They added up to four million, he told us, and continued, "Your object is to gain complete control of the country. This control is divided into Category Boxes—the areas marked 'Personal Image,' 'Popular Support,' and so on. Category Cards may be obtained either by purchase (for a hundred thousand dollars, after you have moved your piece, by throws of the dice, into the appropriate Category Box) or through Turn of Events Cards, which are commands to the player whose name appears on them to gain or surrender a Category Card, or by Automatic Recall and player-arranged Deals, which take place in the Conference Room, in the center of the board. The game is a combination of luck and psychology—mostly the latter—and involves a lot of deception."

"Control of the country is achieved, and the game is won, when you have in your possession a Category Card from each of the six Category Boxes, four of which are your own and two of which are another's, or others'," Mr. Winter said, but we were lost. We decided to concentrate on the background of this diversion, and asked our companions how they had thought it up.

"Well, Jack, here, was majoring in philosophy at Harvard last year and I was majoring in English, and we wanted to get some experience in the business world, so we began to think about a game about families, and then we thought of the Kennedys," Mr. Harrison said. "We worked the game up last summer, here in New York. Jack lives in Forest Hills and I live in Oyster Bay. Our sense of justice was offended by the going rate for game ideas—if you sell one to a manufacturer, you're lucky to get six per cent of the profits—so we produced this game ourselves. It has cost us about seven thousand dollars so far. We have an office and a firm, Harrison & Winter, at 45 West



"*Who left his toothbrush turned on?*"

Eighteenth Street. Jack is president and I'm secretary-treasurer. You have to have an office to be incorporated, you know. Jack was president of the *Lampoon* and I'm on the *Lampoon*."

Mr. Winter told us that the game has had a tremendous success in Cambridge since it was put on the market there, in February. "We're selling more than a hundred a week, at three dollars and ninety-eight cents a game, in the basement of the Harvard Coop and at Leavitt & Peirce," he said. "It's at Jordan Marsh and the Sears stores in Boston, and we're doing quite a mail-order business. We haven't advertised the game yet; we hope the *stores* will advertise it. The word-of-mouth has been good. We sent a sample to the White House, but we haven't had an acknowledgment."

"I'm sure the President likes the game if he's *got* it," Mr. Harrison said. "There's nothing in bad taste about it. You feel rather close to the Kennedys when you play it; you *become* a Kennedy. The sense of identification is acute. All Kennedys have an equal chance. It's been quite a relief working on it, after Chaucer."

"We've run out of our first printing order, of two thousand," Mr. Winter said. "The game has a hundred and forty-four cards and eighty-eight pieces of money. We had quite a time thinking up seventy-two jokes for the Turn of Events Cards."

"Eh?" we said, and he handed us an assortment of them:

JACK says that if Congress won't pass Medicare he'll finance it himself—GAINS POWER GROUP BACKING.

TEDDY begins address to Elks Club with "It was nice of you Lions to invite me"—LOSES POWER GROUP BACKING.

JOHN JR. plays Nationalist Chinese Checkers—GAINS POPULAR SUPPORT.

BOBBY asked for proof of age in a Washington bar—LOSES PERSONAL IMAGE.

JOHN JR. discovered to have been born with a stainless steel spoon in his mouth—LOSES SOCIAL STANDING.

JOHN JR. spills creamed spinach on new disarmament treaty—LOSES PERSONAL IMAGE.

JACKIE nominated for Miss Rheingold—GAINS POPULAR SUPPORT.

TEDDY, to prove that he can win without the Kennedy name, changes name to Rockefeller—LOSES INFLUENTIAL FRIENDS.

CAROLINE chops down a cherry tree and blames John Jr.—LOSES POPULAR SUPPORT.

CAROLINE holds a $100-a-plate birthday party for her doll—GAINS SOCIAL STANDING.

CAROLINE swallows live frog—LOSES PERSONAL IMAGE.

CAROLINE makes paper birds out of the Washington Social Register—LOSES SOCIAL STANDING.

Recount puts Nixon in the White House, JACK—LOSES POSITION OF IMPORTANCE.

"We're thinking of getting up an edition of the game with real money. It will sell for four million and three dollars and ninety-eight cents," Mr. Harrison said.

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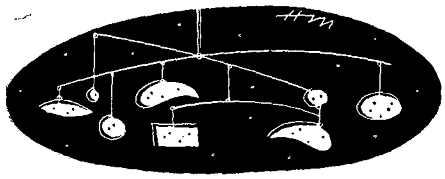
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE (IS NOTHING SACRED? DIVISION): In Vermont, some farmers are using plastic bags instead of wooden buckets to catch the sap from their maple trees.

Happy Pro

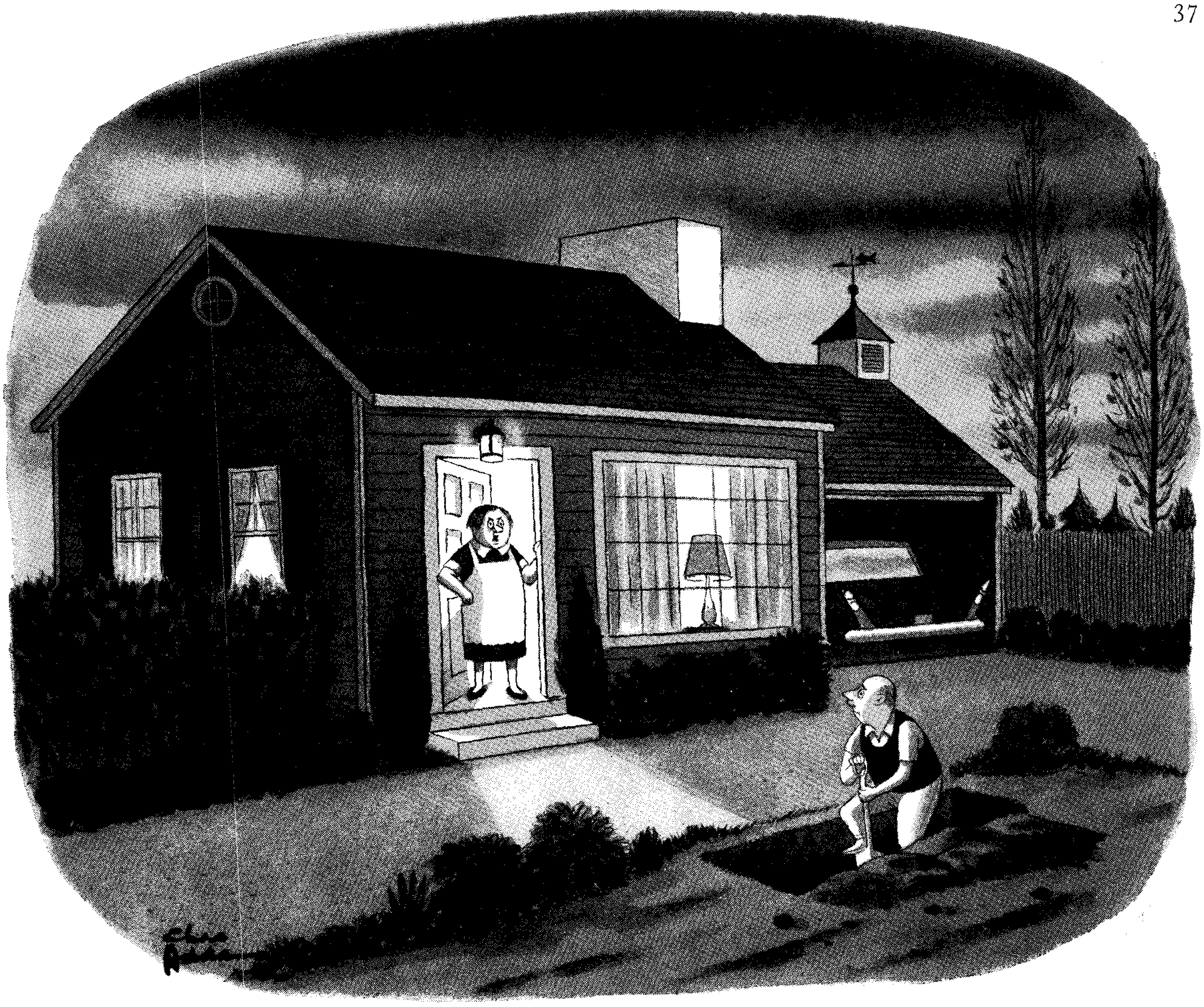
BETWEEN the unbewitching hours of seven and nine this Friday morning, the TV show "Today" will be devoted to a conversation with Buster Keaton, supplemented by an extraordinary assortment of sequences from old Keaton movies, including "The General" and "Steamboat Bill, Jr.," and the last two minutes of the first picture Keaton ever appeared in—"The Butcher Boy," a two-reeler starring Fatty Arbuckle, which was filmed here, in a studio on East Forty-eighth Street, in 1917. Buster Keaton has long been one of our heroes—next to his friend Chaplin he was surely the greatest of the silent-film comedians—and we were delighted to accept an invitation from the "Today" people to watch, last Wednesday, in the Klieg-lit cavern of an N.B.C. studio, the taping of the program and to enjoy a few words with the great man. At sixty-eight, he is in excellent trim and, especially when he puts on his famous porkpie hat, is instantly recognizable as the sad-faced, invincibly unsmiling Buster of the Golden Age. "Professionally, I'm about as old as they come," he told us. "Older than Chevalier, Ed Wynn, Francis X. Bushman. I've been acting for sixty-four years. I was playing in Tony Pastor's Theatre, on East Fourteenth Street, before the twentieth century began."

Buster's father and mother had what he described as the roughest knockabout low-comedy act in the history of vaudeville. Buster joined it professionally at four, after a long apprenticeship backstage in a bassinet. By the time he was five or six, his father was getting laughs by hurling him bodily through the scenery, and once, in New Haven, when Buster was nine, his father pitched him all the way over the orchestra pit into the audience, by way of rebuking some Yale undergraduates for their reception of a saxophone solo by Buster's mother. "I hit two Yale boys broadside. One of them got three ribs broke and the other lost two teeth," Keaton told us, not without satisfaction. "It didn't occur to my old man that *I* might get hurt. He knew me too well for that. I never got a lickin' from the old man offstage. If he was sore at me for something, he'd save up till we went on, then beat the tar out of me. Once in a while, I'd get back at him by hitting him extra hard with a shovel or broom handle. When I got started in Hollywood, I put him in my pictures. He's a Union general in 'The General.' Making one scene, I shoved the old man off a flatcar onto the tracks. He didn't mind. If you're a low-comedy clown, that's what you expect."



Keaton was twenty-two when he made "The Butcher Boy." It's a lucky accident that the movie still exists, because in 1922, after Arbuckle stood trial for having caused the death of a girl at a drunken party (in the end, he was acquitted), Will H. Hays, the newly appointed "czar" of the movie industry, ruled that the positives and negatives of all Arbuckle films should be destroyed. The only surviving print of "The Butcher Boy" was recently discovered, in Europe, by Raymond Rohauer, who has devoted himself for some years to collecting old Keaton pictures, and who is now overseeing a very successful commercial revival of them abroad. In "The Butcher Boy," Arbuckle throws a bag of flour at Keaton, and Keaton takes a terrible fall. "I didn't have to throw that fall," he said. "It was the real thing. Arbuckle caught me right smack in the face. He had a wonderful eye, Arbuckle did. Later, I took or threw an awful lot of pies. The art of pie-throwing depended on the pie. First, you had to make it with a double crust on the bottom, so you could get a good hold on it without your fingers' going through. Then you made the filling of the pie out of flour and water, uncooked, so it would be sticky and stringy, and you topped it off with, say, blueberries and whipped cream, or maybe a nice meringue. I never threw a pie in any of my feature-length pictures. By then we thought pies were pretty silly."

The Keaton of those celebrated feature pictures wasn't simply a superb pantomimist; as James Agee has written



"Wallace, isn't that already too deep for glads?"

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of him, "Keaton worked strictly for laughs, but his work came from so far inside a curious and original spirit that he achieved a great deal besides. . . . He brought pure physical comedy to its greatest heights. . . . With the humor, the craftsmanship, and the action there was often . . . a dreamlike beauty." As works of art, his pictures had a completeness all the more remarkable because they were made without a script. "Two or three writers and I would start with an idea and then we'd work out a strong finish and let the middle take care of itself, as it always does," Keaton said. "Sometimes, we'd work out a gag in advance; other times, it would work itself out as we went along. In those days, we didn't use miniatures or process shots. The way a thing looked on the screen was the way you'd done it. In 'Steamboat Bill, Jr.,' there's a windstorm that blows the whole front of a house over on top of me. I don't get killed, because there happens to be an open window in the part of the house that lands where I am. We used six old Liberty airplane engines to make the wind, and it really blew. The window of the house was just big enough to give me two inches' clearance on either side and above my head when the house came down. I drove a couple of tenpenny nails in the ground to mark the place where I had to stand, and I can tell you one thing—when the house started falling, I didn't *sway*."

Keaton wrote the story and continuity of "The General," directed it, cut it, and, of course, played the leading role. It was shot in eighteen weeks, at a cost of three hundred and thirty thousand dollars. "I was pretty proud of it at the time," he said. "Right now, it's playing all over Europe, and people are laughing harder at it today than they did in 1927, when it came out." Keaton went over to a TV monitor to watch a clip of one of his early two-reelers being run off. In the picture, he is being chased by what looks like hundreds of frantic cops; they are about to capture him when a car goes by and Keaton reaches out, grabs the brace supporting its canvas top, and is jerked into momentary safety. At that point, something astonishing happened in the TV studio. On the screen was a mournful little man running lickety-split down the streets of a long since vanished Los Angeles; in the studio watching him was the same mournful little man, forty-two years older, and now, instead of being deadpan, the face was smiling.

Encouragement

AN eccentric physicist we know, who likes to grapple with thorny abstractions while consuming Chinese food, told us that he recently had one of those mystical experiences peculiar to the Orient. As he finished eating his solitary way through a lobster Cantonese in a midtown restaurant, and was pondering the phi-meson, his waiter served him fortune cookies and tea. Still absorbed, our friend opened a cookie and extracted the slip of paper inside. It read, "Continue—your company is impressed."

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN

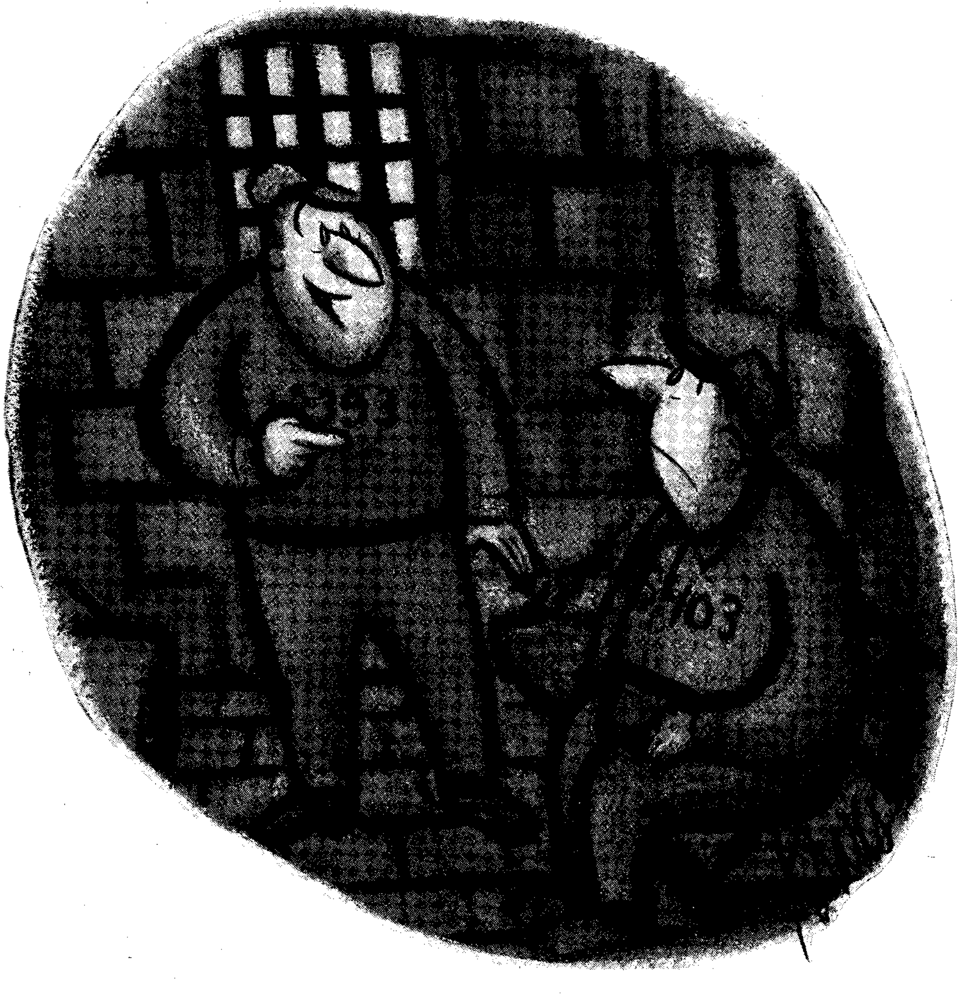
COMING back from Europe that year, I was booked on an old DC-7 that burned out an engine in mid-Atlantic. Most of the passengers seemed either asleep or drugged, and in the forward section of the plane no one saw the flames but a little girl, an old man, and me. When the fire died down, the plane veered violently, throwing open the door to the crew's quarters. There I saw the crew and the two stewardesses, wearing inflated life jackets. One of the stewardesses shut the door, but the captain came out a few minutes later and explained, in a fatherly whisper, that we had lost an engine and were heading either for Iceland or Shannon. Some time later, he came in and said we would be landing in London in half an hour. Two hours later, we landed at Orly, to the astonishment of all those who had been asleep. We boarded another DC-7 and started back across the Atlantic, and when we finally landed at Idlewild we had been travelling in cramped conditions for about twenty-seven hours.

I took a bus into New York and a cab to Grand Central Station. It was an off hour—seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the evening. The newsstands were shut, and the few people on the streets were alone and seemed lonely. There was not a train to where I was going for an hour, so I went into a restaurant near the station and ordered the *plat du jour*. The dilemma of an expatriated American eating his first restaurant meal at home has been worked over too often to be repeated here. After paying the check, I went down some stairs to find the amenities. The place I entered had marble partitions—a gesture, I suppose, toward ennobling this realm. The marble was a light brown—it might have been a *giallo antico*, but then I noticed Paleozoic fossils beneath the high polish and guessed that the stone was a madrepore. The near side of the polish was covered with writing. The penmanship was legible, although it had no character or symmetry. What was unusual was the copiousness of the writing and the fact that it was organized into panels, like the pages of a book. I had never seen anything like this before. My deepest instinct was to overlook the writing and study the fossils, but isn't the writing of a man more lasting and wonderful than a Paleozoic coral? I read:

> It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre to an extent hitherto unknown, even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel and tipped the dark waters of Vulturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has parted. . . .

I read no more, although there was more to read. I was tired and in some way disarmed by the fact that I had not been home for years. The chain of circumstances that could impel a man to copy this gibberish on marble was unimaginable. Was this a sign of some change in the social climate, the result of some new force of repression? Or was it simply an indication of the fact that man's love of florid prose is irresistible? The sonorities of the writing had the tenacity of bad music, and it was difficult to forget them. Had some profound change in the psyche of my people taken place during my absence? Was there some breakdown in the normal lines of communication, some inordinate love of the romantic past?

I SPENT the next week or ten days travelling in the Middle West. I was waiting one afternoon in the Union Station in Indianapolis for a New York train. The train was late. The station there—proportioned like a cathedral and lit by a rose window—is a gloomy and brilliant example of that genre of architecture that means to express the mystery and drama of travel and separation. The colors of the rose window, limpid as a kaleidoscope, dyed the marble walls and the waiting passengers. A woman with a shopping bag stood in a panel of lavender. An old man slept in a pool of yellow light. Then I saw a sign directing the way to the men's room, and I wondered if I might not find there another example of that curious literature I had discovered in the first hours of my return. I went down some stairs into a cavernous basement, where a shoeshine



"Most times I'd say 'Stick 'em up,' but sometimes, just to break the monotony, I'd say 'Your money or your life.'"

"I like this stream. There's no dirt backwash!"

• •

man slept in a chair. The walls again were marble. This was a common limestone—a silicate of calcium and magnesium, grained with some metalliferous gray ore. My hunch had been right. The stone was covered with writing, and it had, at a glance, a striking fitness, since it served as a reminder of the fact that it was on walls that the earliest writings and prophecies of man appeared. The penmanship was clear and symmetrical, the work of someone gifted with an orderly mind and a steady hand. Please try to imagine the baneful light, the stale air, and the sounds of running water in that place as I read:

The great manor house of Wallowyck stood on a hill above the smoky mill town of X—burgh, its countless mullioned windows seeming to peer censoriously into the dark and narrow alleys of the slums that reached from the park gates to the smoking mills on the banks of the river. It was in the fringes of this wooded park that, unknown to Mr. Wallow, I spent the most lighthearted hours of my youth, roaming there with a slingshot and a sack for transporting my geological specimens. The hill and its forbidding ornament stood between the school I attended and the hovel where I lived with my ailing mother and my drunken father. All my friends took the common path around the hill, and it was only I who climbed the walls of Wallow Park and spent my afternoons in this forbidden demesne.

The lawns, the great trees, the sound of fountains, and the solemn atmosphere of a dynasty are dear to me to this day. The Wallows had no arms, of course, but the sculptors they employed had improvised hundreds of escutcheons and crests that seemed baronial at a distance but that, on examination, petered out modestly into geometrical forms. Their chimneys, gates, towers, and garden benches were thus crested. Another task of the sculptors had been to make representations of Mr. Wallow's only daughter, Emily. There was Emily in bronze, Emily in marble, Emily as the Four Seasons, the Four Winds, the Four Times of Day, and the Four Principal Virtues. In a sense, Emily was my only companion. I walked there in the autumn, watching the wealth of color fall from the trees to the lawns. I walked there in the bitter snow. I watched there for the first signs of spring, and smelled the fine perfume of wood smoke from the many crested chimneys of the great house above me. It was while wandering there on a spring day that I heard a girlish voice crying for help. I followed the voice to the banks of a little stream, where I saw Emily. Her lovely feet were naked, and stuck to one, like some manacle of evil, was the writhing form of a viper.

I plucked the viper from her foot, lanced the wound with my pocketknife, and sucked the poison from her bloodstream. Then I took off my humble shirt, stitched together for me by my dear mother from some discarded blueprint linen that she had found, during her daily foraging, in an architect's ashcan. When the wound was cleansed and bound, I gathered Emily in my arms and ran up the lawn towards the great doors of Wallowyck, which rumbled open at my ring. A butler stood there, pallid at the sight.

"What have you done to our Emily?" he cried.

"He has done nothing but save my life," said Emily.

Then from the dusk of the hall emerged the bearded and ruthless Mr. Wallow. "Thank you for saving the life of my daughter," he said gruffly. Then he looked at me more closely, and I saw tears rise in his eyes. "Someday you will be rewarded," he said. "That day will come."

The ruin of my linen shirt obliged me to tell my parents that evening about my adventure. My father was drunk, as usual. "You will receive no reward from that beast!" he roared. "Neither in this world nor in Heaven nor in Hell!"

"Please, Ernest," my mother sighed, and I went to her and held her hands, dry with fever.

Drunk as he was, it seemed that my father possessed the truth, for, in the years that followed, no sign of gratitude, no courtesy, no trifling remembrance, no hint of indebtedness came to me from the great house on the hill.

In the stern winter of 19—, the mills were shut down by Mr. Wallow, in a retaliative gesture at my struggle to organize a labor union. The stillness of the mills—those smokeless chimneys—was a blow at the heart of X—burgh. My mother lay dying. My father sat in the kitchen drinking Sterno. Sickness, hunger, cold, and disease dominated every hovel. The snow in the streets, unbesmirched by the mill smoke, had an accusatory whiteness. It was on the day before Christmas that I led the union delegation, many of them scarcely able to walk, up to the great doors of Wallowyck and rang. It was Emily who stood there when the doors were opened. "You!" she cried. "You who saved my life, why are you killing my father?" Then the doors rumbled shut.

I managed that evening to gather a little grain, and made some porridge of this for my mother. I was spooning this into her thin lips when our door opened and in stepped Jeffrey Ashmead, Mr. Wallow's advocate.

"If you have come," I said, "to persecute me for my demonstration at Wallowyck this afternoon, you have come in vain. There is no pain on earth greater than that which I suffer now, as I watch my mother die."

"I have come about other business," he said. "Mr. Wallow is dead."

"Long live Mr. Wallow!" shouted my father from the kitchen.

"Please come with me," said Mr. Ashmead.

"What business can I have with you, sir?"

"You are the heir to Wallowyck—its mines, its mills, its moneys."

"I do not understand."

There was a piercing sob from my mother. She seized my hands in hers and said, "The truth of the past is no harsher than the truth of our sad lives! I have wanted to shelter you all these years from the truth, but you are his only son. As a girl, I waited on table at the great house, and was taken advantage of on a summer's night. It has contributed to your father's destruction."

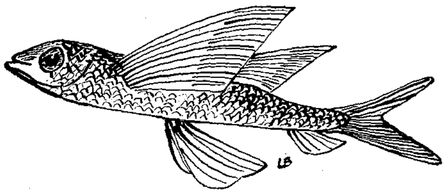
"I will go with you, sir," I said to Mr. Ashmead. "Miss Emily knows of this?"

"Miss Emily," he said, "has fled."

I returned that evening, and entered the great doors of Wallowyck as its master. But there was no Miss Emily. Before the New Year had come, I had buried both of my parents, reopened the mills on a profit-sharing basis, and brought prosperity to X—burgh, but I, living alone in Wallowyck, knew a loneliness that I had never tasted before. . . .

I was appalled, of course. I felt sick. The matter-of-factness of my surroundings made the puerility of this tale nauseating. I hurried back to the noble waiting room, with its limpid panels of colored light, and sat down near a rack of paperback books. Their lurid covers and their promise of graphic descriptions of sexual commerce seemed to tie in with what I had just read. What had happened, I supposed, was that, as pornography moved into the public domain, those marble walls, those immemorial repositories of such sport, had been forced, in self-defense, to take up the more refined task of literature. I found the idea revolutionary and disconcerting, and wondered if in a year or two I would be able to read the poetry of Sara Teasdale in a public toilet, while the King of Sweden honored some dirty-minded brute. Then my train came in, and I was happy to get out of Indianapolis and leave, as I hoped, my discovery with the Middle West.

I went up to the club car and had a drink. We belted eastward over Indiana, scaring the cows and the chickens, the horses and the pigs. People waved at the train as it passed—a little girl holding a doll upside down, an old man in a wheelchair, a woman standing in a kitchen doorway with her hair in pin curls, a young man sitting on a freight truck. You could feel the train leap forward in the straightaway, the whistle blew, the warning bells at the grade crossings went off like a coronary thrombosis, and the track joints beat out a jazz bass, versatile, exhilarating, and fleet, like some brilliant improvisation on the beating of a heart, and the wind in the brake boxes sounded like the last, hoarse recordings poor Billie Holiday ever made. I had two more drinks. When I opened the door of the lavatory in the next sleeping car and saw that the walls were covered with writing, it seemed to me like a piece of very bad news.



I didn't want to read any more—not then. Wallowyck had been enough for one day. I wanted only to go back to the club car and have another drink and assert my healthy indifference to the fancies of strangers. But the writing was there, and it was irresistible—it seemed to be some part of my destiny—and, although I read it with bitter unwillingness, I read through the first paragraph.

• •

A MAN CAN COMPLAIN, CAN'T HE?

(A Lament for Those Who Think Old)

Pallid and moonlike in the smog,
Now feeble Phoebus 'gins arise;
The upper floors of Empire State
Have vanished into sooty skies.
Half missing, like the shrouded tower,
Lacklustre, like the paten solar,
I draw reluctant waking breath;
Another day, another dolor.

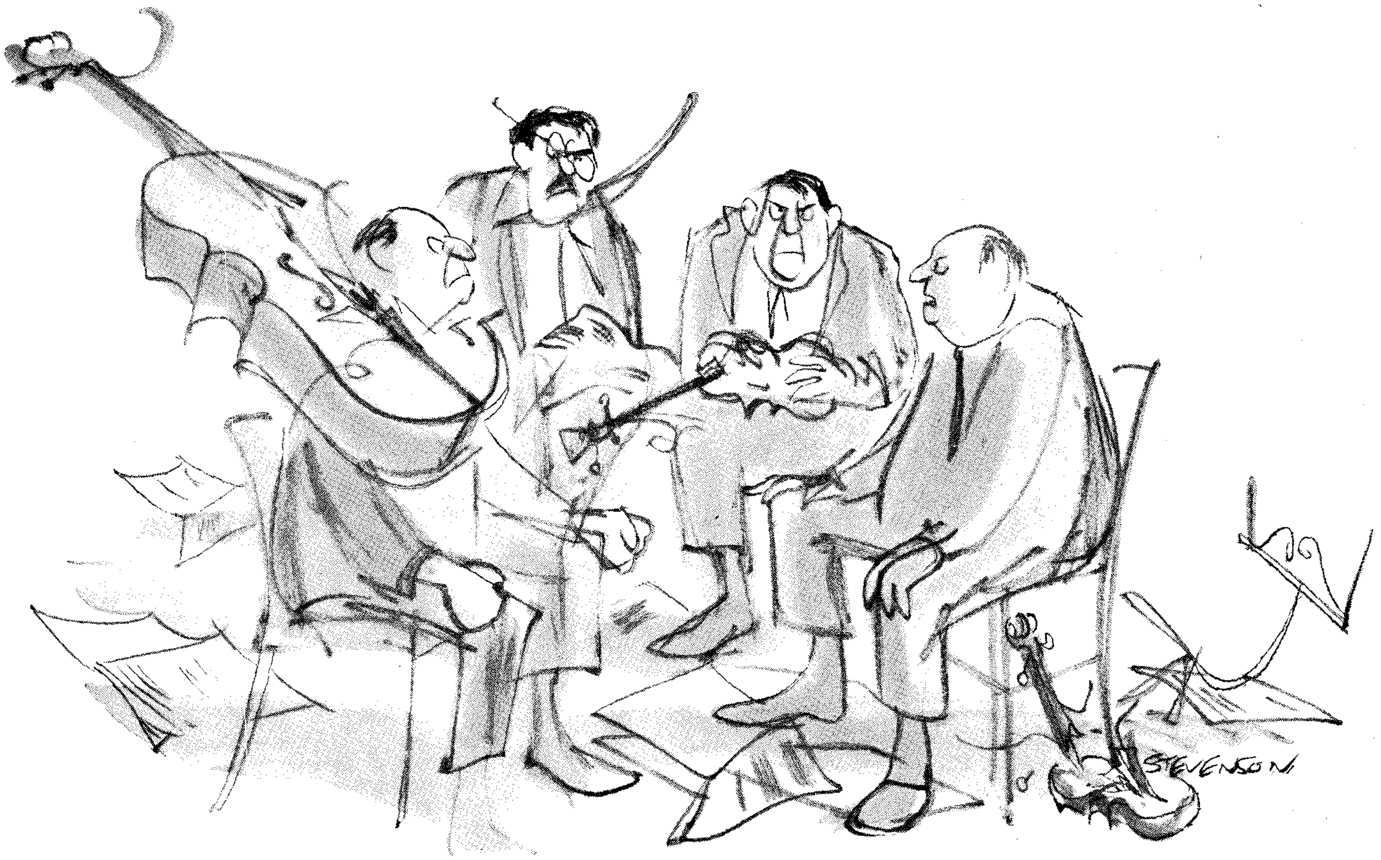
That breath I draw was first exhaled
By diesel and incinerator;
I should have wakened not at all,
Or, were it feasible, even later.
Walls of the world close in on me,
Threats equatorial and polar;
Twixt pit and pendulum I lie;
Another day, another dolor.

Here's news about the current strike,
The latest, greatest test of fission,
A fatal mugging in the park,
An obit of the *Geneva* mission.
One envelope yields a baffling form
Submitted by the tax comptroller;
A jury summons completes my mail;
Another day, another dolor.

Once eager for, I've come to dread,
The nimble fingers of my barber;
He's training strands across my scalp
Like skimpy vines across an arbor.
The conversation at the club
Is all intestinal or molar;
What dogs the Class of '24?
Another day, another dolor.

Between the dotard and the brat
My disaffection veers and varies;
Sometimes I'm sick of clamoring youth,
Sometimes of my contemporaries.
I'm old too soon, yet young too long;
Could Swift himself have planned it droller?
Timor vitae conturbat me;
Another day, another dolor.

—Ogden Nash



"As far as I'm concerned, gentlemen, this marks the end of the Schwarzwälder String Quartet."

• •

The penmanship was the most commanding of all.

> Why does not everyone who can afford it have a geranium in his window? It is very cheap. Its cheapness is next to nothing if you raise it from seed or from a slip. It is a beauty and a companion. It sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love. And if it cannot love you in return, it cannot hate you, it cannot utter a hateful thing even for your neglecting it, for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity, and such being the case, and living as it does purely to do you good and afford pleasure, how will you be able to neglect it? But, pray, if you choose a geranium . . .

Back in the club car, it was getting dark. I was disturbed by these tender sentiments and depressed by the general gloom of the countryside at that time of day. Was what I had read the expression of some irrepressible love of quaintness and innocence? Whatever it was, I felt then a manifest responsibility to declare what I had discovered. Our knowledge of ourselves and of one another, in a historical moment of mercurial change, is groping. To hedge our observation, curiosity, and reflection with indifference would be sheer recklessness. My three chance encounters proved that this kind of literature was widespread. If these fancies were recorded and diagnosed, they might throw a brilliant illumination onto our psyche and bring us closer to the secret world of the truth. My search had its unconventional aspects, but if we are any less than shrewd, courageous, and honest with ourselves we are contemptible. I had six friends who worked for foundations, and I decided to call their attention to the phenomenon of the writing in public toilets. I knew they had financed poetry, research in zoology, studies of the history of stained glass and of the social significance of high heels, and, at that moment, the writing in public toilets appeared to be an avenue of truth that demanded exploration.

When I got back to New York, I arranged a lunch for my friends, in a restaurant in the Sixties that has a private dining room. At the end of the meal, I made my speech. My best friend there was the first to answer. "You've been away too long," he said. "You're out of touch. We don't go for that kind of thing over here. I can only speak for myself, of course, but I think the idea is repulsive." I glanced down and saw that I was wearing a brocade double-breasted vest and pointed yellow shoes, and I suppose I had spoken in the flat and affected accent of most expatriates. His accusation that my thinking was alien, strange, and indecent seemed invincible. I felt then, I feel now, that it was not the impropriety of my discovery but its explosiveness that disconcerted him, and that he had, in my absence, joined the ranks of those new men who feel that the truth is no longer usable in solving our dilemmas. He said goodbye, and one by one the others left, all on the same note—I had been away too long; I was out of touch with decency and common sense.

I RETURNED to Europe a few days later. The plane for Orly was delayed, and I killed some time in the bar and then looked around for the men's room. The message this time was written on tile. "Bright Star!" I read, "would I were stedfast as thou art—Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night . . ." That was all. My flight was announced, and I sailed through the eaves of heaven back to the city of light.

—John Cheever

•

In 1853 Peter Armstrong founded the Celestia Community of Adventists about 4 miles east of Eagles Mere. After a few years the members became disheartened and abandoned the communal living project. Armstrong then deeded the property to Almighty God and returned to the East. Two years later the property reverted to the county because of delinquent taxes.
—*A.A.A. Mideastern Tour Book.*

Hmm!

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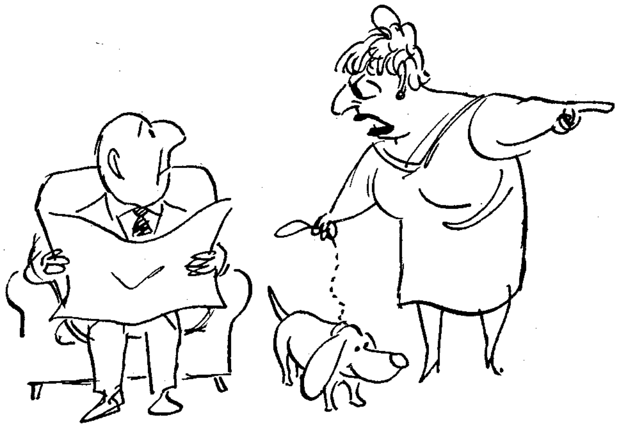

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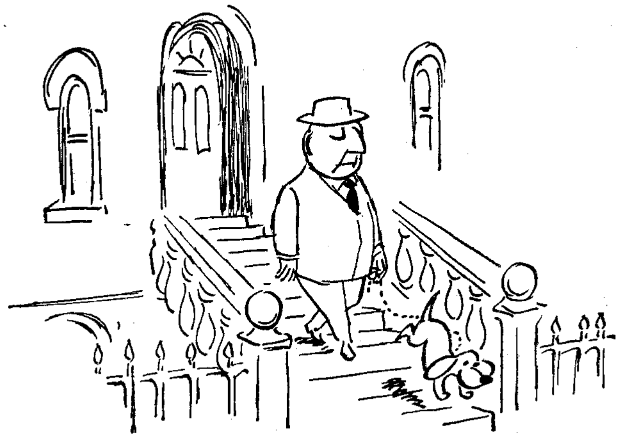

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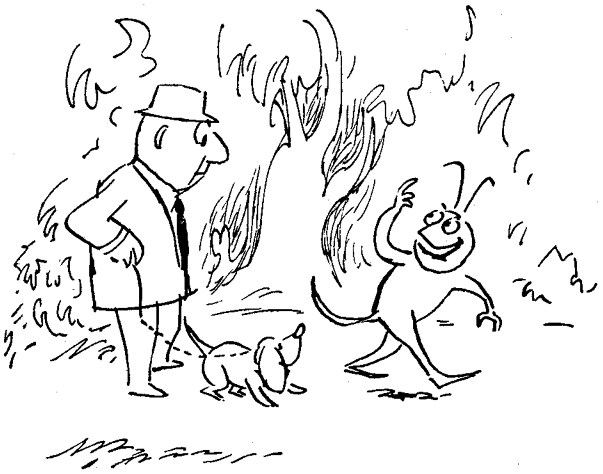

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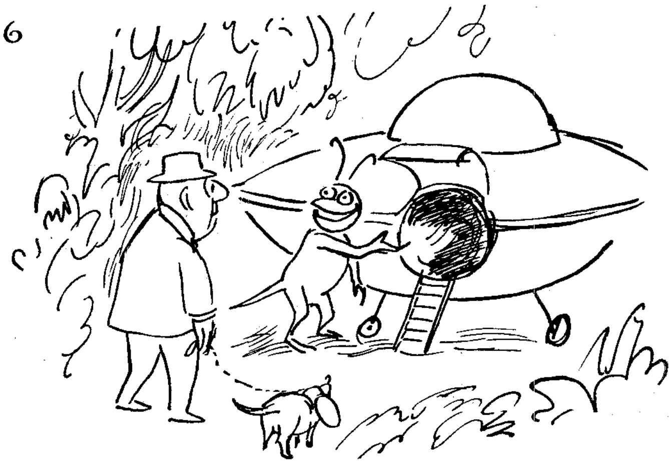

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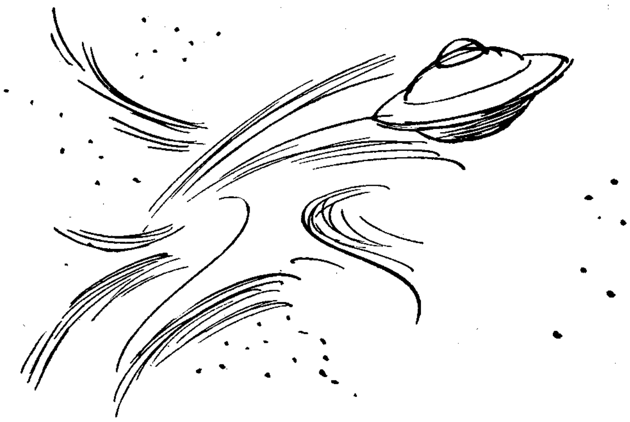

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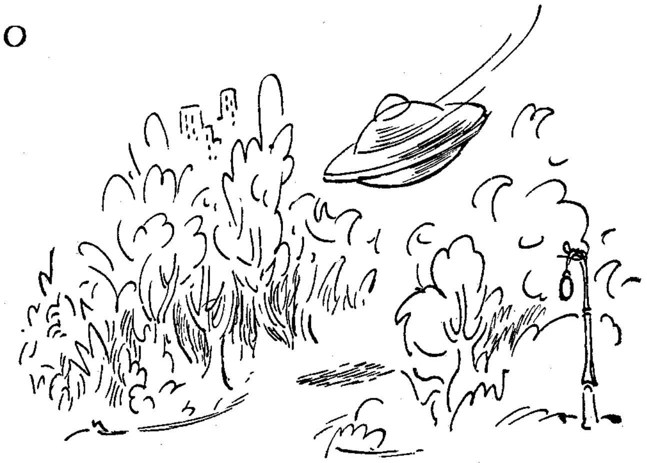

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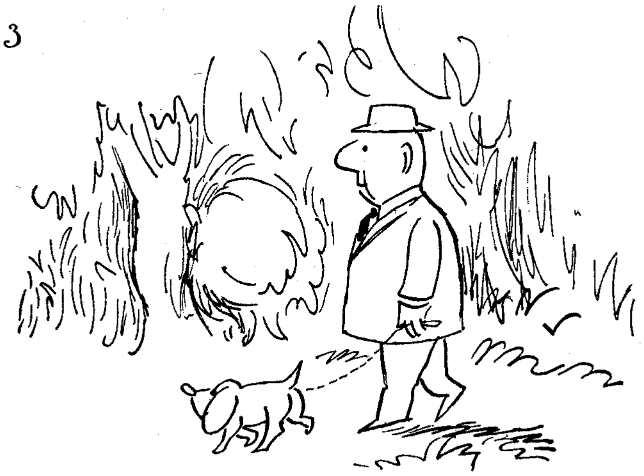

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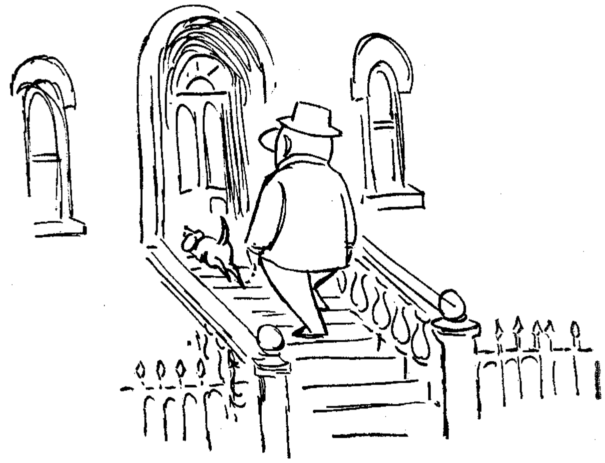

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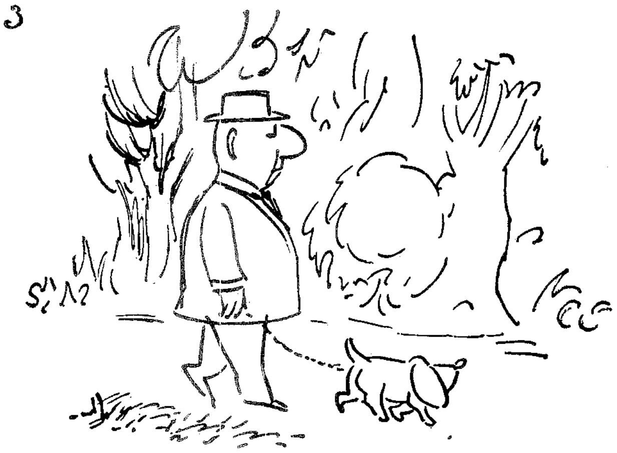

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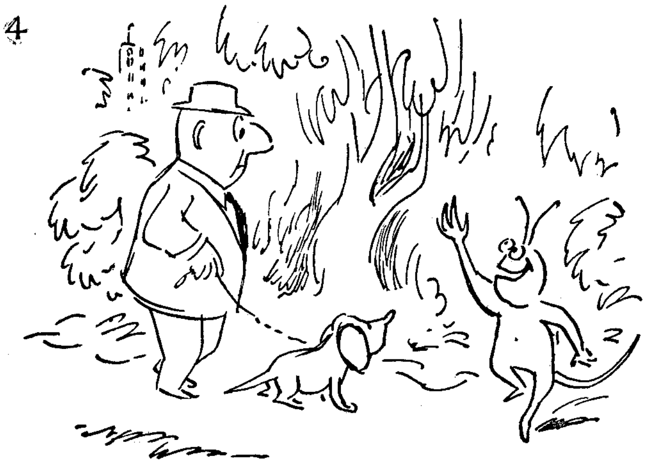

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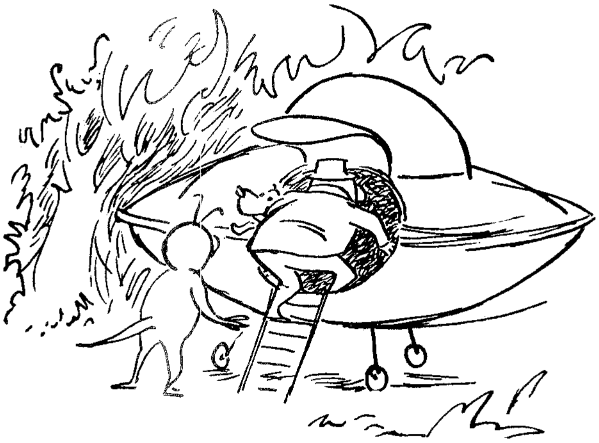

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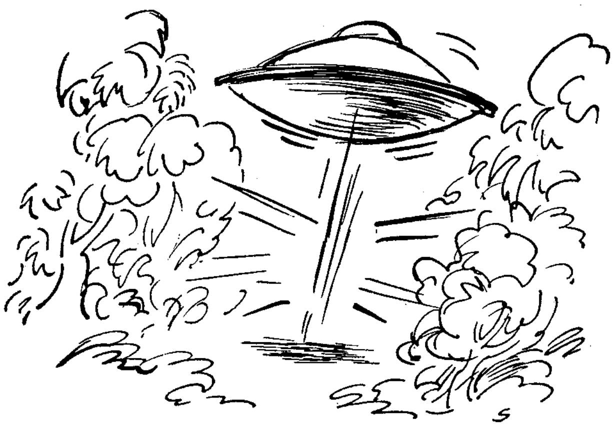

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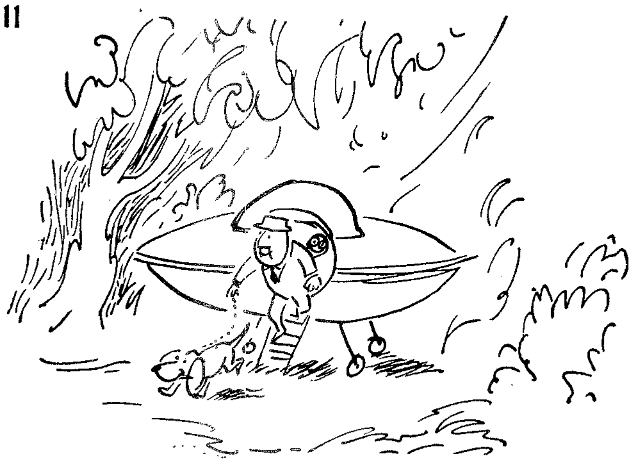

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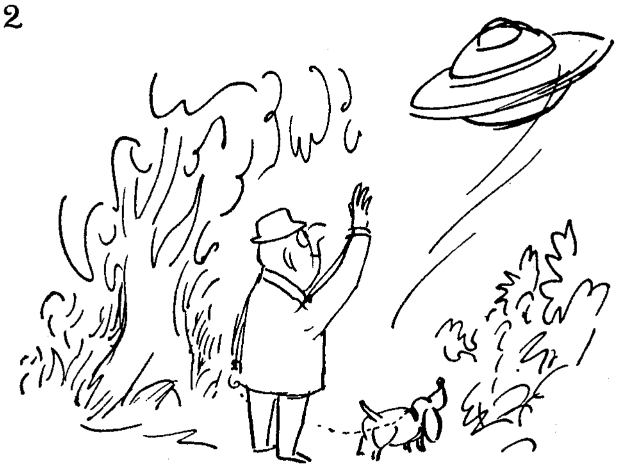

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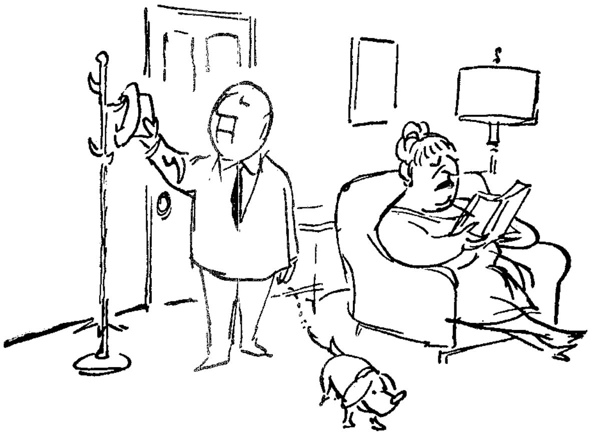

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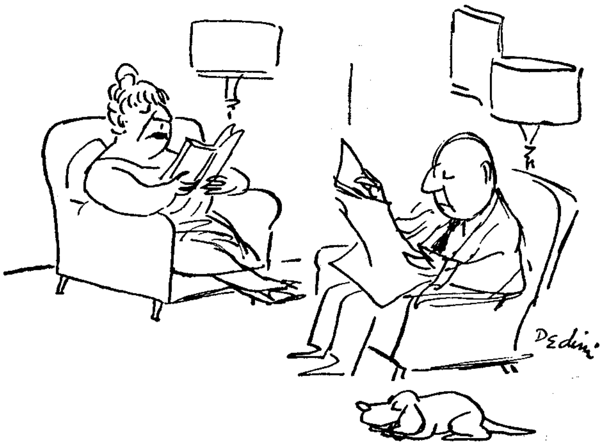


A VISIT TO ARMENIA

“IN Armenia,” my father would say, “the sky is a warm, bright blue, a blue that can be seen nowhere else in the world. Look—” He pointed. “It is like the sky *there*, but much, much bluer.” I was still just a little girl, and obligingly I would squint and strain my eyes to detect a glimmer of that Armenian blue in the prosaic Manhattan sky above us. We would be on one of our Sunday-morning walks through the woods that, in the thirties, still bordered our neighborhood, on the crest of Washington Heights above 181st Street, overlooking the Hudson on one side and Broadway on the other. On those walks, my father, holding my hand tightly, would guide and pull me uphill and down along tunnellike paths until we reached a rock from which we could see the Hudson, and there we would sit while he talked, in his native tongue, of his native land. I say his native land, though he was born in exile, in Constantinople, and came to America when he was a boy. But in 1920 he had spent six glorious months in Armenia—in what was, from May, 1918, to December, 1920, the Independent Armenian Republic—and he spoke of it always as home. He found little to admire in the natural beauties around us; they were merely stage props, useful because they could be compared with a higher beauty to be found only in Armenia, where, I was told, we would be going soon—once Armenia was united and free.

My father was not religious, but in speaking of Armenia he used the word “paradise” often. There were two paradises. One was a spot in the heavens above us with which the ancestral homeland could favorably be compared; the other, even more remote—I could, after all, see the sky—was Armenia itself. The two pictures blended in my imagination. Paradise descended to earth, and Armenia became a hallowed place on the roof of the world. There Mount Ararat—a lustrous, fragrant, green gold at its base—reached up so high into the heavenly blue that its peak was always covered by the whitest, purest snow. Noah’s ark had come to rest upon that peak, and there life had started all over again—the animals had marched down the mountain, the people had built fires and danced around Lake Sevan. The lake was silver, my father said, and the water colder even than the water I had drunk from the spring we had once found in the woods. This mingling of Bible story and fact was not confusing to me; it convinced me that Armenia could not be reached by ordinary means, and it justified my father’s use of superlatives. Armenia was unique and extraordinary; it was perfection realized.

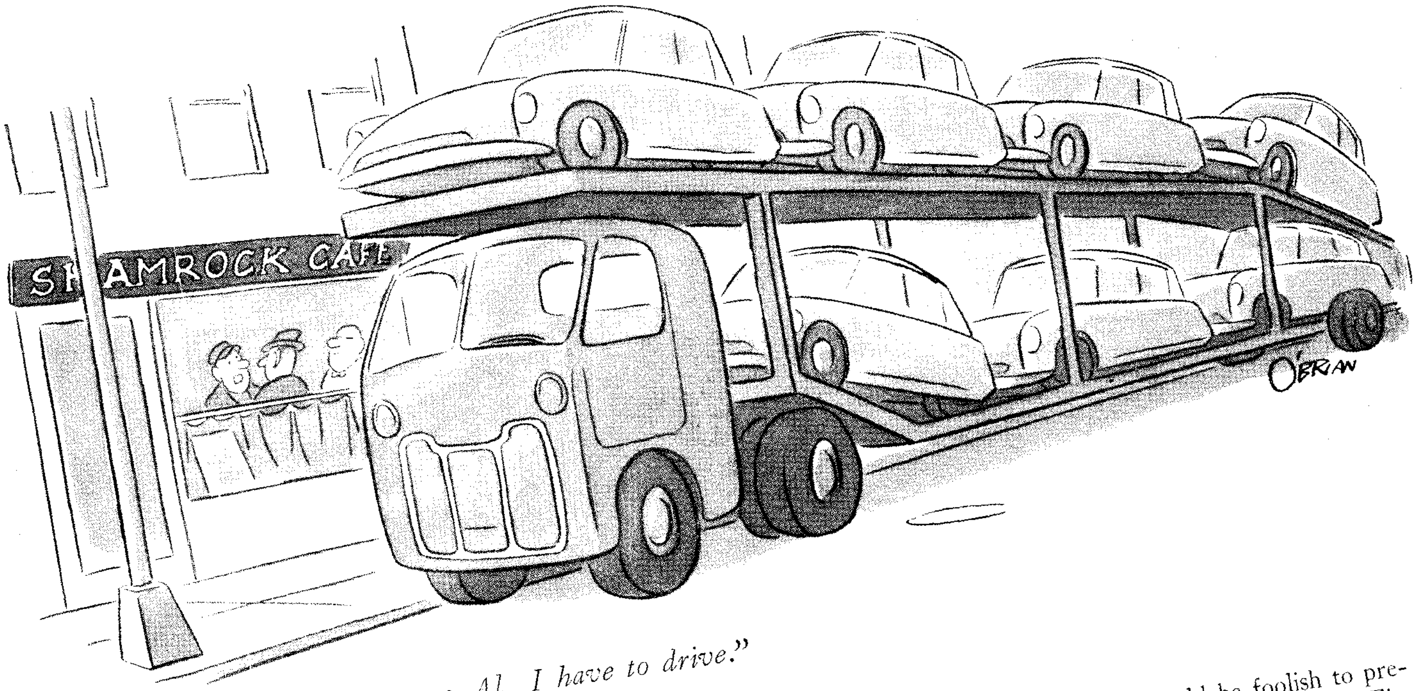
My father’s singsong voice, and the smells and sounds of that New York City wildwood, would make me sleepy. His voice, which seemed, when I was drowsy, to originate in my head, as if I were talking inside myself, would go on and on: “. . . He kissed me and embraced me and called me brother; a man like a mountain, like a lion—a true *fedayi*, a man of Armenia. Someday . . .”

Being at that time a man of many moods, which abruptly displaced each other, my father would suddenly become silent. I would awake and sit quietly, aware of his remoteness and made uncomfortable by it. After a while, I would pick flowers apart or strip branches of their leaves while highly colored pictures of Armenia floated through my mind. Finally, he would rouse himself and announce that Mother probably had dinner ready. We would make our way up the slope and up the rickety, wooden, steel-gray steps to Northern Avenue (later rechristened Cabrini Boulevard). We might, as we ambled home, taking short cuts through lots, share a gayer mood, a mood that could change—be held in abeyance—whenever we were greeted by a non-Armenian from the neighborhood. During such moments, as if realizing that our peculiarly Armenian selves must not be displayed to outsiders, I would stop talking and look up at my father. My father, smiling courteously and bowing slightly from the waist in the European manner, would make the proper responses: “Very vell, tenk yoo [the “oo” as in “book”], Mr. Vil-sawn, hah-oo ar-re yoo?” At a nudge from my father, I, too, would perform in English with the few useful sentences I had picked up. If, when we entered the courtyard of our building, one of our neighbors greeted us, my father would have to pause to listen to the familiar doleful depression tales. My parents were friendly to everyone in the building, and responded to the usual neighborly requests with a pleased fuss, as if a minor celebrity were asking for a cup of sugar. (Invariably, they forced two on the borrower.) But they were convinced of their moral superiority—their Armenianness: their ability to work hard, make sacrifices, and survive. Didn’t my father, who had his own business, work six days a week, twelve hours a day? Wasn’t he willing to ride the subway for an hour every morning and every night so that we could live in a pleasant neighborhood? Thus, as he stood in the courtyard, a dark, thin, stiff-looking young man with a powerful torso, dressed as always on Sunday in a starched white shirt, his one, frayed, carefully tended suit, his fedora, and his Sunday spats, he would listen, with hat in hand, to what seemed to him crude, and crudely expressed, complaints (“Christ, whattaya suppose’ ta do? Them lousy bastards.”) without once descending to the complainer’s level and confessing that he viewed the future with trepidation, too.

YOUR
WEIGHT
AND
FORTUNE
1¢
Handelsman

“You are small-minded, spiteful, vindictive, and generally unpleasant.”

MY father hated shoptalk. In keeping with what he considered a European notion of propriety—in Constantinople, where he was brought up, the Armenian colony was under French influence—he thought it vulgar for any man not a professor, artist, doctor (dentists weren’t included), or big businessman (Morgan, Rockefeller, Gulbenkian) to discuss the means by which

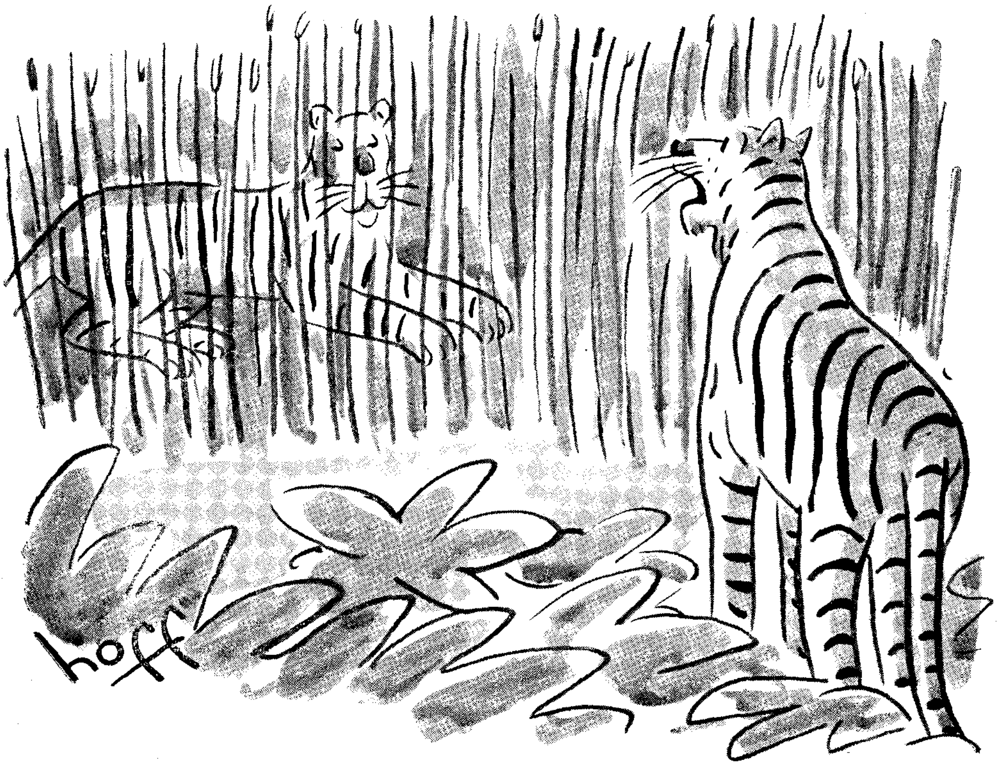


"No more for me, Al. I have to drive."

fate had forced him to earn food, clothing, and rent money. He dreamed of being rich; he swore he would be someday; he hungered for mansions and chauffeur-driven cars. But this was his American dream—his dream in English, you might say—forced upon him by his backbreaking labors and his struggles with bill collectors and underpaid help. He considered his native dream, the return to paradise, the loftier and the truer one. He reserved his respect for a group of men who had nothing but scorn for American standards of success. These men, Armenian émigrés, were his comrades. Although they were, on the average, twenty years older than he, his social life was centered in them. They represented culture, dedication to ideals, and courage in a land that seemed to him to lack a feeling for the heroic. My father willingly shared all he had with them. One or another—sometimes two, three, or four—might stay with us for days or weeks; one man stayed two years and, according to my mother, was responsible for the collapse of our grape-and-tan mohair sofa.

My father's old comrades, I can see now, were fish out of water, or, rather, creatures out of an element that no longer existed. Once, in a mythopoeic past, each of them had been *someone*. Now—like Armenia, divided between Turkey and the U.S.S.R.—they had lost their identity; the world could not recognize them for what they knew themselves to be. Their stories about their former selves—as university students in Petrograd, Polis (Constantinople), Tiflis, or Milano; as idealistic terrorists; as editors of revolutionary periodicals; as leaders of the people; as officials in the government of the Armenian Republic of 1920 (it was less than a year before the Bolsheviks assumed power and ousted them)—all had for me as a child the same air of unreality as my father's tales of the Armenian paradise. I believed them, but I could not conceive of their happening in the world I saw around me. They were serious men; they read the New York *Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* (grunting and struggling with the English), and sight-destroying Armenian and Russian journals, and Turkish newspapers from abroad. They could deliver, extempore, long, inflammatory speeches; they could lecture for hours (scorning to use notes) about the political and social development of the Levant or the origins of the Armenian people. They prided themselves on being skeptical and discriminating men, yet they unabashedly reserved for all things Armenian—music, literature, customs—florid praise. They were irreligious, yet they wept for what had become of the Armenian Church. They had the European intellectual's sense of remoteness from the cap-and-lunchbox class, but during the thirties many of them worked by necessity at what were, by their standards, the most menial jobs—ice-cream vender, spotter (in a dry-cleaning plant), hauler (for an express company). I am sure that on their jobs they were regarded as sullen, touchy foreigners who refused to wear sensible work clothes. Their daily contacts with Americans must have been hell for them, they were so conscious of the unintelligibility of their English. And yet they insisted that it would be foolish to prepare themselves for life in America. The Communists' bloody experiment, they said, was bound to fail any day, and with the collapse would come the end of the so-called Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic, the union of Russian and Turkish Armenia, and the emergence of Armenia as a free nation among free nations once more.

EACH week for many years, a group of my father's friends took Sunday dinner with us. I remember no one Sunday in particular, for in my mind all the Sundays seem to be one, and impressions from my earliest childhood, when I first sat at table, mingle with memories from a later time. The enamelled kitchen table, covered with the crocheted Sunday cloth, would be carried into the living room and set down near the two windows that overlooked—seemed to hang over—a rocky, yellow-green hill descending to Fort Washington Avenue. One of the men—perhaps the journalist who wore pince-nez, with his stiff white collar and striped shirt—would say, "Comrades, let us drink to our beloved comrade and his bride who offer the warmth of Armenian hospitality to us in this foreign land." My mother, who had married at sixteen and was regarded for years as a child bride, would murmur welcomes. My father would frown and shake his head, as if he were trying to shake off the kind words. The men would raise shot glasses of *oghie* to their lips. Each one—the bald, jolly diabetic who had commanded guerrillas; the tempestuous doctor who wrote nationalistic poems; the handsome young



"Is it your protective coloring, or have you been avoiding me lately?"

son of a revered Armenian hero; the venerable, goateed Armenian playwright—would take his turn at composing a toast. "To the Armenian spirit." "Let the massacrists beware." "Eh—toward Armenia. Let us see Ararat and Sevan Lake soon." Or, turning toward me, "To our budding generation. The Armenian spirit shines from our sweet girl's eyes."

My father would pinch my cheek as we took our places around the table. My mother would smile, sending me a shy blessing. I would sit up straight, as befitted a child of Armenia, and would look from face to face, entranced. I knew the atmosphere could change at any minute, and this gave me a pleasant sense of drama and anticipation. If one of the men—the journalist who wore pince-nez, for instance—were embarked, teacherlike, on an instructive monologue, his audience would sit soberly, thumbs under chins, forefingers pressing in cheeks, lips pursed, in the classic attitude of meditative attention. But if the matter were more practical—a maneuver to be used at the next meeting of their patriotic society, say—they all would descend from the heights of abstract thought and show a sort of disciplined liveliness, still deferring to each other but prepared to interrupt. And when, with their bellies full and their cups of Turkish coffee drained, they were singing one of the more boisterous revolutionary songs, they would seem to be comrade soldiers—even the ones who had conducted the war for Armenian independence from newspaper offices. When they sang of daring sorties and blood pledges fulfilled, they would unbutton their jackets and vests and drive with flashing warriors' eyes to a deafening finish and a round of applause.

After my mother had cleared away and washed up, we all would go on a tour of the neighborhood. And then, with their gloved hands clasped behind them, the men would become observers in the museum of American life, noting all the exhibits—the new school, the A. & P., fathers playing catch with sons—with the air of visitors from another, higher culture studying a society that might amount to something if one had Jovelike powers to refashion its natives.

"They do not have a higher cause to live for," one of my father's friends would say, displeased by the sight of grown men playing games. "In America," another would say, stopping the procession, "a school for infants must look like a government building." "Yes. They do not understand that the teacher is important. Is he a serious man? Is he a patriot?" "Eh, Vahe, observe the foods in this window, row on row. With half of this, what we couldn't have done."

They could not look at anything for long with detachment; as the afternoon wore on, our surroundings would lose their Americanness; the exhibits would merge with the landscape of memory. A large, sloping lot on 187th Street, with its wild flowers and two or three thick trees, reminded Arsen, one of the men, of a field he had traversed daily during his boyhood in the Caucasus; we called it "Arsen's field." The statuary in the garden of the mansion on Fort Washington Avenue, opposite St. Elizabeth's Hospital, reminded another of Italy and his student days, which in turn reminded him of his father, an ecclesiastic, who had wanted him to become an architect—a builder of churches. We would peer into that garden with proprietary interest. The Castle, a mansion on Northern Avenue, with its balustraded walk overlooking the Hudson River, its tended acres, its stone wall, and its iron gates, evoked a host of reminiscences—the purplish-brown stone reminded one of the men of a Georgian prison from which he had bribed his way out; the grounds reminded another of the estate of an Armenian mogul in Constantinople; the view reminded my father of the wonderfully situated Turkish cafés ("Agh, to sit there once more. Those dogs!").

The cozy feeling that we were somehow lords of the land we surveyed grew strongest in me when we made our way down the wooded slopes over which my father and I had wandered earlier that day. "Come on," one of the men—generally my dauntless father—would yell, if the rest seemed timid about following him over a rough spot. "When I was a boy, I explored steeper hills than this." And we would follow him fearlessly, as if his boyhood daring could be collectivized and made to serve us all. Away from home, we seemed most at home among that sheltering foliage, beneath a dying sun's rays, which, with the help of my mind's eye, now turn a lovely pink—most helpful in evoking the memory of a mood evoked by memories.

I KNEW these men against other settings. They were bachelors, most of them, who slept in furnished rooms in the garish, crowded flatland of Washington Heights, below us and to the east, between Broadway and Amsterdam Avenue. Many Sunday nights, on our way home from an Armenian *hantes* (a get-together with speeches, recitations, plays, folk dances, and food) held at a musty midtown hall, my parents and I would, upon emerging from the subway, go a few blocks out of our way to walk home one of my father's friends. We would stand in front of the apartment building, next to the black iron railing and the garbage cans, a few feet below the grimy fanlight bearing the legend "Buckingham Manor" or "Normandy Terrace," while my father and his friend analyzed again the speeches they had heard that evening. Finally, my mother would whisper that I was tired. “Yes, yes, you must go,” my father's friend would say. “I'll see you next Sunday.”

“Yes. Next Sunday,” my father would say. “We'll wait for you. *Tsuh.* Goodbye.”

Like most children who are relentlessly exposed to the talk of adults, I was unduly sensitive and sentimental. I hated to say goodbye to anyone. After one of those midnight farewells, I would be left with a depressing vision of my father's comrade going up reluctantly to his cubicle in the apartment of a foreigner. I noticed and thought about and was moved by the most ordinary scenes. Sometimes, as I watched one of my father's friends buying a hot dog at the Broadway Nedick's, I would be overcome by a surge of feeling that I can only describe as a sort of frantic sadness. I would want to call out to the heedless vender that the man at whom he was thrusting that hot dog was not just a—he was . . . But I was at a complete loss in English. Even in Armenian I couldn't express what I felt—how lonely and vulnerable my father's friends seemed in the harsh lights and darknesses of that neighborhood.

I remember now, after one sad midnight leave-taking, being borne, slung against my father's shoulder, up 181st Street toward our apartment above the moonlit forests and park. My father's voice, blazing with indignation, conquered the silver-cold stillness and Armenianized it; stimulated by the speeches he had heard, he was inveighing against the world in general. His strong, belligerent tones, the feel of his wide shoulder and warm neck comforted me. My mind came to rest against a familiar phrase—“a free and independent Armenia”—and I fell asleep, ensconced in my Armenian world. I had wonderful dreams, about wild, windy gallops down mountainsides, about battles against ferocious Turks with broken teeth and filthy beards. I was glad I was what I was. Even the melancholy moments left in their wake a feeling of superiority to the foreigners I saw walking, drab and uninspired, through the streets. Yet, one morning soon afterward, as I followed my mother from kitchen to parlor and bedroom and back to kitchen again, I must have stopped and listened to the voices of children playing under our windows. And, another morning, I must have run out to join them.

“She is playing so nicely with the neighbors' children—if you could only see it once,” my mother said one day to my father, and to one of his friends—the man with a sagging face and rheumy eyes who stayed with us for two years. I was sitting next to my father on the grape-and-tan sofa. “Every day now, they call from the courtyard, ‘Saw-nah, Saw-nah, come let us play.’ ”

“Let her play in the healthy air,” my father said, reaching over to pinch me. “We need a healthy generation.”

“She has an Armenian heart,” his friend said. “Let them all see what an Armenian is. Let them see.”

They looked at each other and nodded and smiled as if a satisfactory agreement had been reached among them, and then they smiled at me, and my father picked me up and whirled me around, and I touched the ceiling with my fingers.

They were dazzled by the success of my sorties into this strange America. “*Ays darorinag Amerikan*” (“This strange America”), they would say, looking heavenward for comfort. They would listen as I bragged about the size of the trees I had climbed, the daring games I had invented, the ready courage I had shown in responding to the challenge of a larger, bossier child. Sometimes, assuming a more worldly manner, I would bestow upon them bits of information—about Shirley Temple (“They say she has a solid-gold doll house”), ice-cream flavors, varieties of penny candy, comic-strip characters, Eddie Cantor; I would sing snatches of songs (“The music goes round and round . . .”); and they would laugh and nudge each other and jump up to squeeze me. “Those foreign children have to keep awake to keep up with her,” my father would say.

They remained congratulatory in their attitude until the evening I turned on them and demanded to know, in Armenian riddled with English nouns, why we couldn't go to Armenia, when there were such things as boats and trains and train tickets. They could not have looked more dumfounded if my dark-brown eyes had turned bright blue. The sudden silence had the force of a rebuke, and I repeated my question resentfully. But how could they answer me truthfully without exposing their exile's dream as a delusion? How could they break faith with the credo of the dispossessed (We will go back; the conscience of mankind will demand justice) and not break the spell they had cast to ward off assimilation? (A sociology major informed me once that the Armenians are a sociological phenomenon; they ought to have disappeared with the Babylonians.) They rallied, of course; they would not confess their helplessness. But I refused to be affected by their bold declarations that my impatience, my lack of faith (in other words, my new American manner) were unworthy of a child of Armenia. I persisted in my assertive questioning, night after night. I got restless when my father's comrades took turns in trying to appease me; their evasive, poetic answers grated on my ears. Like one of those lusty infants, swathed in the Stars and Stripes, that represent Young America

TULIPS AND ADDRESSES

The Museum of Modern Art on West Fifty-third Street
Is interested only in the flower not the bulb.
After the Dutch tulips finished blooming in the garden last year,
They pulled them up and threw them away—that place has no heart.
Some fortunately were rescued and came into my possession.

I kept them all winter in a paper bag from the A. & P.—
At first where I was living then, on the West Side,
Until the next-door tribe of Murphys drove me out with rock 'n' roll,
Then at Thompson Street in the Village where, overhead,
A girl and her lover tromped around all night on each other.

And that wasn't the end of it. I shlepped those bulbs around
For two months from place to place, looking for a home,
All that winter, moving, oy—although this was nothing new to me,
Coming as I do from a wandering race,
And life with its twelve plagues making me even more Jewish.

Now I am living on Abingdon Square—not the Ritz exactly, but a place,
And I have planted the tulips in my windowbox.
Please God make them come up, so that everyone who passes by
Will know I'm there, at least long enough to catch my breath,
When they see the bright, red, beautiful flowers in my window.

—Edward Field

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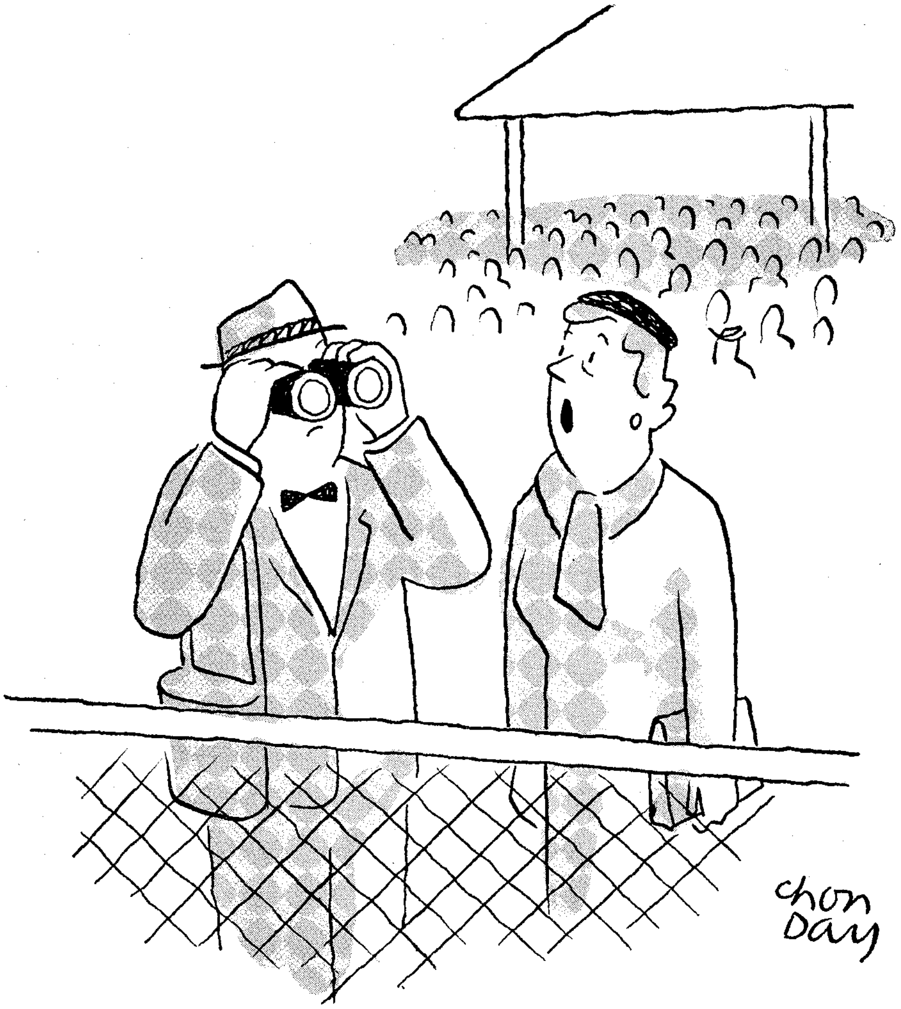


"Why, Edward, you're crying!"

• •

in nineteenth-century cartoons, I was booming and roaring and insisting on a *real* answer. I wanted to be assured that we were packing and would be leaving at such and such a time—after Christmas, for instance, or when it got hot again. I countered oratorical references to "barbarism" and "tyranny" with the reminder that the Armenian soldiers—those bravest of the brave—could protect us when we got there. Nor was my curiosity lulled when, after my father acquired an old Chevrolet, we began taking Sunday trips through the environs of New York. Our new mobility only strengthened my belief that Armenia was reachable.

IT may have been through desperation ("America is closing in; already my girl gives me back big answers") that my father announced one afternoon, as he and Mother and I were rocking along in our car, that we were on our way to Armenia. He made his announcement casually, as if he had just read a road sign. He said something like, "Today we are going to Armenia," and as I try to relive that moment, which should be full of joy or indignation, I find only silence and, motionless in that silence, a silent, careful child.

I try to make excuses to myself for my lack of spirit: I was carsick, as usual; I loved my father and would not fling his gift back into his face; I was taken in but stunned; or perhaps I was too precocious, still too hopefully Armenian and thus too careful to risk offending fate by any outburst—joyous or denunciatory.

I suppose I confirmed the announcement ("To Armenia?" "Yes"), then fell asleep. I remember coming to as our car was bumping over a narrow dirt road lined with gigantic trees. A man jumped on the running board and greeted my father by name. Dust and noise poured into the car, and my mother reached down and held a handkerchief over my nose. The man jumped away from the car, and suddenly the darkness of the trees fell away and there spun into view—like a landscape seen from one of those revolving airplanes at an amusement park—a fluid green field alive with colored movement. At first dizzy glimpse, it seemed somehow boundless yet canopied by a translucent, lacy covering.

When we had got out of the car, my father, giving me a slight push toward the field, which proved to be stable after all, said, "*Aha—kezee Haiastan.*" ("There—Armenia for you.")

Around wooden tables, set up in the warm, dappled shade, men and women were gesturing to each other and grabbing the arms of passersby with the joyful confidence of clan members. Trousered limbs, comfortingly paternal, and soft, crêpe-encased posteriors hurried past me with holiday urgency, and I let myself be jostled by them; I was exhilarated by the closeness. On a large table, a limitless quantity of food was cozily displayed on kitchen plates, and men and women were reaching out and taking what they wanted and, with familiar gestures, offering each other samples. The sounds of the Armenian language mingled with the reedy, clanging, titillating sounds of music and the smell of meat being turned over a fire and the whirl of movement and the rhythmic clapping of hands.

I forgot about Mount Ararat and Lake Sevan. I asked no questions. It was enough for me that sometime during the waning afternoon I found a stream, at the bottom of a slope hidden by bushes, and sat at its edge with a nameless, ingratiating little boy, and watched the swarms of minnows and dispersed them with stones. At dusk, I lay in someone's lap and listened to the muted sounds of group singing.

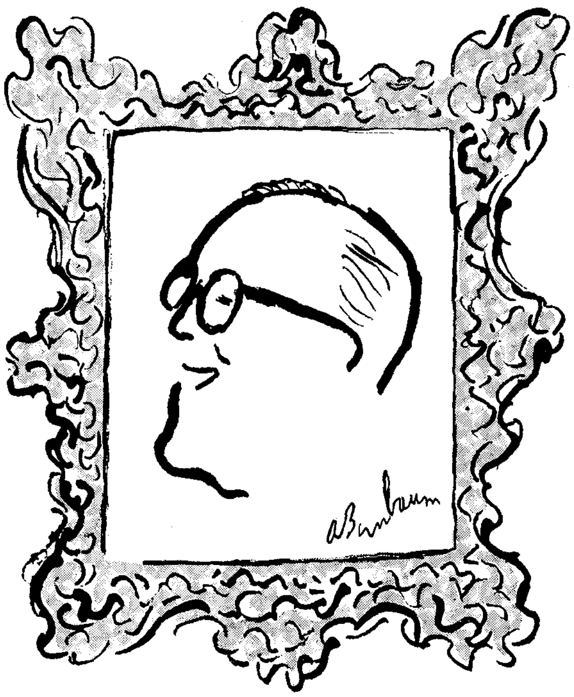
I REMEMBER waking up in the front seat of the car and scrambling to my feet with a sense of grievance. "Where are we going? Why aren't we staying in Armenia?" I screamed, and kicked at my mother's legs. My grandmother and three aunts, who were in the back, straightened up with cries of "Quiet." "Slowly." "Comfort." Arms reached out for me and pulled me, shrieking with outrage, to the back of the car. My father, mixing solace and admonition, told me that if I behaved myself we would pack and go to Armenia for good. With tears streaming down my face, I gained a slippery foothold on my grandmother's lap, and stared through the back window at the highway, which kept emerging for one lit-up instant from the bottom of the car and hurtling backward into blackness.

Soon after that journey, I started to attend morning kindergarten classes: I remember telling my teacher, Miss Burtsell, about our "new" car. In the years that followed, I went to many Armenian picnics, but I knew, of course, that we were—as we had been that Sunday—in a rented grove.

—SONIA SHIRAGIAN

P R O F I L E S

AN ENHANCING ADJUNCT



Henry Heydenryk

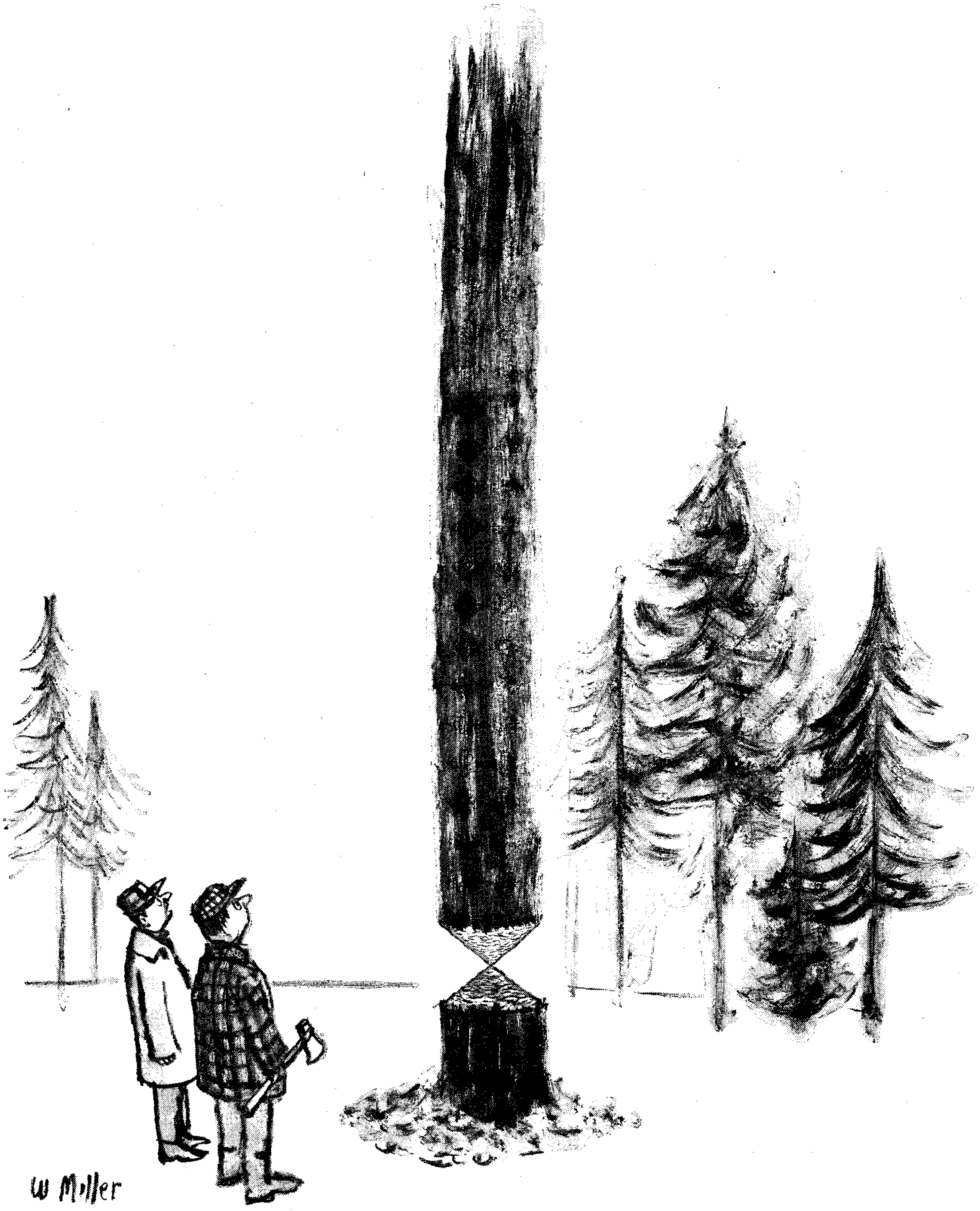
OF all the long-suffering and self-effacing vice-regents of the arts whose primary function is to add lustre to somebody or something else—the accompanist to the soloist, the stage designer to the play, the second fiddle to the first fiddle—hardly any are less often honored by even incidental notice than the picture framer. Unlike his counterparts in most other fields, he is practically never granted so much as a patronizing one-line pat on the back by the critics, and, indeed, under the Spartan code of aesthetics that he lives by, the instant his work becomes obtrusive enough to attract attention to itself, it becomes subject to condemnation for failing in its proper function. On the other hand, those few artists, art critics, and art collectors who do take notice of the framer's work tend to go completely overboard—some by investing the frame with an overwhelming degree of importance and others by associating with it the most abstruse philosophical implications. In either case, they bewilder the poor, stoical framer, hardened as he is to neglect, with their flash floods of respectful attention. Degas, for example, once declared roundly, "The frame is the painter's reward." Other artists, both before and since, may be presumed to have preferred their reward in cash or glory, or both, but for Degas the tactful embellishment of a fine frame was enough—or so he said. And the man to whom Degas made the remark—a younger colleague named Moïse Kisling—couldn't have agreed with him more heartily. To Kisling, frames were nothing less than a source of inspiration; he was in the habit of buying or borrowing a fine carved one, setting it up on his easel with a bare canvas inside, and letting it urge him to execute a painting, in outright defiance of the more conventional procedure of producing a painting and letting *it* suggest a frame. Among critics, Gertrude Stein became about as gnomically metaphysical over frames as anyone ever has. In "Lectures in America," published in 1935, she propounded the notion that a frame is necessary to a painting as a kind of counterpoise, a limitation to be overcome, a cage to be escaped from. Some paintings, she said, have a tendency to go "out of" their frames, but, once out, such a painting "will have a tendency to go back to its frame." The question of whether or not this illusory commuting is a good thing worried Miss Stein. An oil painting, she asserted,

> must not completely only exist in its frame. It must have its own life. . . . It must not only be in its frame but it must not, only, be in its frame. The whole question of a picture being in its frame returning to its frame or not returning to its frame is the question that has latterly bothered me the most. Modern pictures have made the very definite effort to leave their frame. But do they stay out, do they go back and if they do is that where they belong and has anybody been deceived. I think about that a great deal these days.

Other modern observers pondering the problem of the frame have found other and possibly clearer ways of describing its relationship to the picture. To cite one, the portraitist Commander Albert K. Murray, whose august sitters have included Thomas J. Watson, Sr., Neil H. McElroy, Laurance S. Rockefeller, Christian A. Herter, General Holland M. (Howlin' Mad) Smith, Colonel John Glenn, and any number of other giants of the board room, the conference table, and the battlefield, believes that a frame is to a picture what a suit of clothes is to a man. "A good tailor, like a good framer, knows how to capitalize on the best things in the object he is assigned to embellish, and to minimize the unfortunate things," says Commander Murray. "I think it is entirely possible for a first-rate frame to lift a second-rate painting out of mediocrity."

By and large, the framers themselves are inclined to be much more cautious in their pronouncements on the importance of frames. Only one of them—Henry Heydenryk, proprietor of the House of H. Heydenryk, Jr., which all authorities rank among the half-dozen outstanding local purveyors of handmade frames—regularly holds frame exhibitions at his place of business and advertises them in the columns of the Sunday *Times* that are used by art galleries to direct attention to their current exhibitions of painting and sculpture. By doing this, Heydenryk would seem to be shyly hinting that, in contravention of his calling's creed, he considers framing itself to be an art, but in his public and private utterances on the subject he carefully avoids any such flat statement. At different times, he has gone so far as to call framing "an enhancing adjunct to the artist's creation," "a necessary adjunct to the artist's creation," and, in one really rash moment, "a minor art," and it may be that in his secret heart he nourishes an even more subversive concept or two concerning the place of the frame. At any rate, when he warms to his subject he tends to rhapsodize about frames for all the world as if he considered their creation an art that is anything but minor, and some people who have been exposed to his rhapsodies have come to take a similar position. Henry Pearlman, a prominent local art collector who is head of a midtown contracting company, has been a Heydenryk customer for many years, and he has become so fond of frames for their own sake that he keeps forty or fifty of them hanging, empty, on the otherwise bare white walls of his firm's offices. "I got my love of frames largely from my association with Heydenryk," Mr. Pearlman explained not long ago to a caller who was taken aback by the expanses of wall enhanced by nothing but rows of frames. Looking at a fine frame without having one's attention distracted from it by the presence of a painting can, in Pearlman's opinion, be a real aesthetic experience. His opinion gains considerable weight from the fact that Mr. Pearlman is admirably equipped to appreciate paintings as well as frames; among private collections of Post-Impressionists, his ranks with the best.

HEYDENRYK, who belongs to the fourth generation of a family of Dutch framers, goes about his enhancing in a three-story former coach house at 141 West Fifty-fourth Street—a combined workshop and sales headquarters, which he calls the House of H. Heydenryk, Jr., to differentiate it from the ancestral House of Heydenryk, in Amsterdam, and which he runs with the help of eighteen craftsmen, most of them of Italian lineage, and half a dozen young artists who assist him in dealing with customers. He is a short, fair-haired, pink-cheeked, blithe, youthful-seeming man in his fifties, who is customarily clothed (or, as Murray might see it, framed) in a neat dark suit, speaks with a faint Dutch accent, often breaks into a cheerful falsetto laugh, and is addicted to the expression "O.K.," which he pronounces "awky." His business, which he has conducted at the present site since 1953 and elsewhere in town since 1937, consists to a certain extent of buying and selling original antique frames, distributing to the American market frames made by the family firm in Holland, and restoring and repairing damaged frames. (A couple of his more coveted recent appointments have been the restoration of the frames damaged by a fire at the Governor's Mansion in Albany two years ago, and the reframing of some George Catlin Indian paintings in the White House.) His main interest, however, is designing and making frames to order, especially for the enhancement of particular paintings. As starting points for his designing, Heydenryk has created a number of basic models, many of which he has named after the artist whose work they seem to him to fit especially well (there is a Rembrandt, a Ruisdael, a Flat Picasso, and a Klee Drawing Frame, among others), but he stands ready to adapt them in any way—color, size, even the design itself—to suit the whim of the collector, dealer, artist, or museum official who happens to be the customer. If Heydenryk were to be asked by a prospective frame purchaser, "Can you combine Rembrandt and Hobbema for me?," and if he approved of the request on artistic grounds, he would nod happily, and the firm's craftsmen would go to work. Such adaptability, plus a knack for coming up with a happy suggestion when a prospective purchaser is stumped, is among Heydenryk's greatest assets, so the artists among his customers say. While artists seldom honor him as spectacularly as did a Kentucky painter who, when some of his works were put on exhibition in a regional gallery a while back, posted a conspicuous sign on the premises reading "Frames by the House of H. Heydenryk, Jr.," as if the very association with such a distinguished framer lent the show a certain éclat, Heydenryk is or has been a favorite framer, if not *the* favorite framer, of paint-



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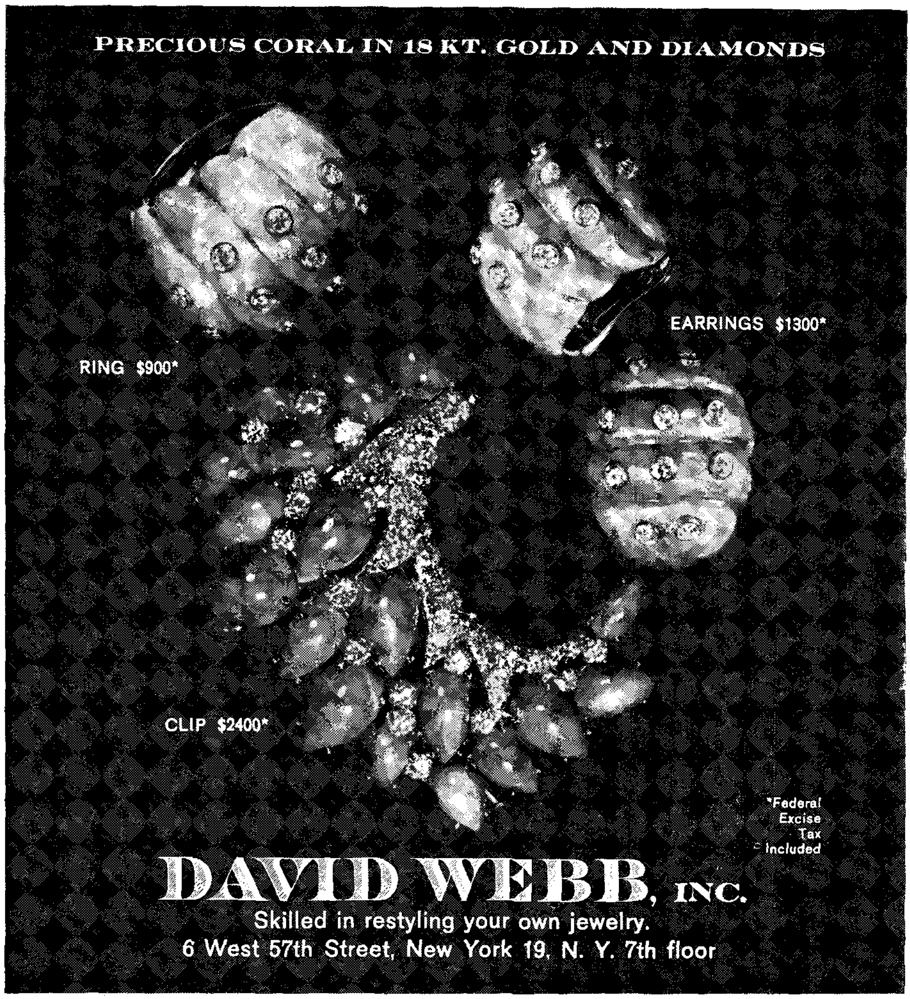
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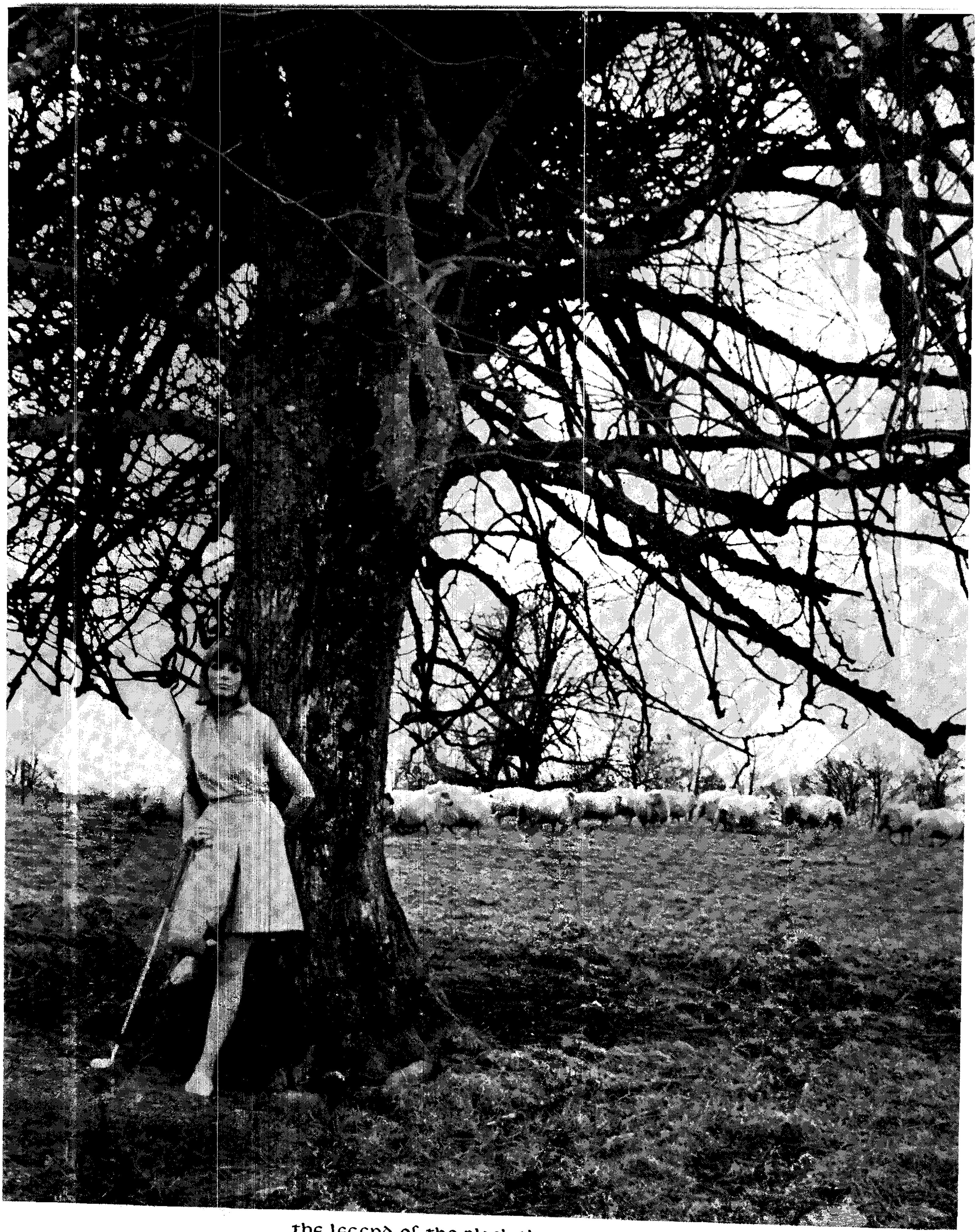
ers as celebrated, and as diverse in style, as Salvador Dali, Alexander Brook, John Marin, and Marsden Hartley; indeed, Hudson D. Walker, Hartley's former dealer, maintains that Heydenryk's frames had a lot to do with Hartley's sudden rise in reputation and sales in the early forties. Heydenryk has found favor among collectors whose tastes range all the way from the Old Masters to the Abstract Expressionists, and most of the country's leading art museums contain at least a few of his frames; one room of the Frick Collection has so many of them that the curator calls it—at least in speaking to Heydenryk—the Heydenryk Room, and quite a number of pictures in the Museum of Modern Art's permanent collection are in Heydenryk frames, among them Cézanne's "Still-Life with Apples," Seurat's "Fishing Fleet at Port-en-Bessin," Picasso's "Card Player" and "Night Fishing at Antibes," Rousseau's "The Dream," and Redon's "Vase of Flowers." The extent to which any Heydenryk frame represents the framer's taste, as opposed to that of the purchaser, varies widely. Commander Murray listens closely to Heydenryk's ideas on the general style of a frame, and usually goes along with them, but is very particular and independent when it comes to details. Salvador Dali describes his frame-choosing relationship with Heydenryk as a collaboration. When directors of museums in distant cities order from Heydenryk by mail, they are inclined to give the required dimensions, add some such broad directive as "The picture is rich and luminous and needs a rich frame," and leave the rest to him. Walker, no longer an art dealer but still an ardent collector, has a strikingly laissez-faire attitude toward Heydenryk, which he finds extremely gratifying; when Walker wants him to frame a picture, he simply sends it over to him without comment. "You don't tell your doctor how to do his job," Walker explains.

A tailor to Murray and a doctor to Walker, Heydenryk is also a sort of quizmaster to thousands of people who have seen "Framing, Right and Wrong," an exhibition elaborating on his art that over the past dozen years has made appearances at many museums, art clubs, universities, and department stores throughout the nation. The exhibition, which Heydenryk conceived in 1951 when the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, in Richmond, asked him to arrange a display that would encourage better framing, consists of twin reproductions of a number of well-



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known paintings, one of the reproductions in each case being framed in what Heydenryk considers good taste, the other in what he considers bad. A romantic eighteenth-century landscape, for example, is shown framed in flat raw wood (Wrong) and in a moderately ornate gilded Louis XV style (Right), and a Picasso still-life in light-colored rococo plaster (Wrong) and in strongly carved dark gray-brown wood (Right). In each case, a small card posted nearby reveals which picture and frame are properly paired and which are not, but these disclosures are so inconspicuous that the sporting spectator feels obliged to match his judgment against the master's before peering at the cards. Like so many taste-testing games in our uncertain times, Heydenryk's has proved immensely popular, and there are generally at least two companies of his "Right and Wrong" shows on tour at any given time. Sometimes he travels with them, giving lectures; he enjoys the opportunity that this affords him of visiting museums and private collections, where, if a frame of a design unfamiliar to him catches his eye, he blandly produces a tape measure and a note pad, sketches what he sees, and later has his shopworkers reproduce it.

As a rule, lifting the design of a frame is just as legitimate as reproducing an art masterpiece, but Heydenryk's penchant for such legal piracy has on occasion landed him in trouble of an unexpected sort. A couple of years ago, at the height of an epidemic of international art thefts—thefts of pictures themselves, that is, rather than of the designs of their frames—he was placidly sketching a fifteenth-century Flemish frame in the Boymans Museum, in Rotterdam, when, to satisfy himself on a question of texture, he touched it. Immediately, an alarm bell went off and a moment later a museum guard was prodding him in the ribs with a pistol. He was spared a trip to the police station only because the museum's director knew his family's celebrated name, and since then he has done his design-lifting by visual means alone.

As a matter of fact, Heydenryk himself has taken steps to curb the practice of frame-copying in one instance—that of a frame of his own devising, which is so distinctive that it rates legally as an invention and is protected against imitation by U. S. Patent No. 2,677,909, granted in 1954. It is an electrically lighted frame, named—with a surprisingly un-Heydenryk-like acquiescence in the Early Industrial bent for tricky yet folksy nomenclature—the Heyden-

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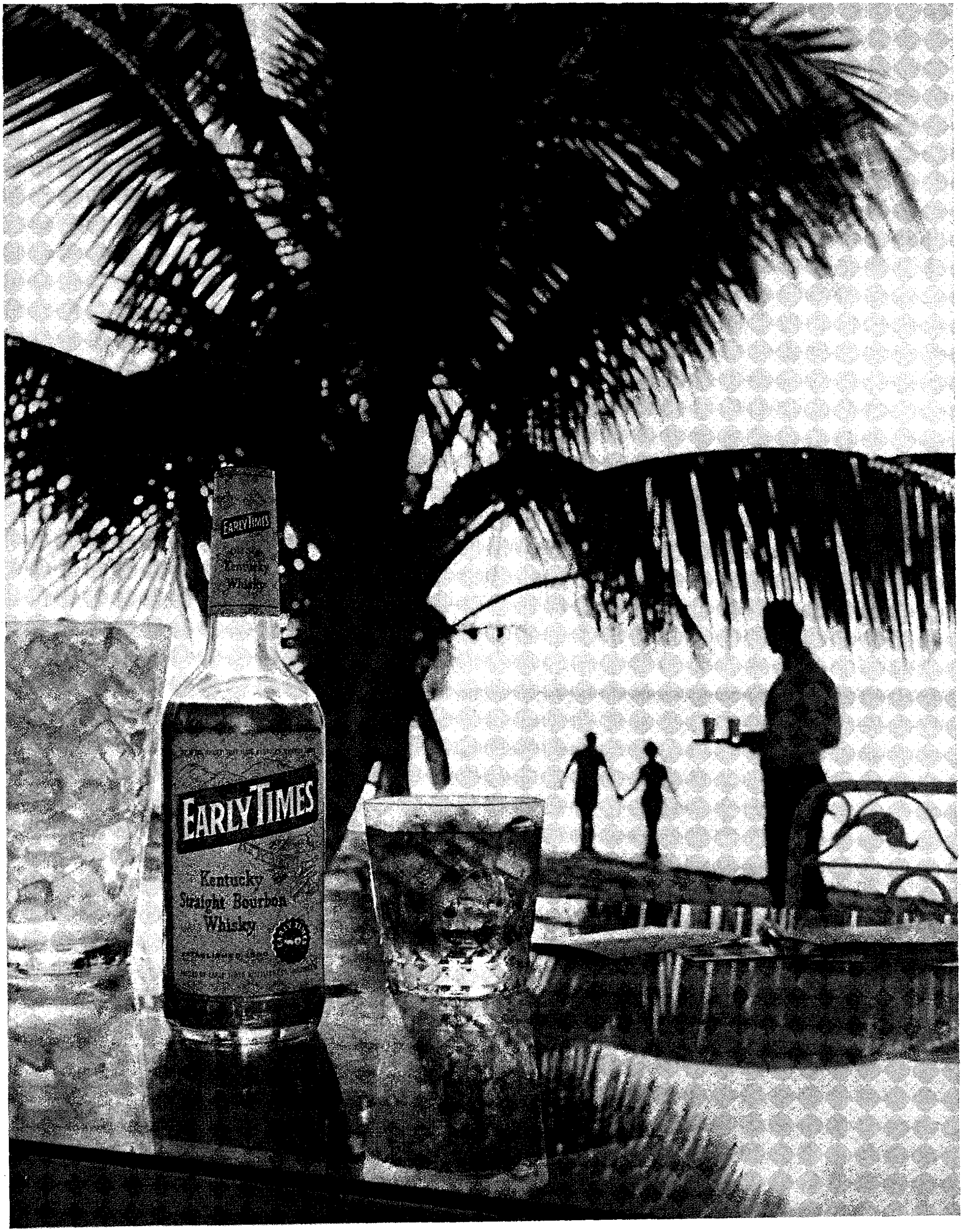
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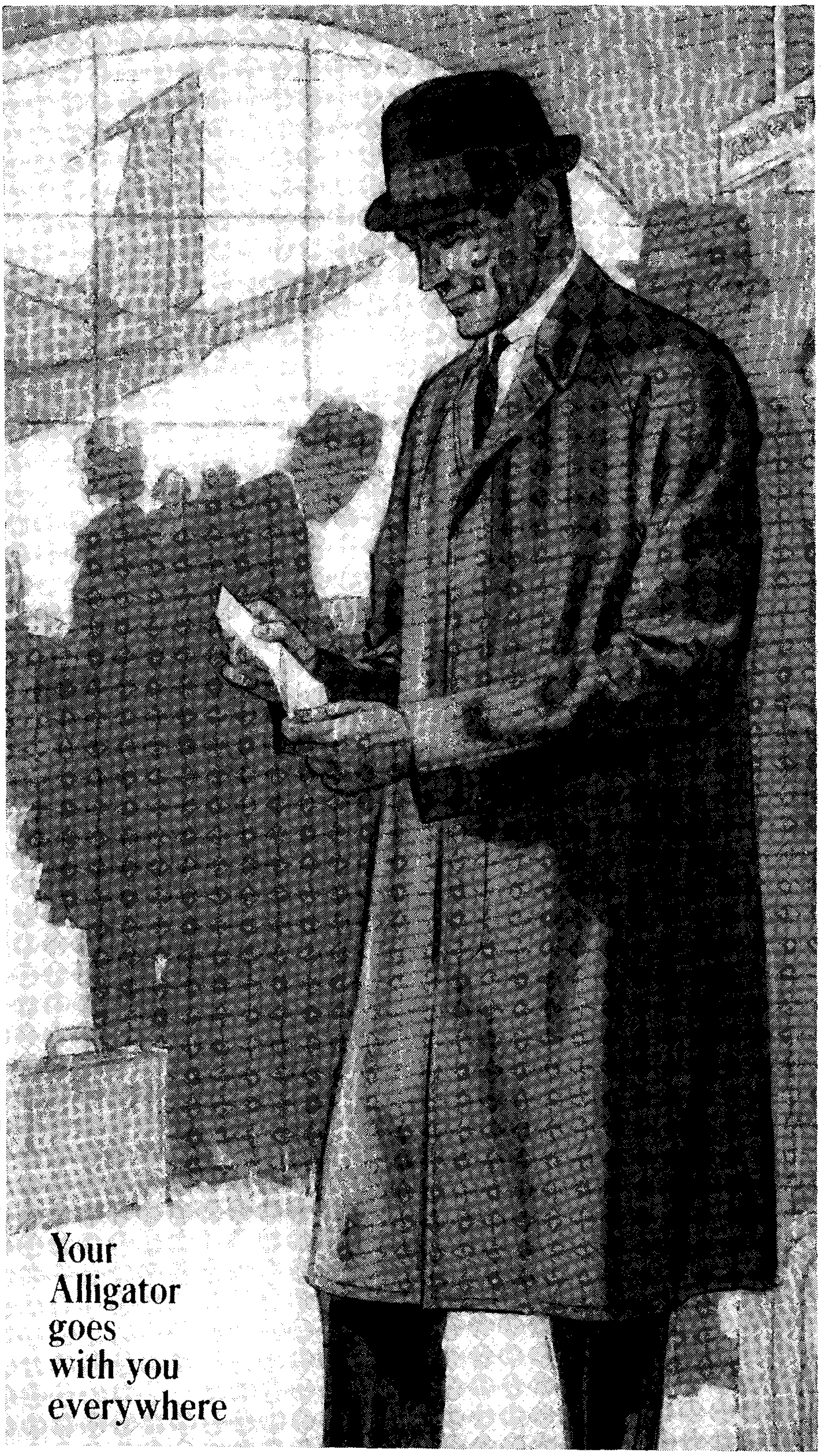
Ray. The patentable aspect of the Heyden-Ray, which can be made in any style, is a series of small incandescent bulbs concealed behind its molding in such a way that they light the picture evenly and without glare—an effect that cannot always be achieved with the usual spotlights or reflector lights mounted on fixtures projecting from the frame. Heydenryk considers the Heyden-Ray an offbeat item, and recommends its use only under special conditions. One such set of conditions, he has suggested, is that of a very dark painting hung in a naturally dark place. Another—and this is so special that it might have appealed to Lewis Carroll—is that of a room where the lights are turned off for television-watching but where the occupants of the room, or some of them, prefer looking at a painting on the wall to looking at the action on the screen. Apparently such conditions, however special they may appear, crop up all the time in American life, for the Heyden-Ray, despite a price ranging upward from three hundred and fifty dollars, has been a fairly brisk seller ever since it was introduced. As might be expected, it appeals to Heydenryk's friend and client Dali, who thought it just the thing to set off some Surrealist fabrications composed of precious stones and metals that he came up with a few years ago. By their nature, the objects would have presented a forceful challenge to any framer—one was a heart made of gold and rubies and electrically rigged up to pulse at the rate of seventy-two beats per minute, and another was a woman's mouth consisting, not in the least metaphorically, of ruby lips and pearl teeth—but Heydenryk rose to the occasion with an assortment of Heyden-Rays, each modified to meet the lighting requirements of the object in question, and each with a molding carved in an appropriate design. The collection, which is owned by the Owen Cheatham Foundation, in New York, has been touring the world for four years, spreading the word of another new artistic plateau that has been reached by the affluent society.

As Heydenryk is the first to point out, though, the slightly razzle-dazzle Heyden-Ray is a sport among the wares associated with his name; he is better known as a maker of two more usual types of frame—the antique reproduction, and a frame intended principally for modern paintings. Heydenryk's antique reproductions are hand-carved, then hand-gilded, and finally placed in the hands of his antiquers, who put a



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century or two of wear on a frame in a few minutes by rubbing off most of the gilding with steel wool, sandpaper, and alcohol, and who, in some instances, age them an additional few decades by dealing them half a dozen blows with a wooden mallet. Heydenryk's frames for modern paintings are made of rough, ungilded American chestnut shot through with wormholes and carved with motifs of one sort or another, often borrowed from the great framing eras—mainly the Italian and Spanish Renaissance and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France. Although these frames are designed to look old, they are not supposed to resemble any particular antiques but, rather, to summon up a mythical past; indeed, the fact that they are made of American chestnut automatically rules out any chance of their being identified with a specific period in the history of picture framing, for Heydenryk is the first framer ever to have made extensive use of that particular wood. He hit upon the idea of using it in 1938, when he peeled the walnut veneer off some machine-made moldings he had bought and discovered underneath a chestnut core-wood that was tough, workable, and liberally flecked with wormholes—a decorative touch so irresistibly attractive to him that he had previously gone to the extreme of faking wormholes with a small drill. (Dead American chestnut, which is just about the only kind of American chestnut available, since a blight all but wiped out the species some forty years ago, is highly appetizing to worms.) Heydenryk found that chestnut, besides relieving him of the necessity for lowly dissimulation, lent itself admirably to bleaching and staining, to kiln-baking (for removing moisture and killing the worms), and to the scraping or scratching necessary to get a rough, weathered-barn texture. Within a few years, he was making more frames of chestnut than of all other woods combined, and other framers had taken to using it liberally, too. Since new chestnut is almost entirely a thing of the past, the supply has become progressively tighter and the price for it higher, but Heydenryk, who has yet to find another wood so much to his liking, still uses it in about three-quarters of his frames, and intends to stick with it until a worm or the framing industry devours the last sliver. Meanwhile, his predilection occasionally leads to misunderstandings; at a recent home-furnishings exhibition in Chicago, for instance, Heydenryk, standing proudly in front of some of his more worm-ravaged

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chestnut frames, was accosted by a man who took him to be a termite exterminator demonstrating the consequences of not engaging his services. Heydenryk is undaunted by such episodes, consoling himself with the thought that one who dedicates himself to even a minor art must learn to put up with bourgeois obtuseness.

Chestnut carved with primitive stylized patterns from Africa or the South Pacific, scraped to a rough texture, and set off by an inner molding of gold or silver leaf is Heydenryk's choice for framing contemporary abstractions, which, he insists, *should* be framed—and framed a good deal more aggressively than they usually are. This is an intentional slap at the current vogue for framing abstractions in nothing more than a plain strip of unfinished wood (or, sometimes, metal), so narrow as to be almost invisible—a technique that frequently gives way to simply hanging a canvas naked and unframed. The trend against the elaborate framing of abstractions has become so widespread as to be unmistakable. In the mid-fifties, the fashion-setting Museum of Modern Art, evidently disenchanted with frames in general and with frames for abstractions in particular, began simplifying or eliminating frames right and left. The old Guggenheim Museum always tended to favor minimal frames, or none at all, and this policy has been extended by the new one. Nowadays some leading Abstract Expressionist painters, Mark Rothko among them, go the whole way by refusing to let *any* of their work be shown in any frame whatever. (For the sake of protection, the Museum of Modern Art pops its Rothkos into frames when they are not on display, somewhat as a figure model working in a drafty studio might pop on a wool coat between sittings.) Such anti-frame zeal is hardly calculated to foster good humor in the framing trade. "I can see where Henry might be quite unhappy about what's been happening," a frequenter of the art world remarked not long ago. "That is, Henry or any other custom framer, though perhaps Henry more than some, because his personal taste runs strongly against extreme simplicity, and he's not so well prepared as some to roll with the punch." But Heydenryk, apparently both imperturbable and intransigent, refuses to admit to unhappiness over the situation. "The arrangement at the Guggenheim is awky with me," he says, cheerfully. "There, thanks to unusual architecture and imaginative hanging, the walls can be effectively used as a frame. But in the

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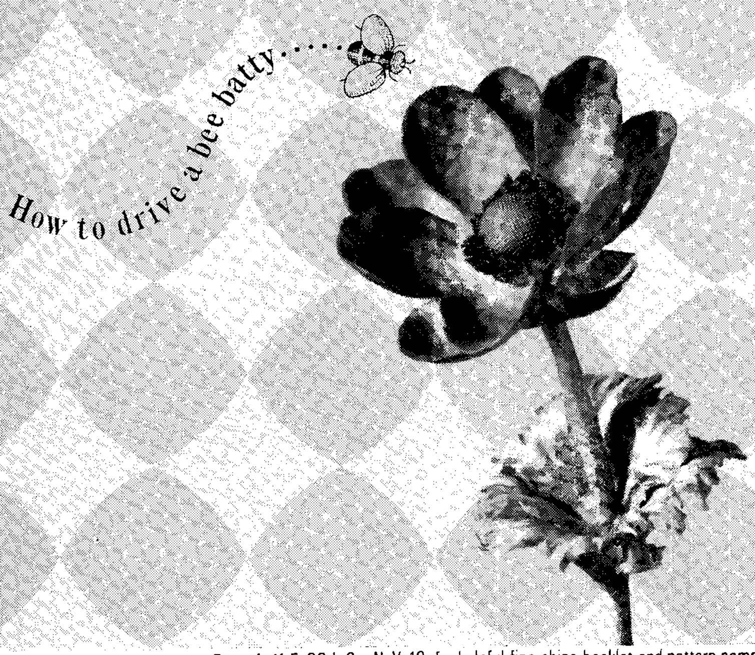

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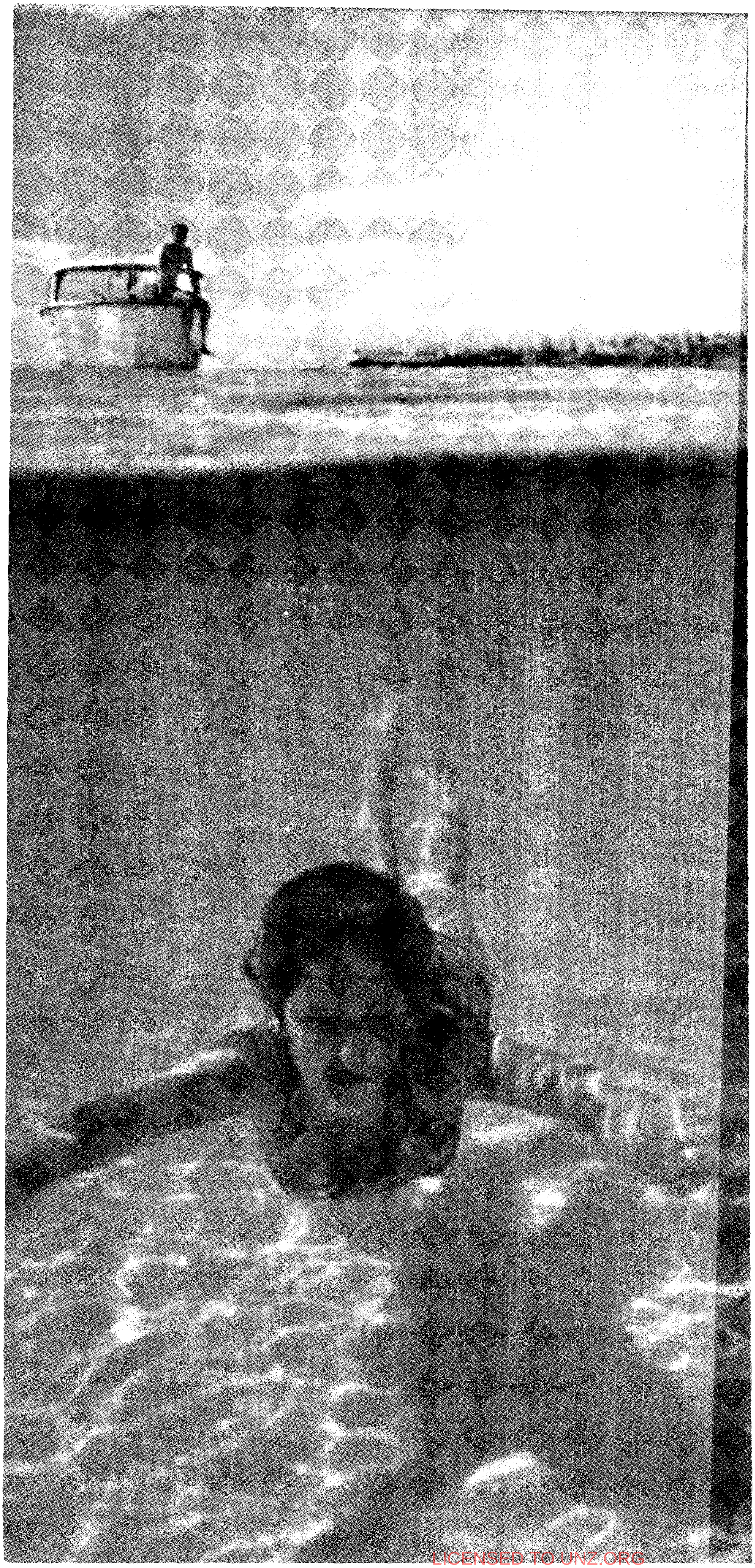

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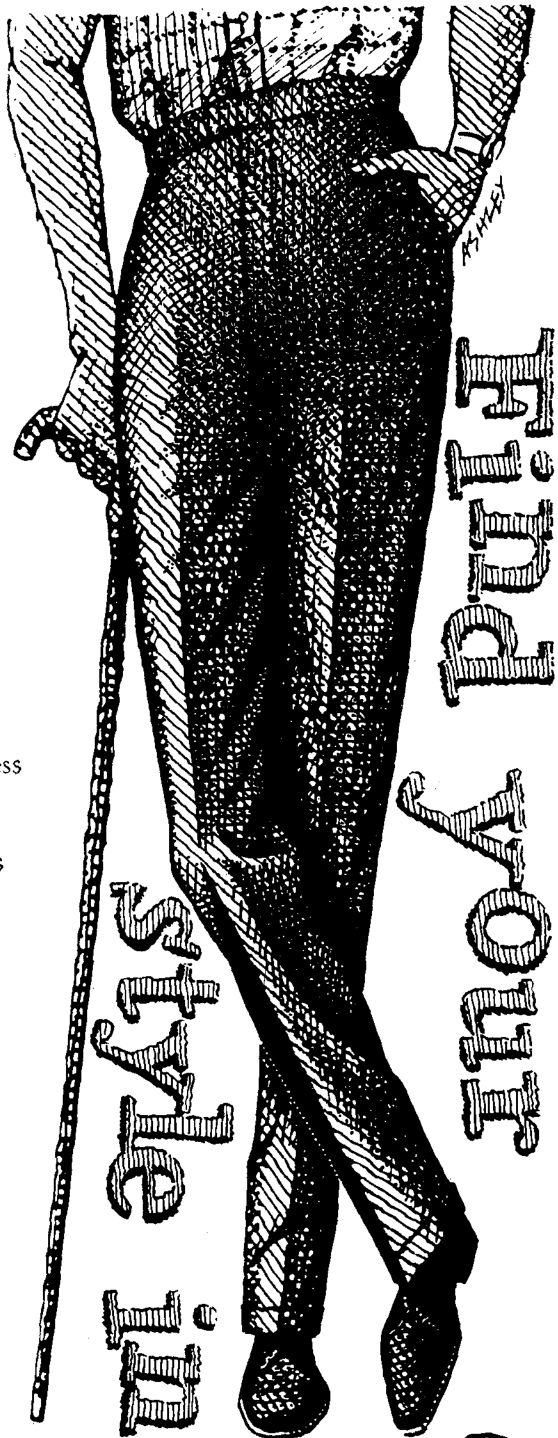
typical apartment or house where the typical private collection of abstract paintings is hung, the walls are not designed to serve that purpose. The surroundings may be conflicting and distracting, and a strong frame of some sort is needed to set the painting apart. We suggest chestnut, carved with simple designs that preserve the modern feeling." While some other authorities agree with Heydenryk on this point, probably more don't, and, aesthetic questions aside, it is easy to see why the trend is against framing abstractions in Heydenryk's way. Many abstract canvases are, to put it mildly, big, and the bigger the picture is, the more carving has to be done on the frame; abstractions measuring something like nine by twelve feet are fairly common, and the cost of putting the kind of frame Heydenryk would like on a painting of that size might run to a thousand dollars—or more than most painters would venture to ask for the picture itself. (Smaller frames, whether antique reproductions or modern, naturally cost less, most of them a great deal less; a thousand dollars is actually about the top price charged by even the best framers for anything except very special jobs.)

In the face of such a hostile feeling in advanced art circles, and of occasional broadside accusations that he flagrantly overframes modern paintings, Heydenryk refuses to panic. Calmly holding the besieged fort against what might be the ultimate extinction of the frame, he counts it a blow for the right as well as a stroke of business when he persuades a collector to separate an abstraction from its surroundings with one of his frames. Besides, he has found a new source of business in the Abstract Expressionist movement—or, more accurately, the business has fallen into his lap. During the fifties, the Museum of Modern Art organized a series of exhibitions of contemporary American painting, mostly Abstract Expressionist, to be sent on tour to Europe and South America. Normally, the museum's own framing shop takes care of its shipping problems, but the problems involved in preparing these particular canvases to withstand the jolts and bumps of transit overseas were so special that the assignment was turned over to Heydenryk, who soon saw that it presented a dual challenge. In the first place, many of the works were, as paintings go, huge, and it is always harder to make provisions for the safe shipment of a large canvas than it is for a small one. And, in the second place, the forte of Abstract Expressionists in those salad days of the



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drip, the smear, and the splash was self-expression rather than the discipline of what might be called the syntax and punctuation of painting and, in consequence, several of them submitted their works in startlingly rickety condition—canvases whose stretchers consisted merely of four boards tacked together with pieces of plywood nailed at the corners, canvases that were beginning to crack and split at the edges, canvases that had already been loosened by dampness to more or less the shape of a spinnaker or shrunk by dryness to the tautness of a violin string. Simply crating them as they were for shipment abroad was clearly out of the question. The solution, apart from remounting them on firmer stretchers, was to put them in a kind of frame that the Museum of Modern Art had invented to meet just such a contingency. Called an L-strip, because its cross-section is L-shaped, it forms a sort of open-faced box, in which the picture is cradled, and it not only serves as a reinforcement for the stretcher but protects projecting bits of the artist's composition—mounds of pigment, scraps of wood or cloth, and so on—from being squashed or knocked off during crating and handling. Heydenryk made some L-strips to the museum's specifications, and they did their job so well that all the works came back unscathed. For Heydenryk, asking a frame to hold a picture together in a physical rather than a spiritual sense is much like asking a thoroughbred to do the work of a dray horse, and the shoddy workmanship by the painter that requires such a role of the frame must outrage the craftsman in him. Yet even so, he takes a tolerant view of the abstract artists' casual methods and the indignity to the frame that it entails. "Those fellows are interested in the front of the picture, not the sides or the back," he says equably, like the good businessman he is.

PICTURE frames, or comparable embellishments to pictures, go back almost as far as pictures themselves; the earliest sculptured reliefs—Egyptian, Phoenician, Chaldean, and Persian—were often encased in stone-carved representations of the doors of palaces or temples. It was during the Middle Ages, before oil painting began to be thought of as an independent art rather than as incidental decoration for architecture, that the frame as we know it started to emerge. At first, it was a simple, slender band mounted on panel paintings in churches, which was intended only to set them apart from

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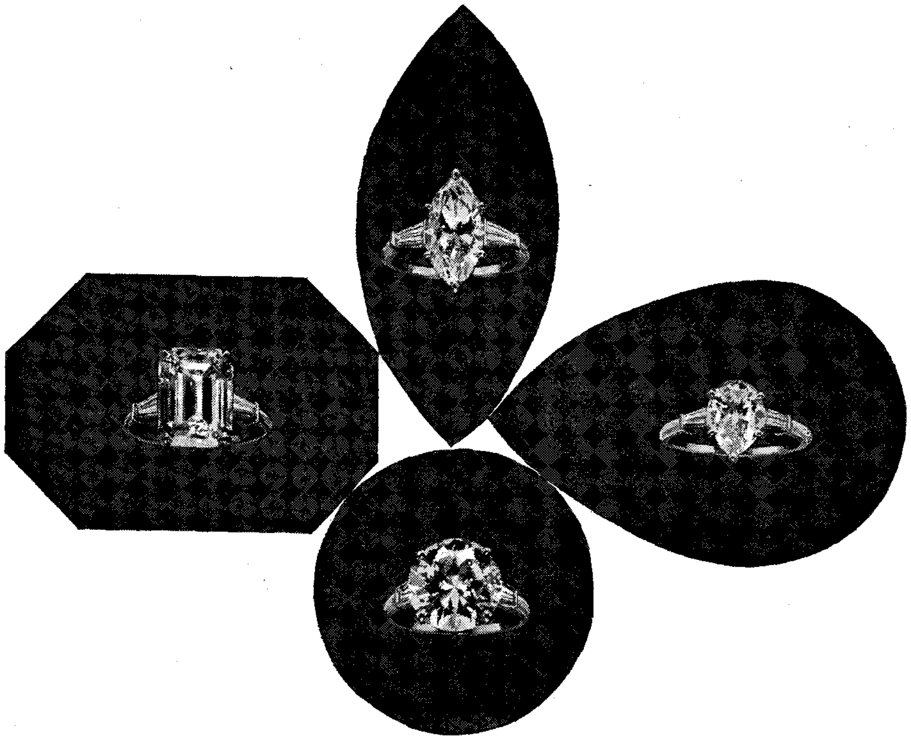

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the surrounding architecture. Then came Gothic frames, which were made chiefly in Germany, France, and the Lowlands, but also in Italy. These were, for the most part, elaborately carved and gilded representations of pointed chapel niches, designed to help fit devotional paintings into their places in churches; neither the paintings nor their frames were meant to be moved, and since the latter were designed to harmonize with the surrounding architecture rather than with the works of art they embraced, they can scarcely be considered frames at all, in the modern sense. In the late fifteenth century, in Italy, as paintings tended less and less to be regarded as permanent fixtures, the frame began to be looked upon as a means of hanging them on walls, and, simultaneously, it became an object of serious artistic consideration. Many of the Italian Renaissance master painters were themselves accomplished framers, who either made the frames for their own works or designed them and had them executed by their apprentices. Then, as a merchant class of patrons emerged, painting began moving out of the churches, and under the secular influence framing came to its highest estate. The Italian frames of the early sixteenth century, decorated with fluent yet admirably restrained carving, usually of motifs drawn from ancient Greek and Roman stonework, are generally thought of as the best ever made.

Many students of the subject maintain that the art of framing flowered early and explosively, like a spring bulb, and has since been steadily withering. According to this view, the first signs of decadence turned up in Venice late in the sixteenth century, when frames began to be excessively cluttered with angels, caryatids, and inlays of precious stones, colored marbles, and pieces of metal. Ebony, ivory, tortoise shell, crystal, amber, and mother-of-pearl were other materials that came to be used in the increasingly elaborate frames made in various European countries. In the seventeenth century, France took over the framing ascendancy from Italy, and hung on to it pretty firmly up to the time of the French Revolution (despite some competition from Holland, which had its golden age of framing in the seventeenth century, and from England, where Grinling Gibbons and, later, Thomas Chippendale made picture frames that were expertly carved but so aggressively ornate as to be more appropriate to mirrors), but even the celebrated Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI frames were more paragons

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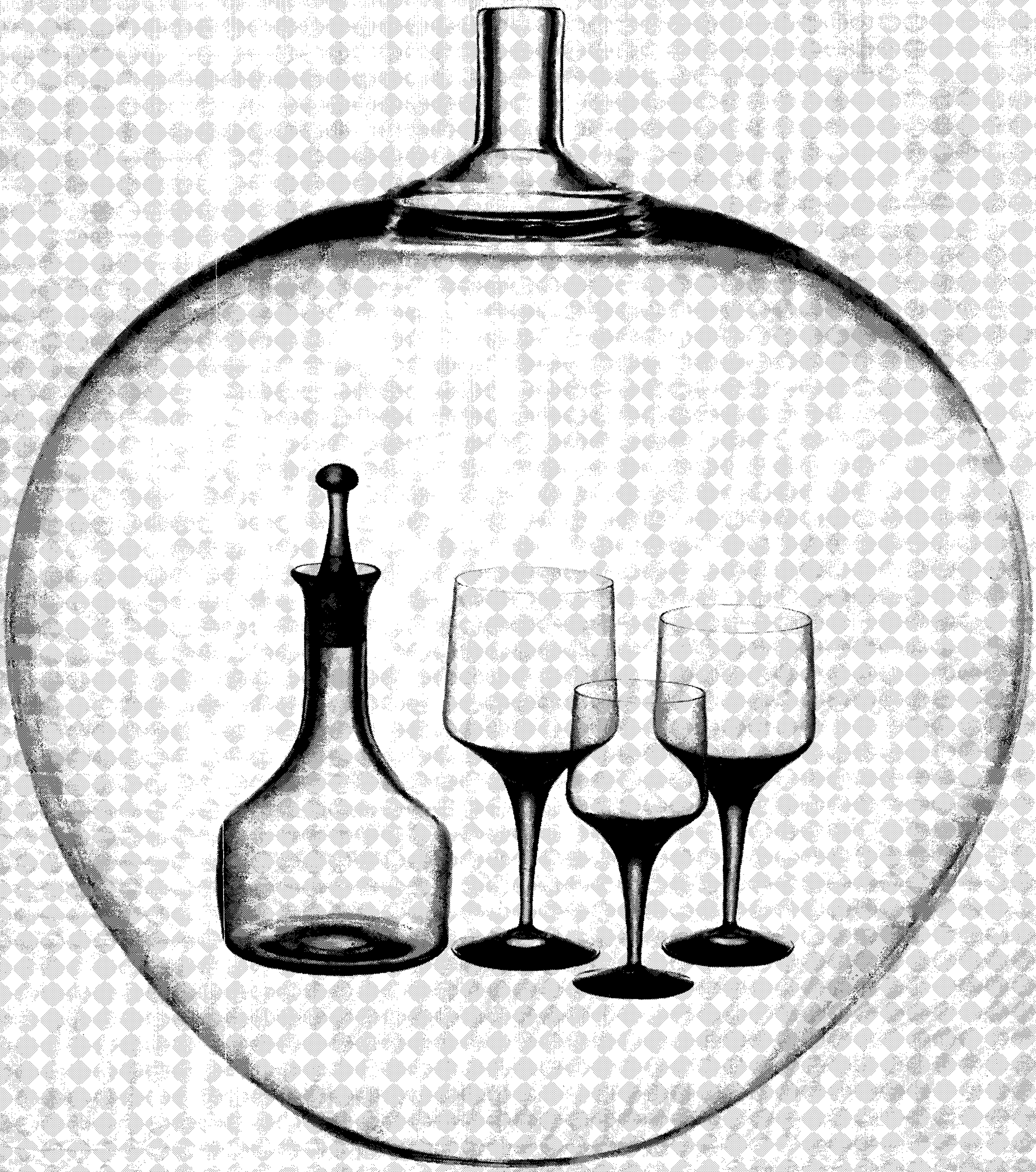

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of taste than high artistic achievements, and the supremacy of the Renaissance frame remained secure. Bottom was hit, almost everywhere, in the nineteenth century, when stiff, formal decoration, usually cast in plaster rather than carved from wood, and finished in unrelieved shiny gold leaf, became the rule. Napoleon didn't help matters when he ordered all the pictures in the Louvre taken out of their old frames and put in generally undistinguished Empire ones, which the Louvre is still busy getting rid of. Nor, as the century proceeded, did the situation noticeably improve. A small, eccentric vogue developed for frames on which rows of bars were mounted across the fronts of their canvases, as if in fear that the pictures might make a Gertrude Steinian escape from their frames and *not* come back, to the cultural and financial detriment of their owners. Seurat was so disgusted with the frames available to him that he took to putting plain wooden frames on his work and painting them in his own Pointillist style. And things were not much better in America, where industrial progress produced the whiting box, an invention that made possible the mass production of gilded moldings, resulting in cheap frames for all, but not very good ones. Around 1900, a group of American painters led by Maurice Prendergast also took, in desperation, to making their own frames. As the new, spare, simplified, often geometrical painting of the twentieth century emerged, frames tended to get simpler and simpler, and this process reached its logical conclusion in the narrow plain bands of the past few years, which are a good deal like the first frames of the early Renaissance. A cycle has closed. And now, Rothko notwithstanding, some of the Abstract Expressionists and some of the collectors of their works are beginning to show stirrings of a desire for more elegant frames, such as narrow bands finished in emphatic, and expensive, gold or silver leaf. The devotees of the currently fashionable school of neo-Dada, or "pop art," often go in for frames that, while not ornate, are comparatively heavy and noticeable. Carving may come next. Conceivably, a new cycle may be starting.

THE Heydenryk family arrived on the picture-framing scene in 1845, when a great-grandfather of the present Henry opened up shop in Amsterdam. It would be a fine gesture of filial piety if the present Henry could say that his great-grandfather lifted framing out of its nineteenth-century slough, but his

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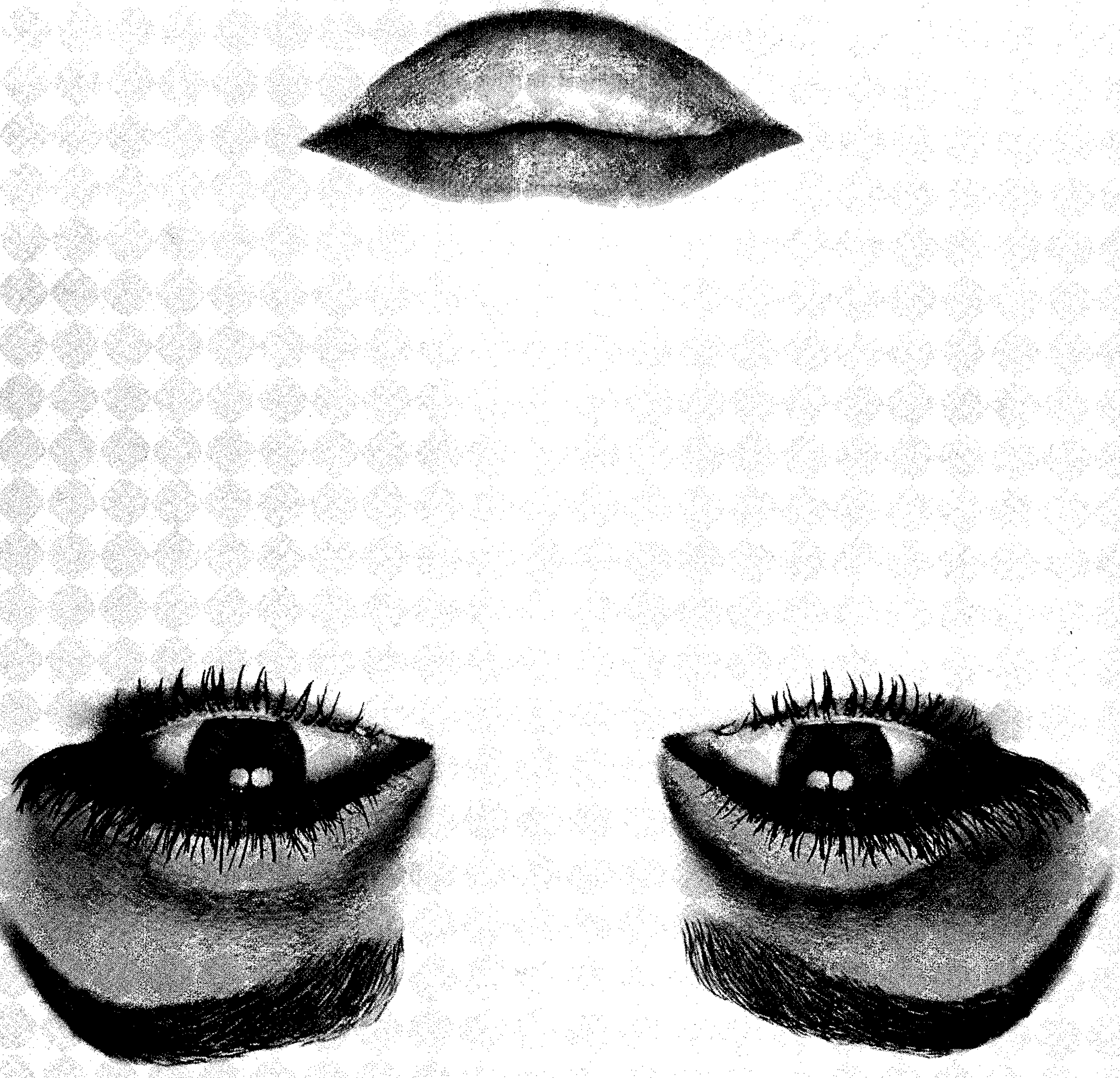

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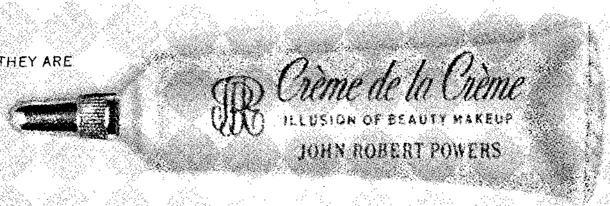

conscience prevents him from doing so; the truth of the matter is, he says, that the founder of the dynasty devoted himself to the making of frames that were entirely conventional for their time, being over-gilded conglomerations of styles that added up to a style irreverently termed "Bastardo" by the family's New York offshoot. Not until the third generation of Heydenryk framers came along, a mere half century ago, did the firm begin to concentrate on making carefully faithful reproductions of antique frames. One way or another, though, the House of Heydenryk had flourished from the start, and by the time Henry—or, properly Hendrik, Jr.—was born, in 1905, it was a solid, unshakable Dutch institution. At that time, and for several decades afterward, it was run as a partnership by Hendrik, Sr., and his two brothers. As a boy, to his older relatives' immense pleasure, Hendrik, Jr., enjoyed spending his school vacations puttering in the shop; when he sometimes came home from it with his arms, legs, and face informally gilded and antiqued, his parents could hardly contain their gratification. But there was an obstacle to the youngster's entering the family business: a cousin, Kees Heydenryk, took precedence over him by reason of age. Hendrik, Jr., therefore resolved to strike out on his own rather than spend his life as a second-in-command. (Following the death or retirement of the three third-generation Heydenryks, shortly before the Second World War, Kees took over the firm, which he managed until his own death, in 1947; it is now run by non-Heydenryks, though two female Heydenryks and one Heydenryk in-law remain on its board of directors.) The direction young Hendrik struck out in was the field of economics and business management, which he studied at the Amsterdam Municipal Commercial School. After his graduation, in 1923, he spent four years in junior positions with the Royal Netherlands Steamship Company and the Curaçao Trading Company, meanwhile siphoning off his artistic energies by taking part in a Heydenryk-family amateur jazz band, which played and sang Dixieland numbers, in English but with a heavy Dutch musical beat and speech accent, for the edification of various Amsterdam social groups. These transcultural activities may have made Heydenryk an Americanophile; at any rate, in 1927, when Remington Rand offered him a chance to come to the United States to study punch-card accounting machines, he jumped at it. This venture proved to be

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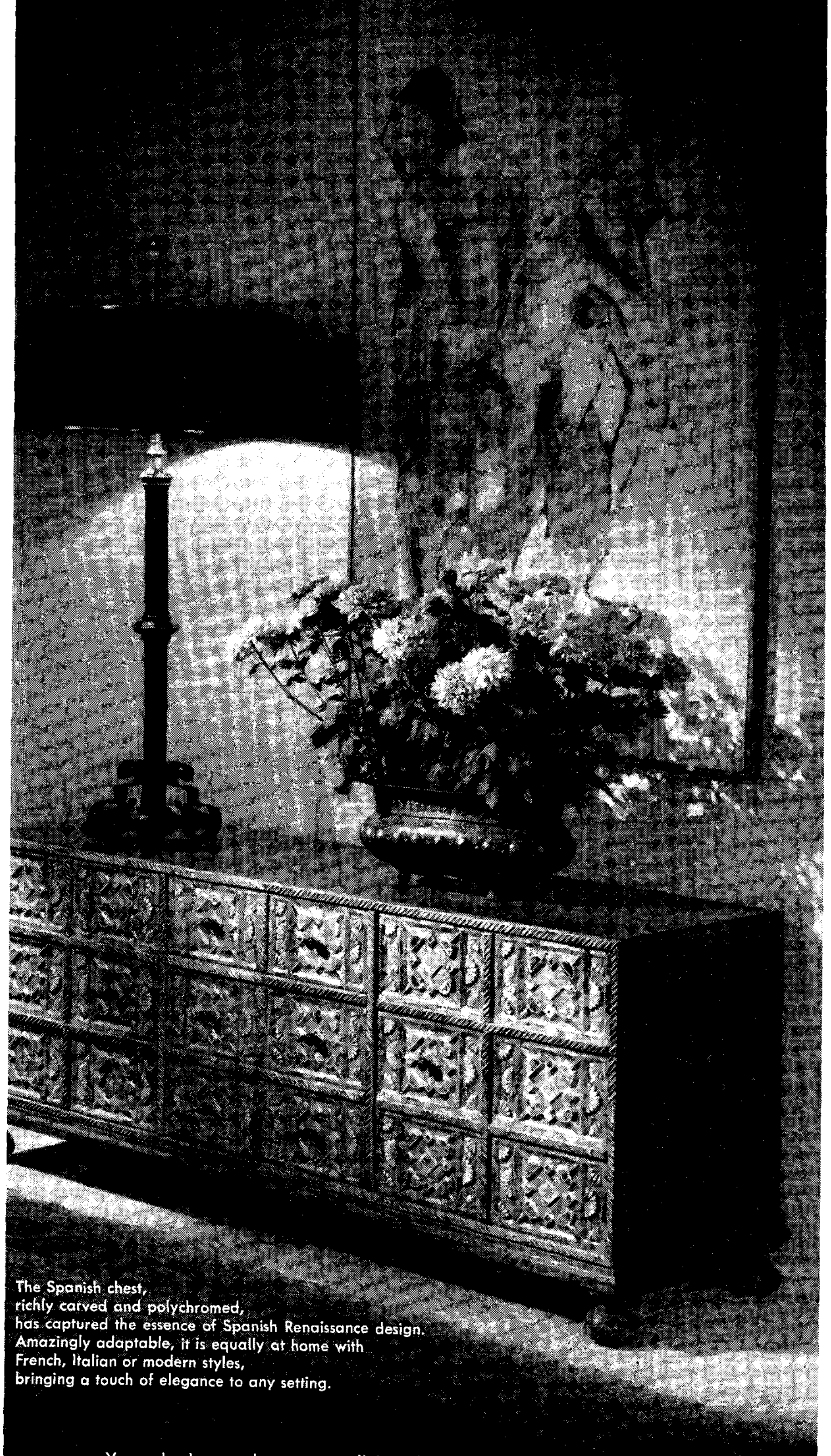

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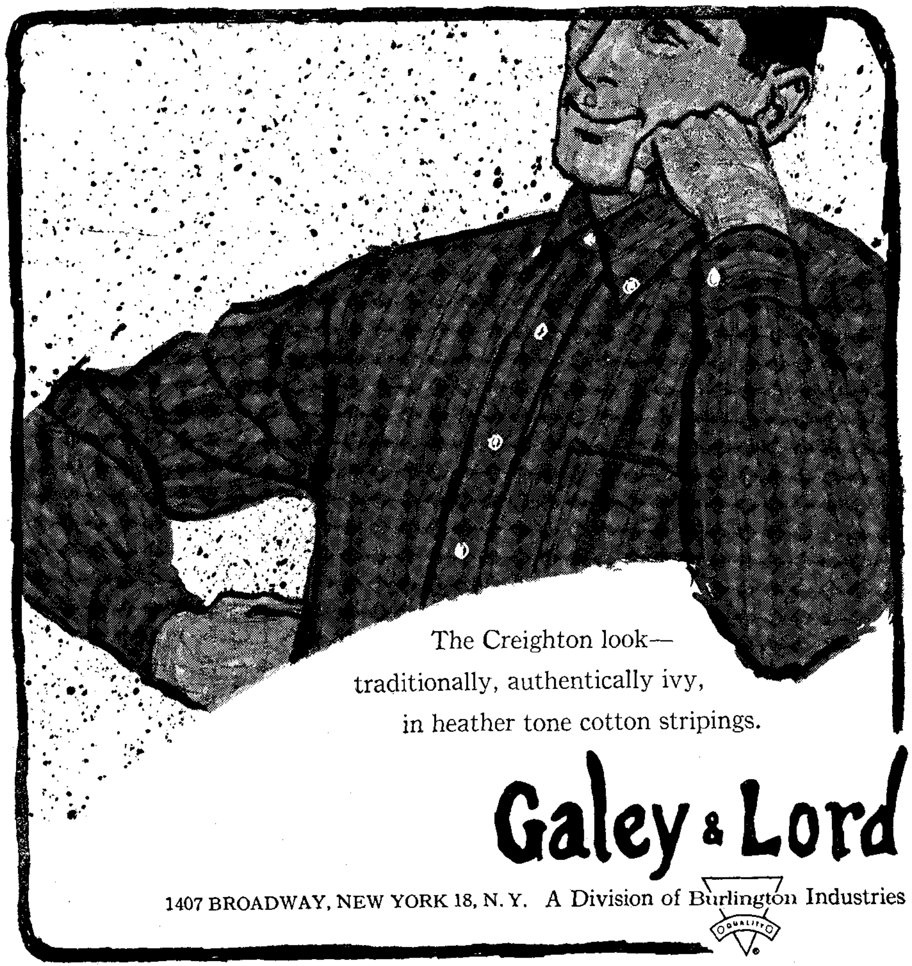

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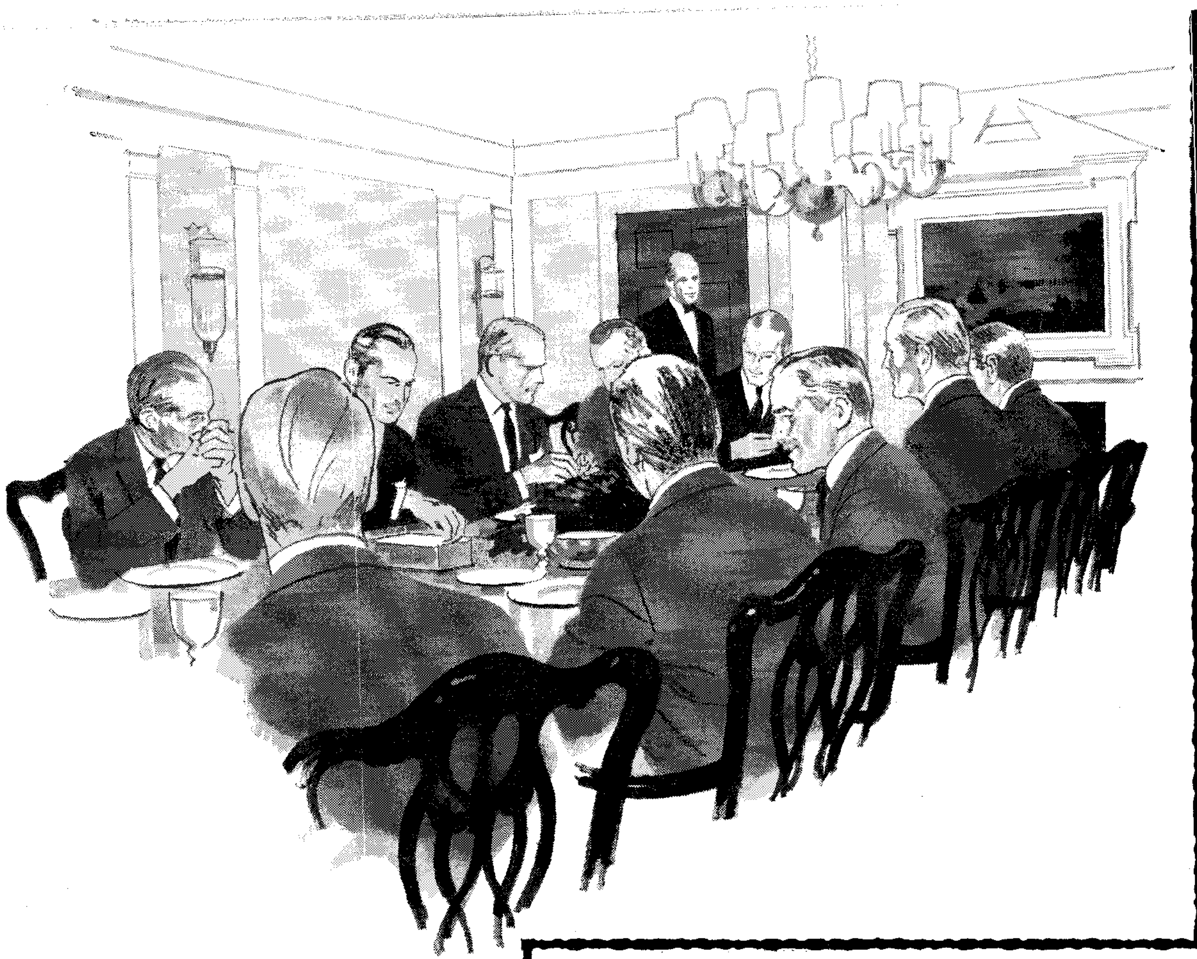
an immediate success; indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to number Heydenryk among the pioneers of punch-card accounting. Sent to a Remington Rand installation at Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, he spent ten months learning to use the Neanderthal thinking machines of that era, and even to take them apart and put them back together. With this knowledge under his belt, he went to Vancouver to set up a punch-card system, on behalf of Remington Rand, for the British Columbia Electric Company. Once it was in working order, B.C.E. asked Remington Rand for an expert to supervise its operation permanently. Such a job was considered a real plum among seasoned employees in the home offices of the American company, since Vancouver had no prohibition, but the Johnny-come-lately Heydenryk had made himself so valuable to B.C.E. that he got it. During the next three years, he supervised punch-card machines, enjoyed the Vancouver *bistros*, and met his future wife, a Vancouver girl named Phyllis Stanford. They were married in 1931, and soon left for Italy, where Heydenryk had been assigned the job of supervising the use of punch-card machines in a national census. This took about a year, and long before it was over, Heydenryk was happily chattering in Italian with a Dutch accent; like most of his countrymen, he picks up languages as naturally as if they were stray coins on a sidewalk. Upon leaving Italy, the Heydenryks spent four years in Buffalo, where Heydenryk rose to the position of assistant export manager for Remington Rand, only to lose his job in a management upheaval in 1936.

Punch-card accounting's loss was picture framing's gain. Shortly after the Remington Rand cutback, the senior Hendrik Heydenryk, in the course of a business trip to New York, where he had some lines out and managed to sell a few frames every year, prevailed on his son to have a go at serving as agent here for the House of Heydenryk. The junior Heydenryk received a consignment of Heydenryk frames from Amsterdam, took a one-and-a-half-room apartment on East Fifty-fifth Street, and, early in 1937, pronounced it a going concern as the House of H. Heydenryk, Jr., in which Mrs. Heydenryk acted as her husband's business assistant. The going was fairly slow at first, since no sooner was the pronouncement made than Heydenryk and his wife went to Amsterdam to spend several months learning his new trade (his boyhood putterings in the framing shop had not amounted to a full education, he found), but on returning they buckled



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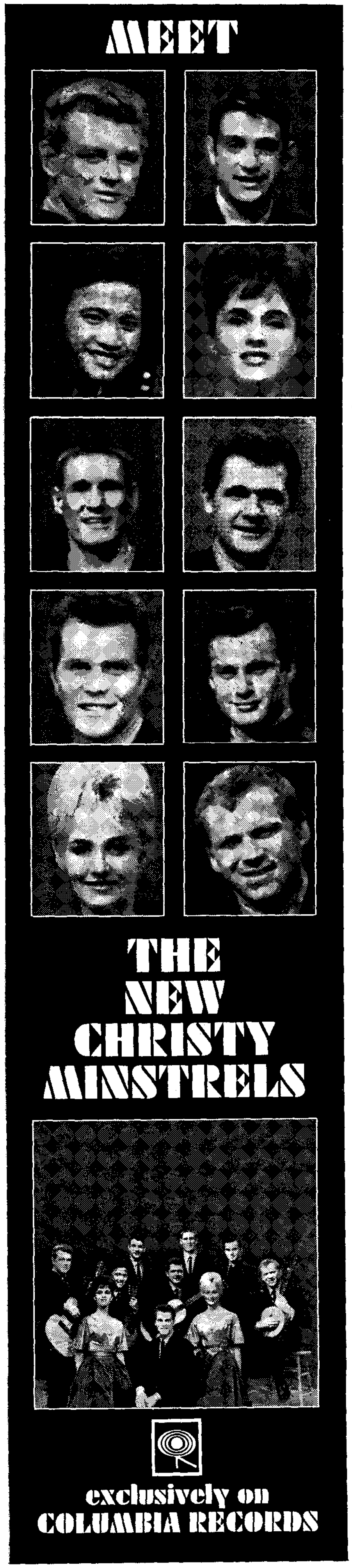

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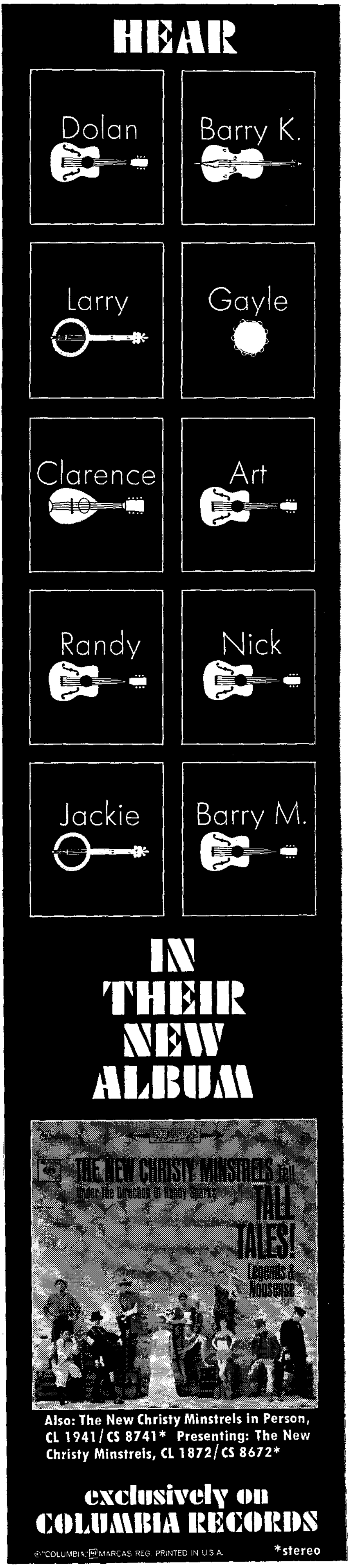
down, and sales began to pick up. The compression of the Heydenryks' professional, personal, and social life into the tiny apartment made things rather crowded; as often as not, they found themselves, their customers, and their friends inadvertently peering out, like living portraits, from one or another of the many frames that were necessarily disposed around the place. At night, the couple were sometimes awakened suddenly by reports like pistol shots; they learned to discount these phenomena as nothing more melodramatic than frames made of unseasoned wood separating at the corners under the influence of American central heating. In 1938, Heydenryk was able to transfer the business part of his life to a two-room shop, at 65 West Fifty-sixth Street—a move that allowed him and his wife, who continued to help out in the shop, to sleep better, and also provided space for a gilder to work.

The German invasion of the Netherlands in May, 1940, cut off the supply of frames from Amsterdam, and Heydenryk, who, though he had already been doing a certain amount of refinishing and refitting, and had made his first few chestnut frames for Hartley and others, had been primarily a dealer in the products of his family's firm, now found himself obliged to become primarily a frame maker. He hired his first wood carver that same year, and, during the period of the Nazi occupation of his homeland, gradually expanded his staff as his reputation in his new line became established. Soon after the German surrender, in 1945, he returned to Amsterdam to reëstablish relations with the family firm there. He learned from his cousin Kees that as the wood shortage there had become more and more acute, the firm had had to use greener and greener timber, to the point where one House of Heydenryk frame, made of newly cut poplar, had Daliesquely sprouted leaves. He also learned that in spite of the Nazis' habit of confiscating Dutch machinery wherever they found it, the company's frame-making devices had come through, thanks to the ingenuity and special skills of its workers, who, immediately after the invasion, had dug a hole under the shop, moved their machines into it, and scrupulously antiqued the replaced floor boards; when the Nazis came around, they merely glanced at the floor, which, apparently, no one had troubled to polish up or refinish for centuries, and concluded that nothing of any interest to them could be concealed underneath. The majority of the shop's workers,



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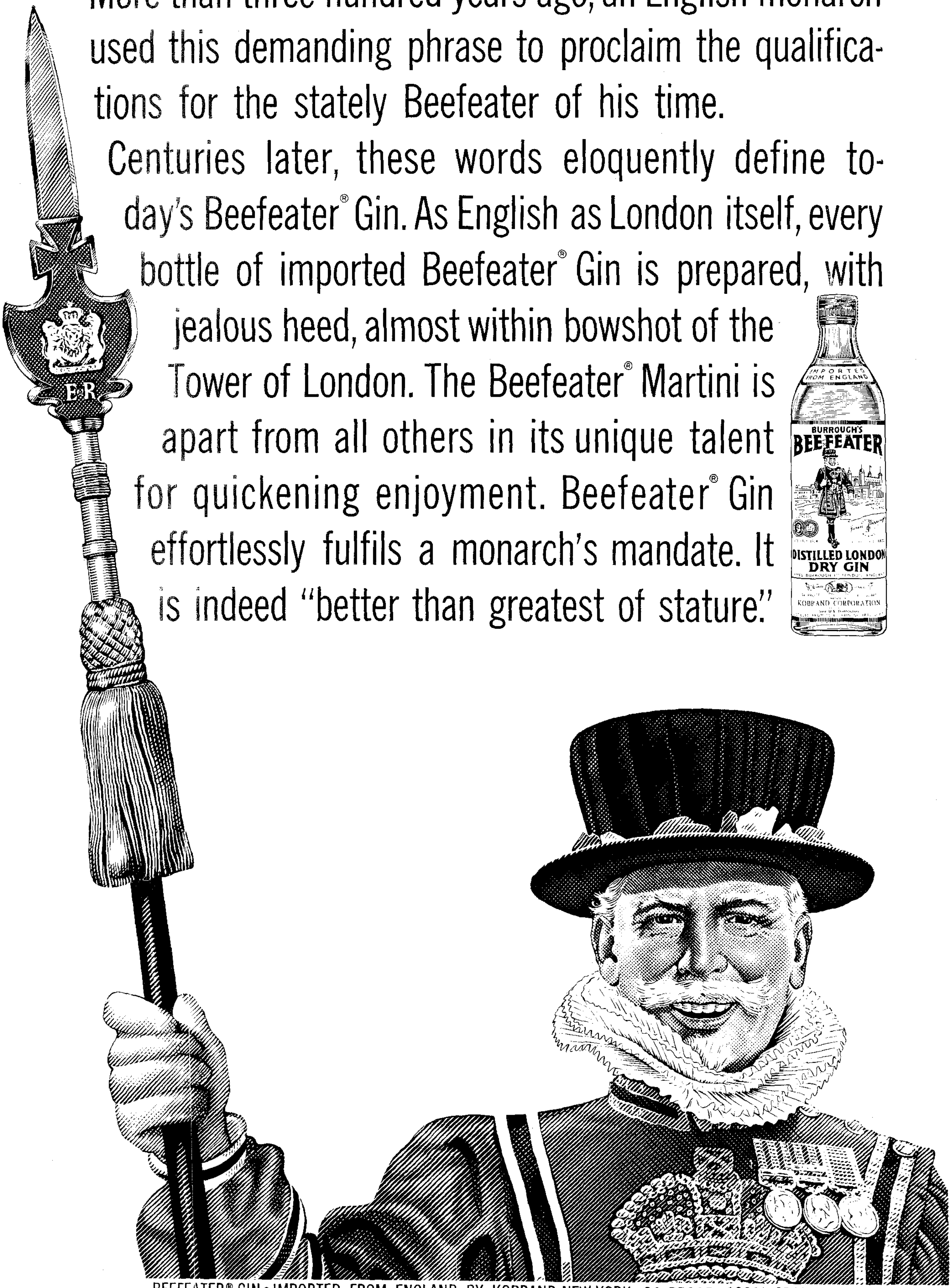
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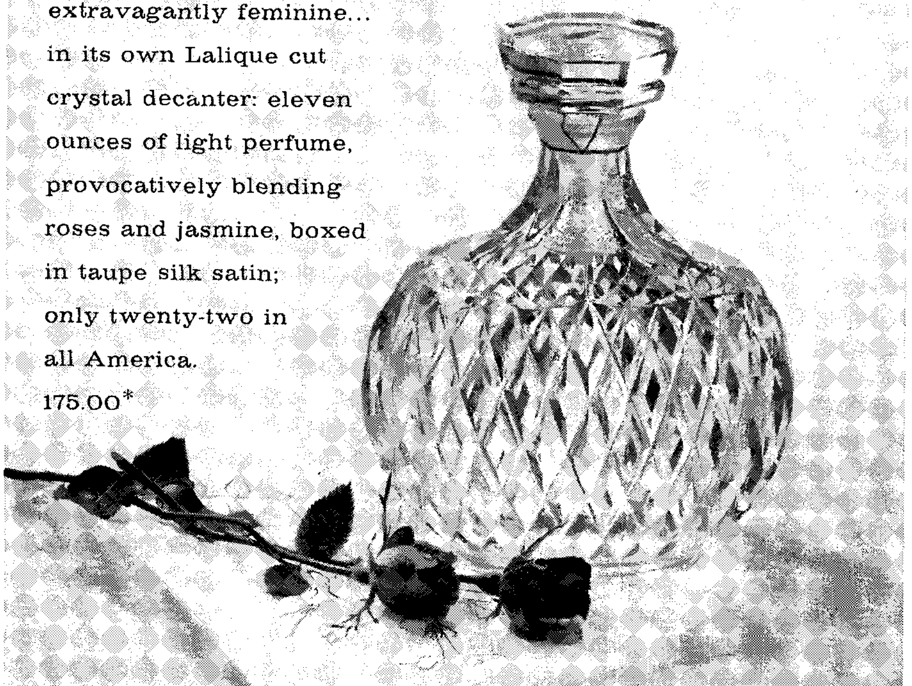

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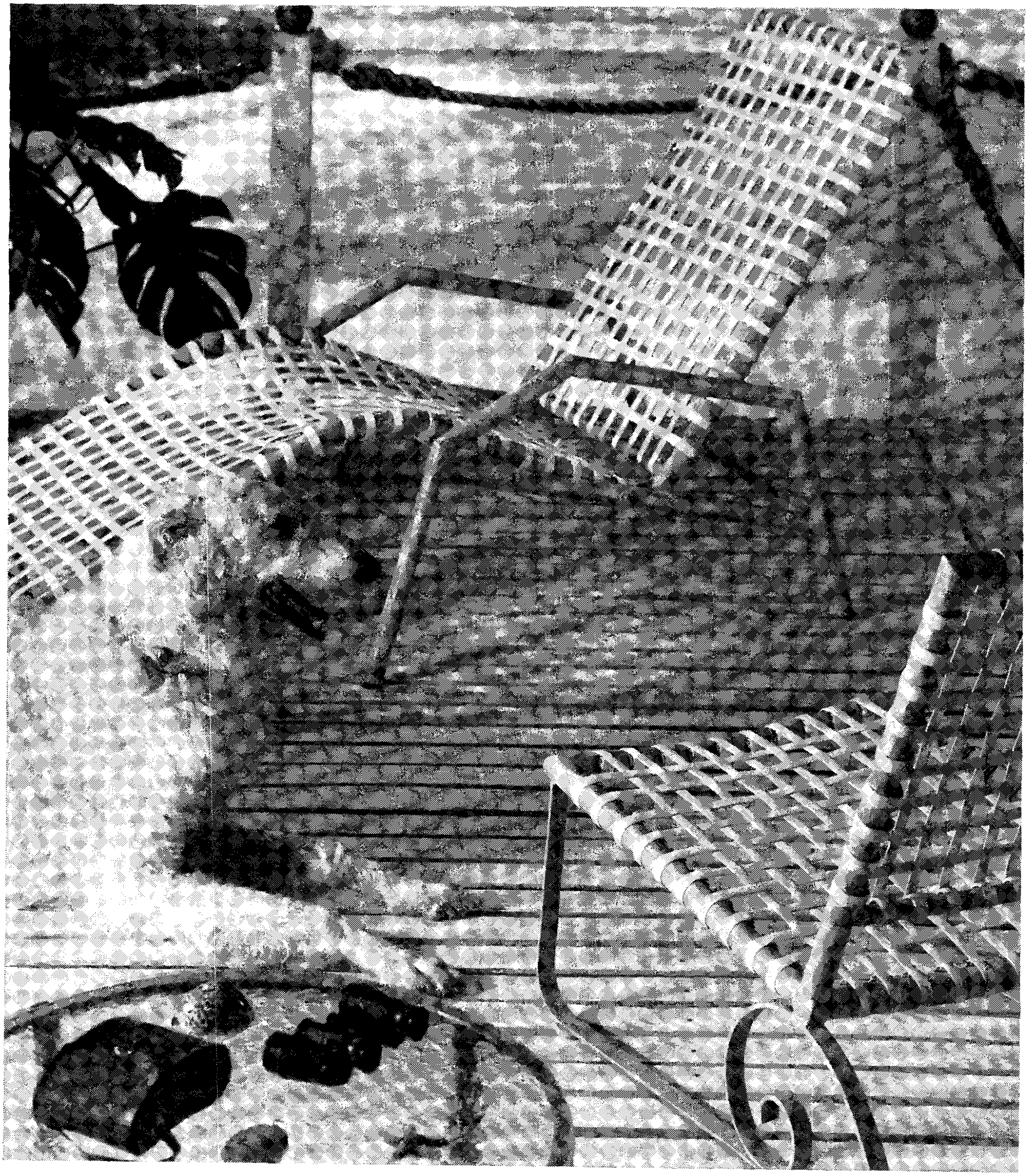
however, had not been so fortunate; seventy per cent of them were Jewish, and were killed by the Nazis.

Heydenryk and his cousin agreed that although the American firm would continue to import frames from the Dutch one, the two companies would thereafter be owned and operated separately, and notwithstanding the effects of a bad fire in the West Fifty-sixth Street workshop, in 1946, the newly independent House of H. Heydenryk, Jr., was soon well on its way. But it was beginning to feel cramped in just two rooms, which, furthermore, hardly constituted a House, so in 1953 Heydenryk moved it to its present headquarters.

THE Heydenryks, who have no children, live in Rye, in a tiny mid-eighteenth-century house they have owned for the past four years. (Mrs. Heydenryk retired from any active role in the business in 1949.) The Rye place is painted a dazzling red outside, and is brightened up inside by an art collection consisting chiefly of paintings that Heydenryk has received from various artists (Hartley, Eric Isenburger, Lee Jackson, and Samuel Adler among them) in exchange for frames, and works he has bought from what he calls his alumni—artists who formerly worked as his assistants. Heydenryk himself takes an occasional whack at painting, following an example set by his father, who was a Dutch-canal man. The son, to judge from the specimens of his work that hang in the Rye house, spreads himself tactfully and impartially between realistic landscapes and Kandinsky-like abstractions. Apart from painting, Heydenryk's principal extracurricular activity is serving on the board of directors of the International Graphic Arts Society, which he, Walker, and Theodore Gusten formed twelve years ago to commission new works of graphic art (woodcuts, lithographs, etchings, and the like) for distribution to members in limited editions and at moderate prices. From 1951 to 1953, he served as the society's first president. He is now about to blossom forth as an author; his book, "The Art and History of Frames," to be published here late this May, by James H. Heineman, Inc., is an erudite work that may well come to be considered the standard treatment of its subject.

On business days, Heydenryk customarily has lunch—to the accompaniment of recorded music by Verdi and Puccini, and a good deal of polylingual chatter with friends and acquaintances—at La Scala, a modest Italian restaurant across the street from



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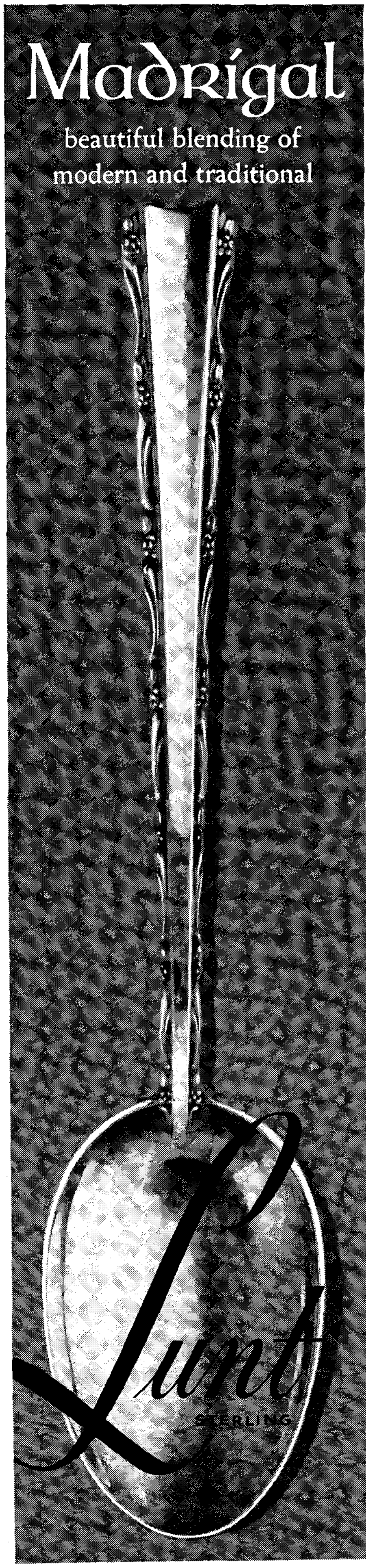

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his establishment. Recently, at the end of one such meal, he invited one of the acquaintances to come over for a few minutes and see his shop in operation. The invitation was accepted. "Awky," said Heydenryk briskly. "*Andiamo.*" He led the way across the street and into the shop, which was buzzing and thumping with activity—cabinetmakers joining corners, gilders applying gold leaf, antiquers taking off gold leaf, other antiquers banging away at frames with mallets, and one wood carver, a sharp-eyed, boyish-looking man with a cowlick, carving a pattern of arabesques in a chestnut board. Heydenryk introduced the wood carver as Alex Gagna, his shop boss and head carver, and added that the man's father, Eugenio Gagna, had been a Heydenryk wood carver for a number of years before his retirement, in 1947; he now lives in Italy, unable to carve because his hands are crippled by Parkinson's disease. Gagna *figlio*, Heydenryk explained, was currently working on a particularly difficult and ambitious project—a reproduction of a complicated fifteenth-century Gothic frame, for a painting by the Flemish master Gerard David.

As Gagna worked, his fingers darted from one to another of an amazing variety of chisels and similar tools. Chips flew under the chisels, and when he blew the chips away, a small Gothic ornament could be seen in the wood—a window with a pointed arch. The process of carving it had seemed to be as simple and natural for Gagna as sketching with a pencil. While he carved another arch beside the first one, Gagna said to Heydenryk's companion, "We have a problem here with wood carving. Besides myself, we've only got two carvers—Thomas Donzelli and Alejandro Ocampo. Where will replacements come from? In America, it's hard to find a good wood carver. Sometimes you have to go to Italy or France. A young fellow here who can make ninety dollars a week with no experience, he thinks, Why should I take four or five years to learn wood carving? And then, tools. No good tools any more. These of mine are all from an English firm that knew how to make wood-carving equipment. Their factory was bombed out in the war, and now you can't get tools from them. Twenty years ago, there was in this country a man who knew how to make wood-carving tools. But he forgot to show anybody else how to do it, and then he got sick and died."

During this elegy, the second Gothic window appeared in the wood, and Heydenryk became noticeably rest-

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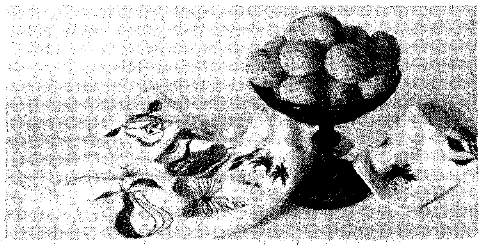

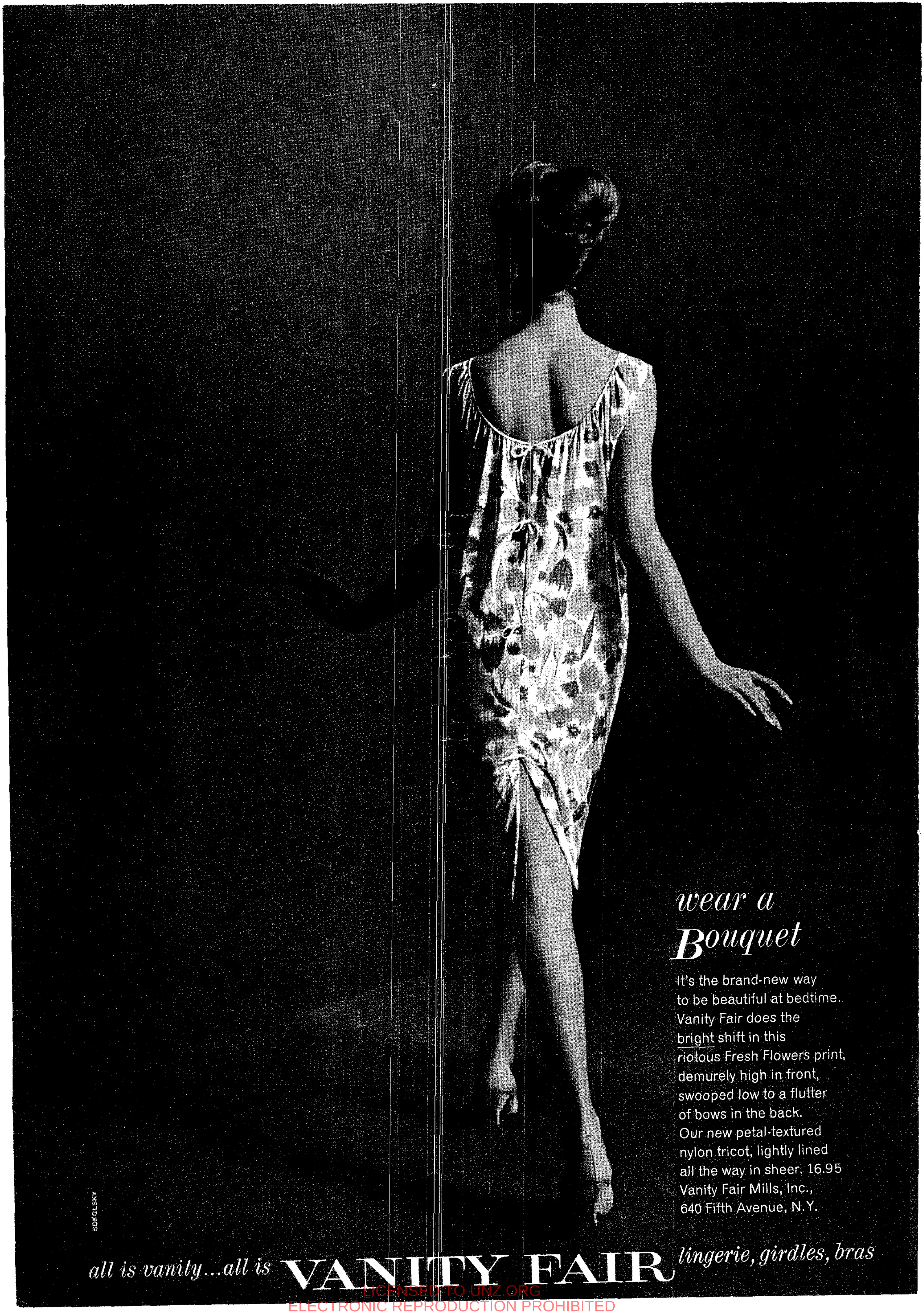
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less. "I don't take such a pessimistic view as Alex," he said. "Things aren't so bad. During the war, America became the guardian of the European tradition of craftsmanship. After the war, Europe didn't come back so well. I must say that what they're doing in France in framing now I find pretty discouraging. Meanwhile, America's got better. The old situation is reversed. In my opinion, America has the upper hand now. In fact, European frame dealers are beginning to import hand-carved frames from America."

Heydenryk peered down at Gagna's work. "Too perfect, Alex!" he said. "Make that arch a little irregular here and there. Remember, you're back in the fifteenth century. Those old Flemish carvers were cruder than you are—remember that!"

With only a slight shrug of reluctance, Gagna gave the arch a gouge or two of fifteenth-century crudity. For the moment, at least, the European tradition seemed to be secure.

—John Brooks

•

CLEAR DAYS AMONG THE LEATHERNECKS

[*From Headquarters Bulletin 5213, United States Marine Corps. Subject: Reporting System Study*]

Glossary of Terms

1. *Information*—A word or group of related words; a letter, number or digit; or group of letters, numbers, or digits; or any combination thereof, when related to a given situation in either time, money, materials, people, or a combination thereof; that provides a given meaning.
2. *Element of Information*—An entry of information on a report, may contain sub-elements or items of related information.
3. *Sub-element of Information*—An entry of information referring or related to an element of information (i.e., a breakdown of element of information).
4. *Source*—Any entity that furnishes information contained in a report.

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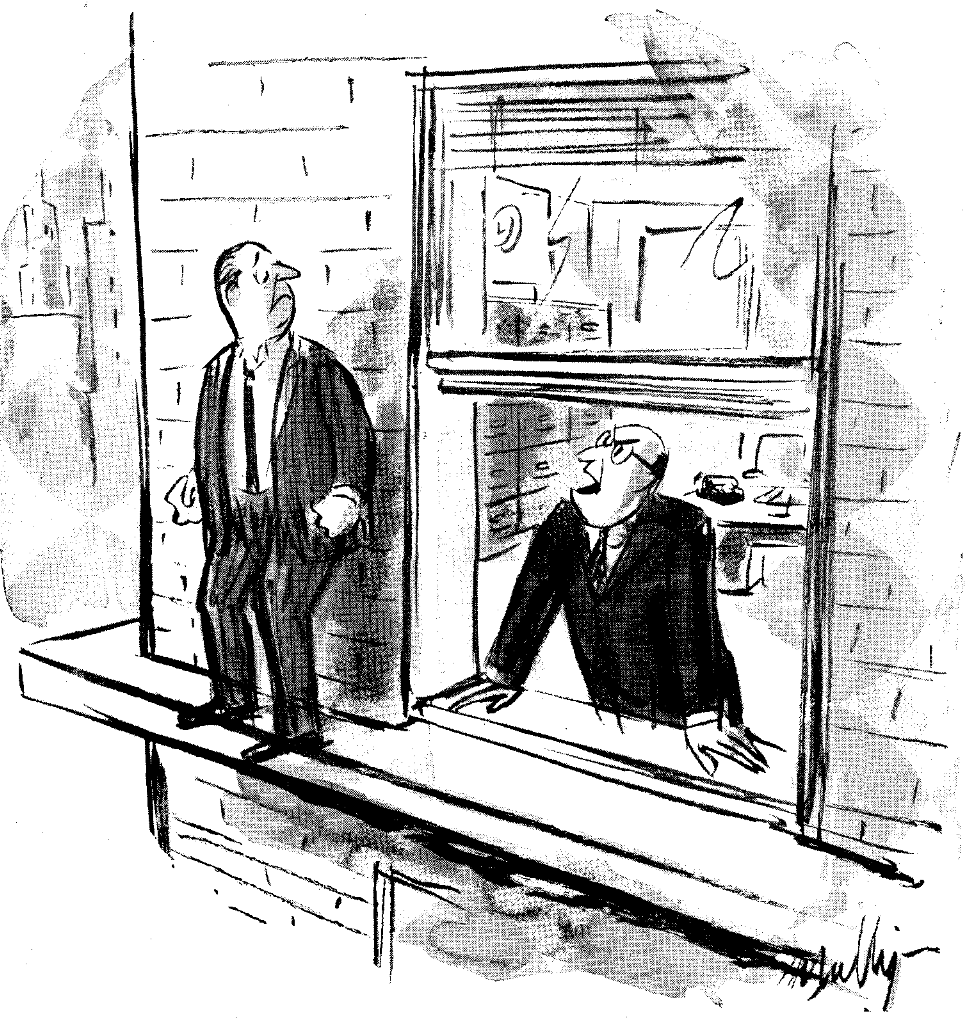
"Rattle of a Simple Man," at the Booth, is an economical exercise. It has one set, a couple of familiar ideas, and three characters, and since only two of the last have very much to do, the play boils down to a kind of duologue. In the course of it, a London tart who is given to flights of fancy and a potential client in the person of a celibate millworker from Manchester make an oral exploration of their lives in a seedy basement apartment. Early in the proceedings, the Manchester lad remarks, "It's hard to say anything without a double meaning," and this note is sustained for what seems an unconscionable time. Meanwhile, the tart, fabricating like mad, says that she owns the apartment building they're in, has a Master's degree from Oxford, and is the daughter of a brigadier general. As these people are developed by the author, Charles Dyer, they sound reasonably convincing, and they are perceptively portrayed by Edward Woodward and Tammy Grimes, but I'm afraid that they just aren't interesting enough to command attention for three acts. While Mr. Woodward may succeed in conveying the plight of a middle-aged mother's boy and Scoutmaster confronted with a possible introduction to sex, and Miss Grimes may give a lively interpretation of the trollop with a kind heart and a ready wit, they nevertheless tend to wear out their welcome before "Rattle of a Simple Man" has run its course. In order to work up some kind of suspense, Mr. Dyer would have it that his millworker has come to London to witness a football game, and, having got drunk, has made a fifty-pound bet that he will bed down with a prostitute. When Miss Grimes tells him all those lies about her background, he is too awed to become familiar with her, and when he discovers that she is just an ordinary wench he is too put out to think about sex for quite a while. Along the line, George Segal appears briefly as Miss Grimes's brother, who frowns on her current occupation but agrees that her stepfather shouldn't have seduced her when she was a mere Lolita. The set for "Rattle of a Simple Man," which was designed by Vic Symonds, is quite appropriate, and the direction, by Donald McWhinnie, is vigorous. In case you are wondering whether Miss Grimes and Mr. Woodward ever do get together, I can't tell you about that. The play ends, as it started, on an equivocal note.



"That's great! Just let the whole world know the fix we're in!"

Judy Holliday, a performer who can do no wrong as far as I am concerned, does no wrong in "Hot Spot," at the Majestic. But I can't say the same for several others who have had a hand in putting this musical comedy together. The book, by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert, is rickety; the music, by Mary Rodgers, is only occasionally rewarding; and the lyrics, by Martin Charnin, are seldom deft. However, in "Hot Spot" we always have the pleasure of Miss Holliday's company, and she often makes us forget the inadequacies of the show as she goes about representing a Peace Corps girl who is constantly getting the outfit—and, for that matter, the United States—into hot water with her dizzy schemes for the betterment of mankind. The country she has been assigned to, which has no problems and gets no aid from the United States, is called D'hum, and its head is called the Nadir. That will be enough of that, and we can also dispense with any extensive treatment of the plot. Miss Holliday starts a Communist Party to attract United States aid to D'hum, on the ground that Americans are always willing to give aid to put down Communism, and then the Russians get interested in the place, and so on. A couple of Russians (Gerald Teijelo and Buzz Miller) turn up toward the end of the show, and they step some stimulating variations of the kazatzka.

"Sophie," which closed at the Winter Garden after eight performances last week, was allegedly based on the life of Sophie Tucker. Poor thing, she must have had a dull time of it, to judge

smooth arrival

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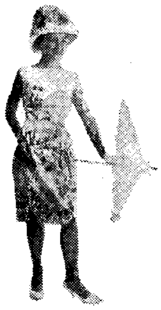

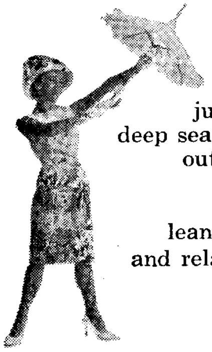

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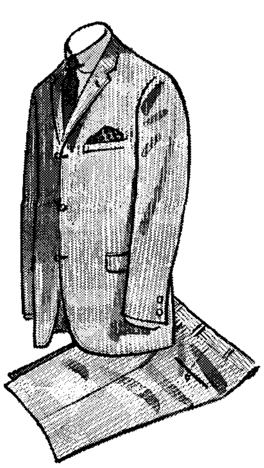
by the evidence presented in this musical. The music was by Steve Allen, the book was by Phillip Pruneau, and the leading performers were Libi Staiger and Art Lund. All left much to be desired. —JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Syracuse Revisited

THE revival, at Theatre Four, of "The Boys from Syracuse," the musical that Rodgers and Hart, with George Abbott (book), made of "The Comedy of Errors," is as exhilarating as anything in town—theatrical or non-theatrical. There is an exuberance among the players that must come from being in something really first-rate, and the exuberance extends right out into the audience. Having had to listen so often to scores that are, at best, "pleasant" and lyrics that are, at best, "amusing," one almost forgets that show music can be music and lyrics can be poems. Has Richard Rodgers (or anybody) ever written more delightful music, or Lorenz Hart (or anybody) wittier or more charming lyrics? Even the introductory verses of their songs sound wonderful. Some of the numbers—"Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," and "This Can't Be Love"—have been played constantly over the past twenty-four years, but how about "You Have Cast Your Shadow on the Sea," "Oh Diogenes!," "What Can You Do with a Man?," and "The Shortest Day of the Year"? Of the members of the company, all can sing well, many can dance well, and a few can be funny and sort of act. Even so, the performances are rather uneven—not necessarily in quality (though in that, too, of course) so much as in strength. I felt that they could have been better modulated by Christopher Hewett, the director, who, it must be said quickly, is also responsible for the spirit, clarity, and pace of the production.

As a member of the audience who certainly shared the excitement, I nevertheless have a few more complaints to register. The choreography didn't strike me as anything special, and there is a ballet set in a brothel, at the end of Act I, that is just plain terrible. I'd forgotten that the book, about those twin brothers named Antipholus and their twin slaves named Dromio, who go batting around ancient Ephesus and being confused with one another, was so obtrusive and pesky and, on occasion, uncomfortably raw. (Only on occasion. Some of the bawdiness is pretty funny.) It seemed at times that not



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one of the endless variations on the wheeze of mistaken identity had been overlooked by Mr. Abbott. Why he ever bothered to adapt the story ("The Comedy of Errors" is even peskier) or why Shakespeare ever bothered to swipe it from Plautus in the first place is beyond me.

Among the players, Stuart Damon (Antipholus of Syracuse) not only can sing but has a romantic quality that is valuable and rare in romantic leading roles, and Danny Carroll (Dromio of Syracuse) is a droll and nimble fellow. Ellen Hanley (wife of Antipholus of Ephesus) is an accomplished singer. At first, she seemed a little too operettish and straight, and her "Falling in Love with Love" was disappointing, but she soon loosened up, and her "Shortest Day of the Year" sounded fine. I also admired the singing of Clifford David (Antipholus of Ephesus), the singing and all-round charm of Julienne Marie (A. of E.'s sister-in-law), and the comic dancing of a leggy girl named Cathryn Damon (Courtesan). Herbert Senn and Helen Pond have, as usual, provided settings that are worthy of the show.

FOR all that "The Emperor," at the Maidman, is an episodic, impressionistic play in which a couple of the characters double as narrators, it is also a moral play of a very old-fashioned kind. The action, to use the word loosely—many of the episodes are just conversations, and everybody sticks relentlessly to the point—covers the life of Nero from the time he becomes Emperor of Rome, at seventeen (his mother, Agrippina, has put him on the throne by murdering his stepfather, Claudius), to his complete disintegration, in his thirties, as he tipsily watches Christians burning. The hero of the piece is Seneca, his former tutor, who has become his public adviser and private conscience, and it is with Seneca's efforts to keep him straight that the play really deals. Seneca's first adversary is the lethal Dowager Empress, who keeps plugging for power, as opposed to reason and justice, and his other adversaries are Poppaea, a seductive type who doesn't seem to stand for much of anything in the way of an abstraction but could hardly be considered an ideal influence on a growing boy, and, of course, the growing boy himself, an agreeable enough fellow to start with but one whose weaknesses—for drink, girls, boys, amateur theatricals, and, ultimately, casing Christians afire—finish him off. Some of the acting is O.K., some not. The best, I think, is

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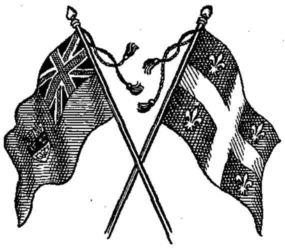
done by M'el Dowd, as Agrippina. Tim O'Connor makes an acceptable, if somewhat bloodless, Seneca. The production is very good to look at, with stylish settings by Peter Wingate, stylish costumes by Hal George, and ingenious lighting by Lincoln John Stulik. The script was adapted by George White from the German of Hermann Gressieker. It is an earnest and high-flown but literate piece of work that isn't always as boring as I'm afraid I've made it sound.

Edwin Harvey Blum's "The Saving Grace," at Writers' Stage, is an odd one, all right—a stunt that doesn't quite work. It appears at first to be a mock-British comedy written almost entirely in the patter—or a parody of the patter—of all those cozy British comedies about the domestic life, in their rural seats, of the rich and well-born. Before long, though, it becomes clear that what we've really got, buried about half an inch beneath all the nonsense but fairly well camouflaged when the going is good, is another old-fashioned kind of work, the inspirational play, but with a psychological rather than a theological message. Thus, "The Saving Grace," in spite of all the shenanigans, is a more likely descendant of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" than of, say, "Leave It to Psmith." It is about a man who returns, one weekend, to his family's country house from an insane asylum in which he has been a schizophrenic patient since he was committed as a boy, seventeen years before. Thanks to miracle drugs, he is now cured. His arrival is a social disaster for his titled parents, who are stuck with a marriageable daughter and whose weekend guests include a noble couple with a marriageable son. Our hero arrives and is soon giving a passable, if slightly over-elated, imitation of the poetic young squire. "Shelley plus Benzedrine," says a cold-eyed baroness, once his childhood companion. "Reserpine," he says. (Come to think of it, much of the dialogue is really American wisecracks translated into stage British. Mr. Blum is an American.) The hero succeeds in ingratiating himself with everyone except his mother and the baroness, and then spoils it all when, after a spectacular ride at a hunt, he is clawed and bitten almost to death saving the life of the fox. General consternation among the gentry. Uplifting explanations from the hero. They want him to go back to the asylum. Then they want him to stay, realizing, after a busy and somewhat confusing third act, that



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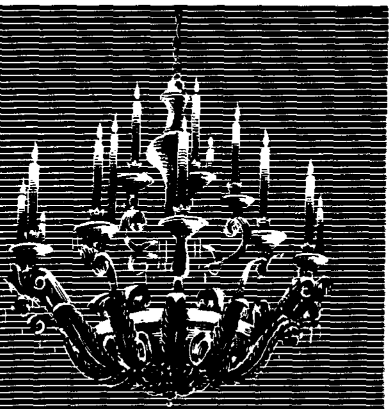

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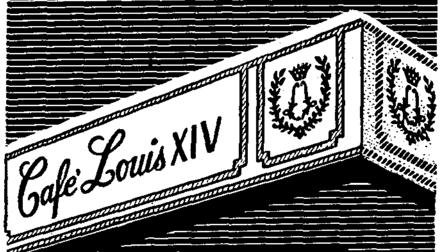

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There are many things that make it so.

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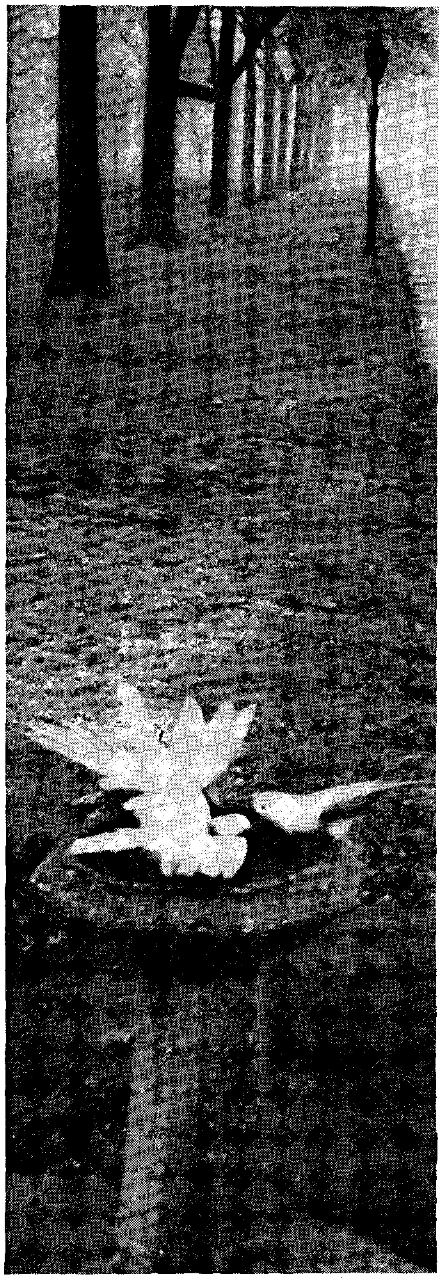

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all of them are the better, psychologically speaking, for having known him.

If ever a playwright owed a debt to his cast and his director, it is Mr. Blum. Some of his comedy works, but much of it is strained, and the serious portions get pretty painful and elaborate. The actors, under the guidance of Richard Altman, speak their lines and go about their business with a relish and conviction that are almost irresistible. The find of the company is a young English actress named Judy White, who plays the marriageable daughter. One can almost feel her damp palms as she writhes or prattles or sulks or achingly tries to be a credit to her mother. Her "Ay don't remember, Mummy," as she gasps like a fish with shyness, is very funny, and her love scene ("Ay feel so frightfully common") with the marriageable son is the high spot of the show. The boy is almost rigid with shyness himself, and with desire for her, and with hatred and terror of his mother. He is well played by Harvey Jason. As the hero, John Cullum partly succeeds in what I should think must be an impossible assignment, and he is unquestionably able to take over the stage when the occasion demands. (In one scene, the occasion demands that he threaten the whole party with a loaded gun.) Jonathan Morris and Jerome Collamore, as a portly vicar and a retired colonel, respectively, do what is required of them. The two mothers, soul-swallowers both, are the villains of the piece. (Only fair performances by Patricia Falkenhain and Dorothy Patten.)

The previous tenant of Writers' Stage was "The Love Nest," another farcical indictment of maternal wickedness. If things keep heading in this direction, the theatre could become an anti-mother shrine. —EDITH OLIVER

•

He has the ability to antagonize more people than anyone who ever lived.—*Roy M. Cohn describing William D. Fugazy in the Times, March 13, 1961.*

Roy has the greatest ability to alienate and antagonize people of anyone I know. —*William D. Fugazy describing Roy M. Cohn in the Saturday Evening Post, April 6, 1963.*

Somebody's exaggerating.

•

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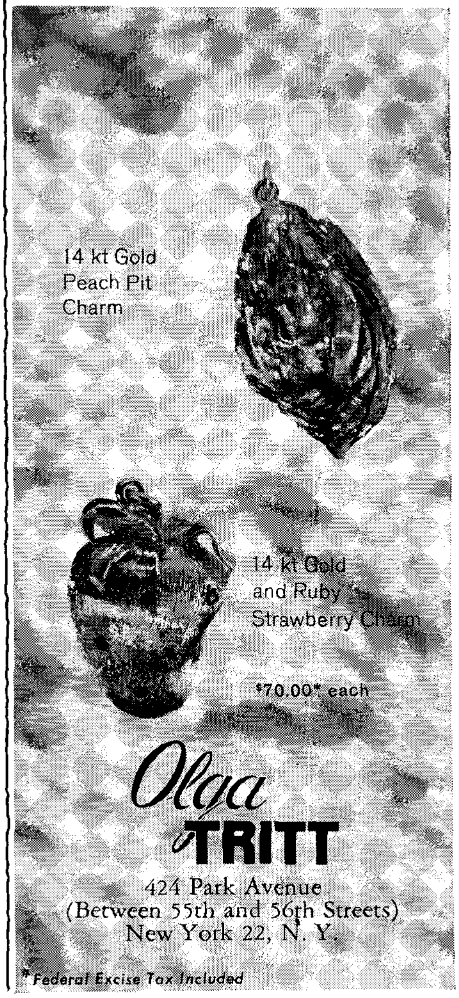

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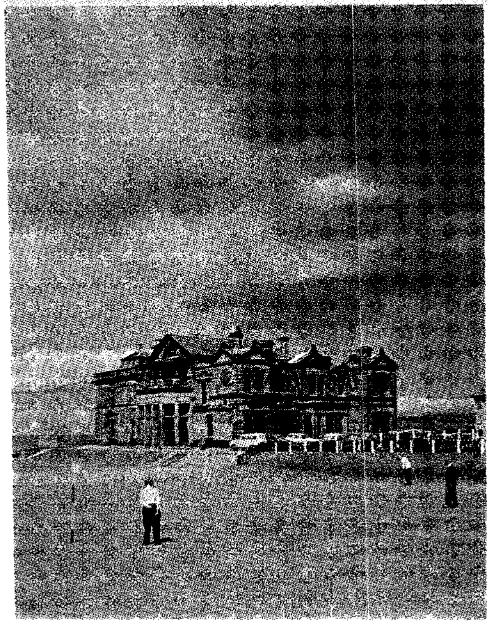

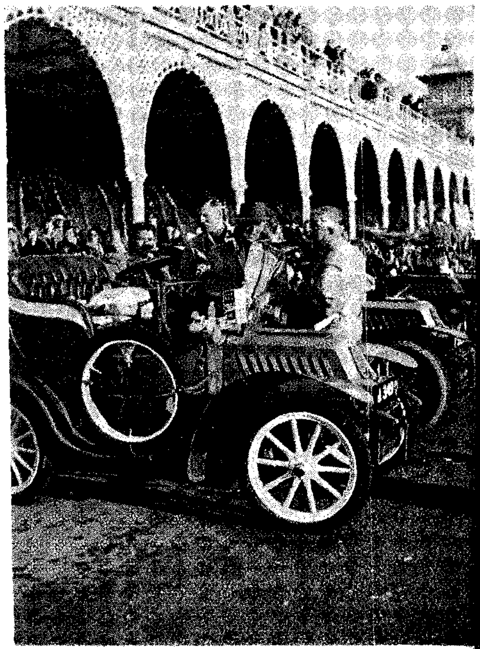

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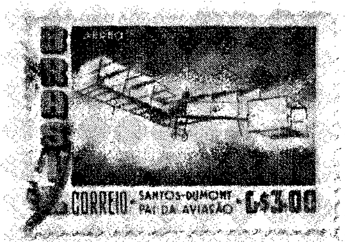
Turkey. Next year, Turkey will have a new steel plant—the largest in the Middle East. All electrical equipment by Westinghouse.

PAKISTAN POSTAGE

Pakistan. Westinghouse has been designated supplier of electrical equipment for Pakistan's first major steel mill.

Japan. Westinghouse is building a 325,000 kw generator for Japan. This brings to 1,300,000 kw the capacity of new Westinghouse generators in Japan in the past five years.



Brazil. Westinghouse motors and controls will run a new steel mill in Brazil—South America's most modern integrated, automated steel plant.

Kuwait. Four Westinghouse "water factories" in the desert of Kuwait are turning salt water from the Persian Gulf into nearly 18 million gallons of fresh water every week.

CORREOS
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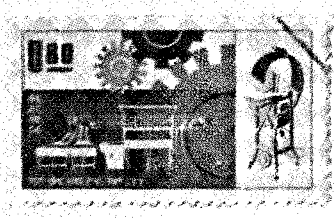
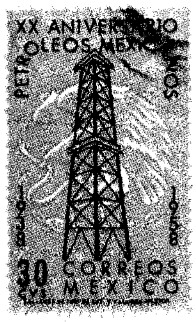
ESPAÑA

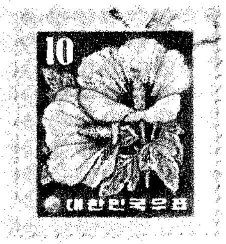
Spain. Westinghouse is installing steam-turbine generators, with 700,000 kw capacity, in 11 different power plants.



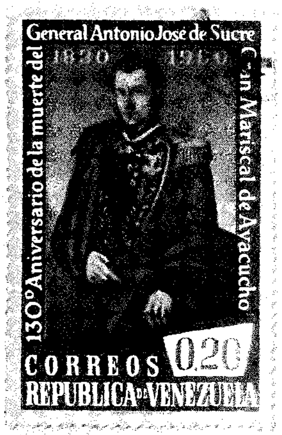
Taiwan. Westinghouse built the world's largest silicon rectifier, to provide and control electricity for refining aluminum. This raises Taiwan's aluminum production 150 per cent, to 20,000 metric tons per year.


XX ANIVERSARIO PETROLEOS MEXICANOS
1938 1958
30 CORREOS MEXICO

Mexico. At the outset, oil will fuel a 225,000 kw electric plant in Baja California. The steam-turbine generators by Westinghouse are equipped to switch over to fluid coke, a waste residue of an anticipated oil refinery nearby.



Korea. Westinghouse has been chosen to supply electrical equipment for Korea's first steel mill, the first major industrial plant to be established in that country.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REPUBLICA DE VENEZUELA

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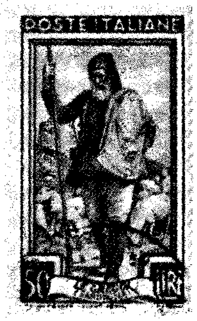
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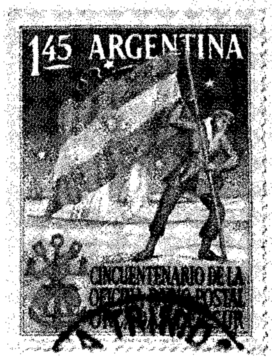
Italy. This year, northern Italy will have continental Europe's largest atomic electric plant. 270,000 kw nuclear power plant by Westinghouse.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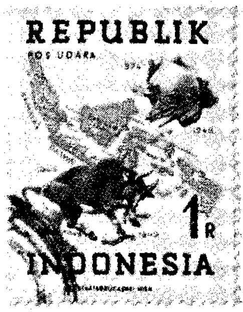
Argentina. This year, Argentina has its first mill for manufacture of coated book papers. Power drives by Westinghouse.


REPUBLIK
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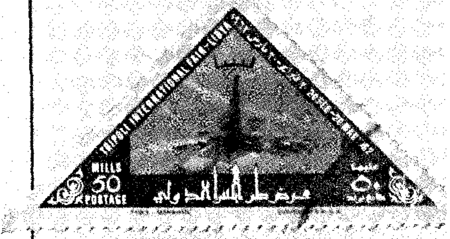
INDONESIA

Indonesia. In the Republic of Indonesia, Westinghouse is now installing a 50,000 kw steam-powered electric plant.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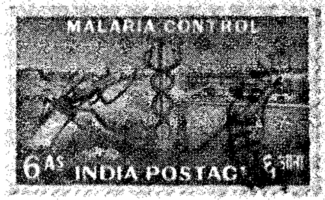
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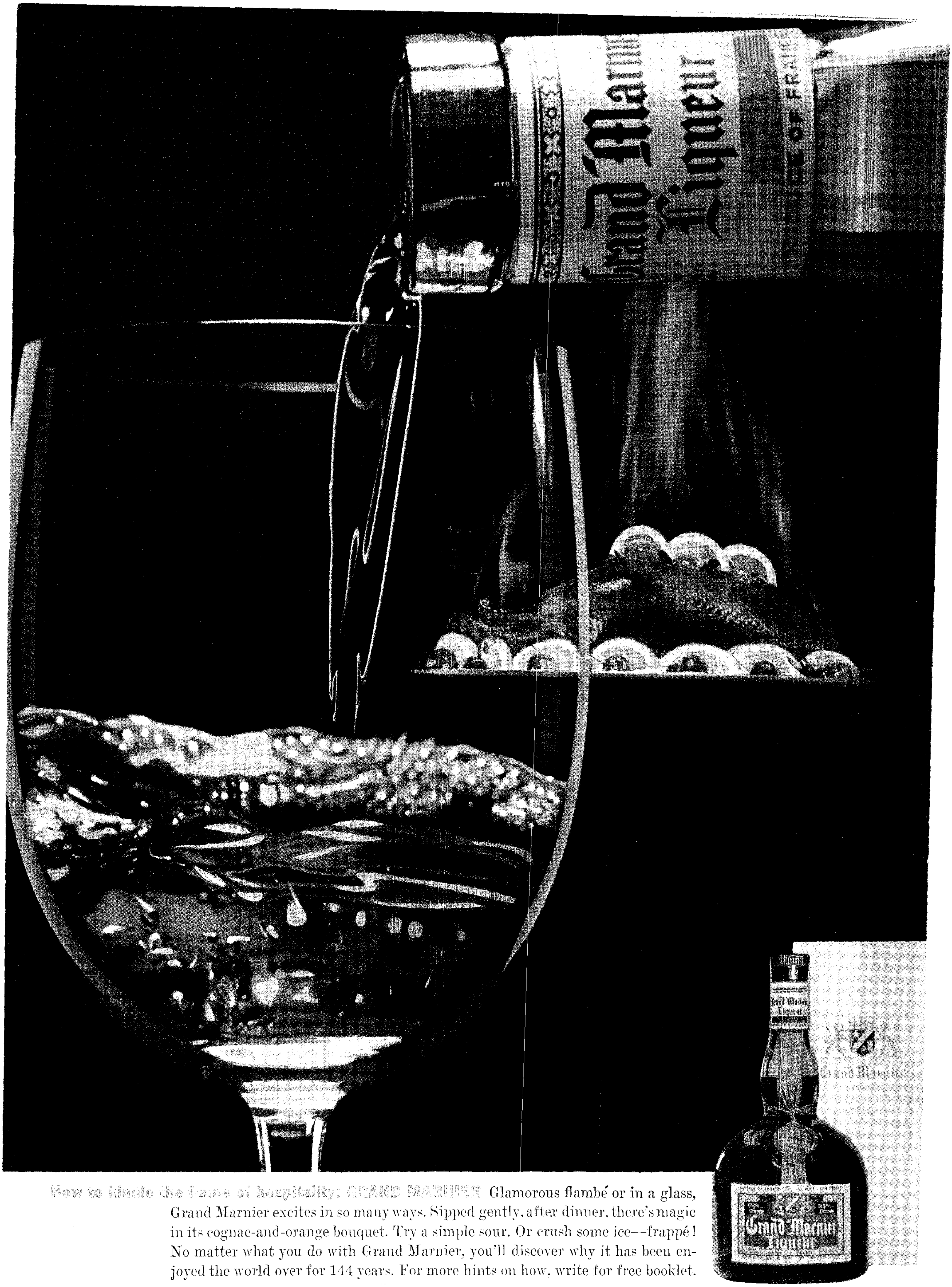

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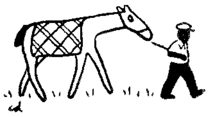
THE RACE TRACK

Kentucky Bound



THE victory of the Greentree Stable's No Robbery in the Wood Memorial Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday and the victory of Cain Hoy's Never Bend in the Forerunner Purse at Keeneland the day before warmed up discussion of the Kentucky Derby, even if they complicated, rather than clarified, the outlook. Though No Robbery's performance wasn't as brilliant as the one he turned in the previous Saturday, when he ran a mile in 1:34, the fastest on record for a three-year-old over any of the Long Island tracks, it struck me as being just as impressive. As I've probably mentioned before, he doesn't have the build of a weight carrier, yet he picked up 126 pounds and went head and head for half a mile with the bigger, sturdier Crewman, who had the same impost. Then, after he polished Crewman off, he had to withstand the challenge of Bonjour, who was running one of his good races, and finally, in spite of going wide on the turn for home and losing several lengths, he won comfortably. No Robbery has borne to the right through the stretch in every race I've seen him in. He reminds me of Count Fleet, who took the Wood, not to mention the Triple Crown, twenty years ago; he used to bear out, too. And, by the way, the older generation of speed handicappers give Count Fleet a higher rating than Man o' War.

Needless to say, No Robbery, unbeaten in five starts—two last year and three this season—is going to Kentucky, but he's not going alone. Outing Class, who won the Hopeful Stakes last year, and who up to now had been the more fancied of Greentree's three-year-olds, made his début at Aqueduct early last week, and although he wasn't as spectacular as No Robbery, he beat older horses convincingly enough to be shipped to Keeneland for the Bluegrass Stakes and then the Derby. Bonjour probably will go to the Derby, but I'd say that Top Gallant, who came up fast in the last quarter of the Wood and finished third, was a doubtful starter. As for the other runners in the Wood, Bold Commander and Royal Ascot were down the course. The big surprise and disappointment, naturally, was Crewman. Bert Mulholland, who trains him, and who is usually the most reticent of horsemen, made no secret of his expectations, and,

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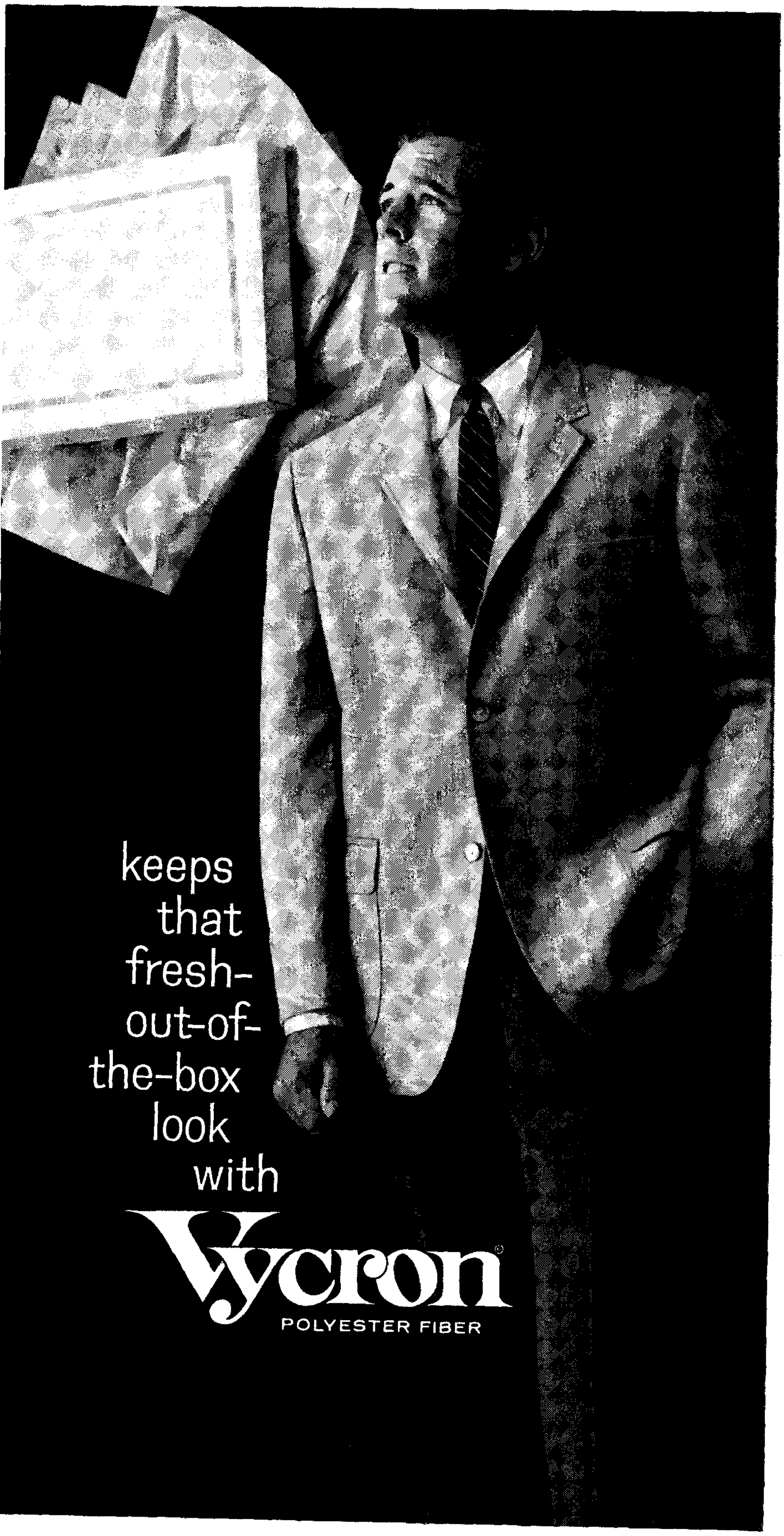
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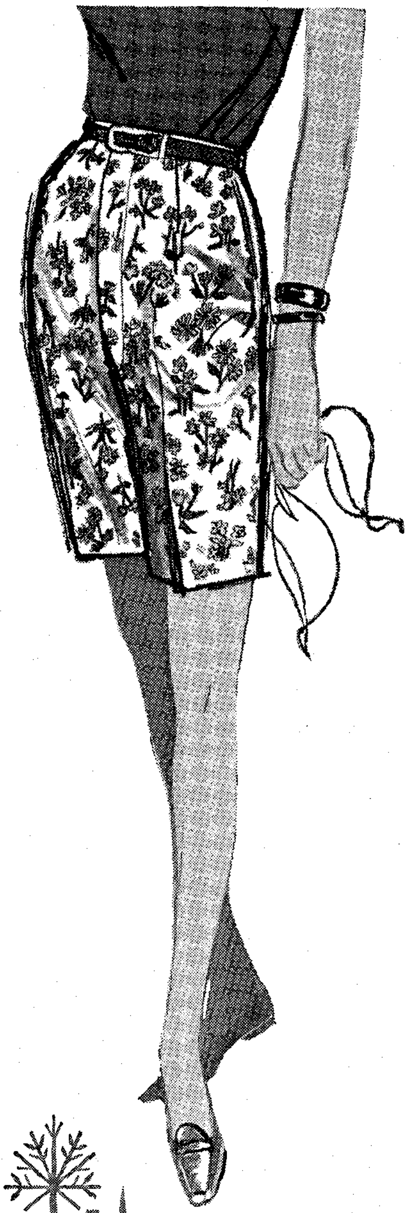

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indeed, Crewman went well for nearly half a mile. But then he began to fade out of the picture, eventually finishing ninth—next to last. Perhaps he had a recurrence of the leg injury he got while winning the Garden State Stakes last November. That old Jersey jinx is still around.

FROM all accounts, including a private one from an on-the-spot observer, Never Bend's race in the Forerunner Purse was far from impressive. He was away slowly, had to be hustled along in the early running, and was under extreme pressure to win by a length from Blaze Starr, a moderate sort of animal, in 1:22⅘ for the seven furlongs. One of the also-rans was Space Skates, a stablemate of Candy Spots; he was on a scouting expedition, no doubt. It was noted by horsemen that Never Bend pinned his ears back and tried to swerve toward the rail while he was under the whip in the stretch. These are well-known signs of temper and unwillingness to run. It was his first start since the Flamingo on March 2nd, and he may not have been in the mood. He's by the temperamental Nasrullah, you know. Anyhow, he is going to have a good gallop at Churchill Downs before the Derby. Up until last weekend, Candy Spots was 6–5, Never Bend 2–1, and No Robbery 6–1 in the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby. I daresay they'll be 1–2, 2–2, and 3–2 in the next quotation.

TO get back to the events at Aqueduct last week, Cicada won the Distaff Handicap in fine style, going around the leaders in the stretch and rolling home four lengths ahead of Pocosaba, Royal Patrice, and four others of her sex. She's so beautifully balanced you'd hardly believe, to look at her, that she weighs 970 pounds. She's fit as can be, and ready for a long campaign. . . . I was sorry to hear that Jaipur, while galloping at Belmont the other morning, wrenched an ankle so badly that he has been retired from racing. When he had a mind to, he could beat any man's horse.—AUDAX MINOR

•

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The poet, Percy Blythe Shelley, once asked a question which was at the same time a statement of belief. This is what he wrote:

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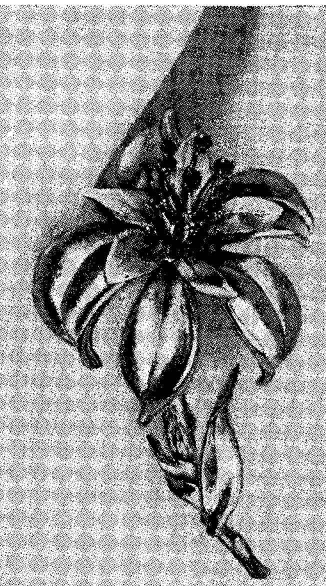

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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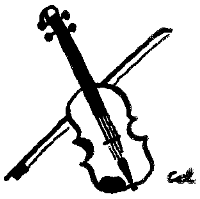
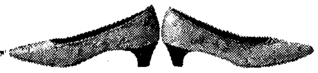


THE world of music now has a quota of distinguished elderly composers who, being veterans of the musical revolution that took place between the wars, might, by a stretch of thought, be compared with the Old Bolsheviks of Russia. History has not developed exactly as they thought it would, but few of them, as far as I know, have been purged, and many are revered figures. Nobody has ever questioned their good faith or their competence. The trouble is that they have frozen into a sort of academy, with very stringent rules and regulations, and that many of them have lost sight of the purpose for which they are composing. Among these men, none is more respected than Paul Hindemith. He is undoubtedly a master of all the techniques of composition. He is a very serious-minded artist, and a teacher of countless other serious-minded artists. He has written a great deal of music, some of which, like his opera "Mathis der Maler" and the orchestral suite derived from it, is ranked with the worthiest work turned out by any composer of his generation, and, in addition, is capable of bringing an occasional genuine spark of interest and enjoyment to an audience. Mr. Hindemith, moreover, is no musical Dadaist or prestidigitator. He has a sober regard for the music of the past, and sees his own music as an inevitable outgrowth of it. Such a man, one would imagine, is on the surest possible ground in the realm of aesthetics. He appears as a conservative modernist—a composer who writes for the machine age with a backward glance at Brahms, secure in the knowledge of his evolutionary position and at least theoretically entitled to all the honors that civilized society can bestow on him.

On Thursday evening of last week, Mr. Hindemith appeared as guest conductor of the Philharmonic at Lincoln Center, presenting his own cantata "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd: A Requiem 'For Those We Love,' " with the assistance of the Schola Cantorum chorus; Louise Parker, contralto; George London, bass-baritone; and Bruce Prince-Joseph, organist. The soloists were distinguished ones and undoubtedly sang well. So did the chorus, though its diction was



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often a little unclear. The text they sang was the long poem by Walt Whitman that was inspired by the death of Abraham Lincoln. Thus, the intention of the composition was lofty enough, and its execution was certainly expert and authoritative. I must say, however, that I have rarely been as bored in the concert hall as I was the other night. The work occupied a full hour. It consisted of earnest, pedestrian writing—quite intricate in technique but containing not a shred of melodic inspiration, eschewing facile tricks but at the same time falling into a real morass of indescribable and interminable dullness. There are frequent references in Whitman's poem to a "gray-brown bird," which was said in the program notes to be a symbol of the poet's soul. Mr. Hindemith seems to have created a gray-brown composition in very thick impasto. Happily, it was followed on the program by Bruckner's Psalm 150, a choral work of some nobility, which came as an enormous relief. The soloist here was Martina Arroyo, and she sang with the warm tone and expressive style we have learned to expect from her.

ON Wednesday evening, the Royal Ballet of London opened its season at the Metropolitan Opera House with its traditional performance of Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," more or less as it was choreographed by Marius Petipa in 1890 and presented here by the company numerous times in the past. In general, my enthusiasm for these full-length classics of the ballet is somewhat tempered. An awful lot of parading and gesticulating goes on, and moments of very beautiful dancing are interspersed with something that looks like opera without singing. Personally, I prefer the abridged editions to the complete ones, being more attracted, for example, to the second act and the Black Swan pas de deux of "Swan Lake" than to the long rigmarole of the uncut version of that ballet. I feel the same way about "The Sleeping Beauty." Pantomime, in itself, does not interest me. But I am obviously in a minority. The house was packed the other night, and with an audience that in the beauty and youth of its feminine contingent far outshone anything the annual openings of the Metropolitan Opera can boast. Broadway was choked with chauffeur-driven limousines. There was something about the stately splendor of the production, with all its literal scenic wonders, that made it an occasion. And, as might be expected, there was brilliant dancing, most

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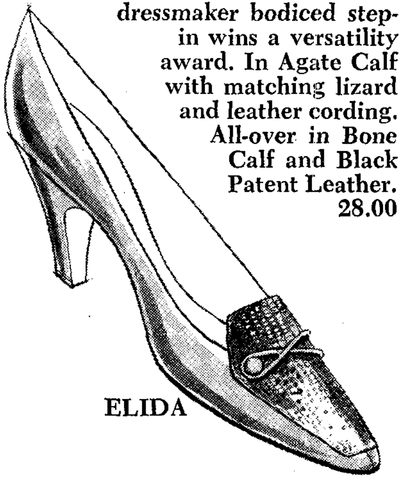

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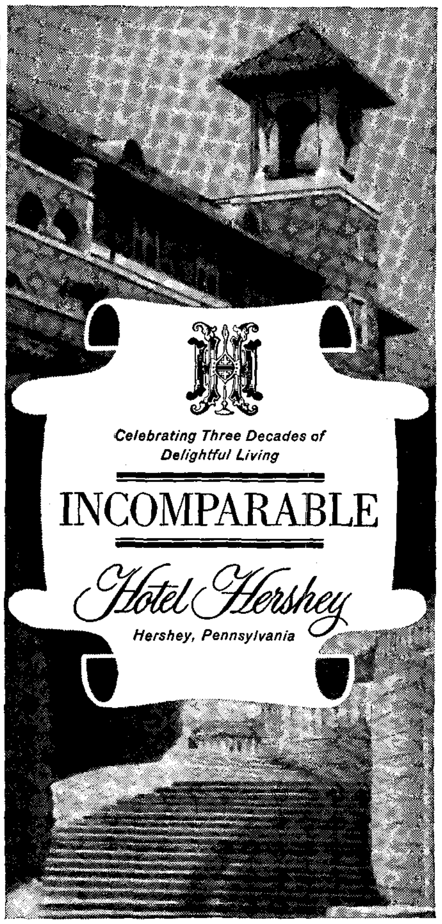

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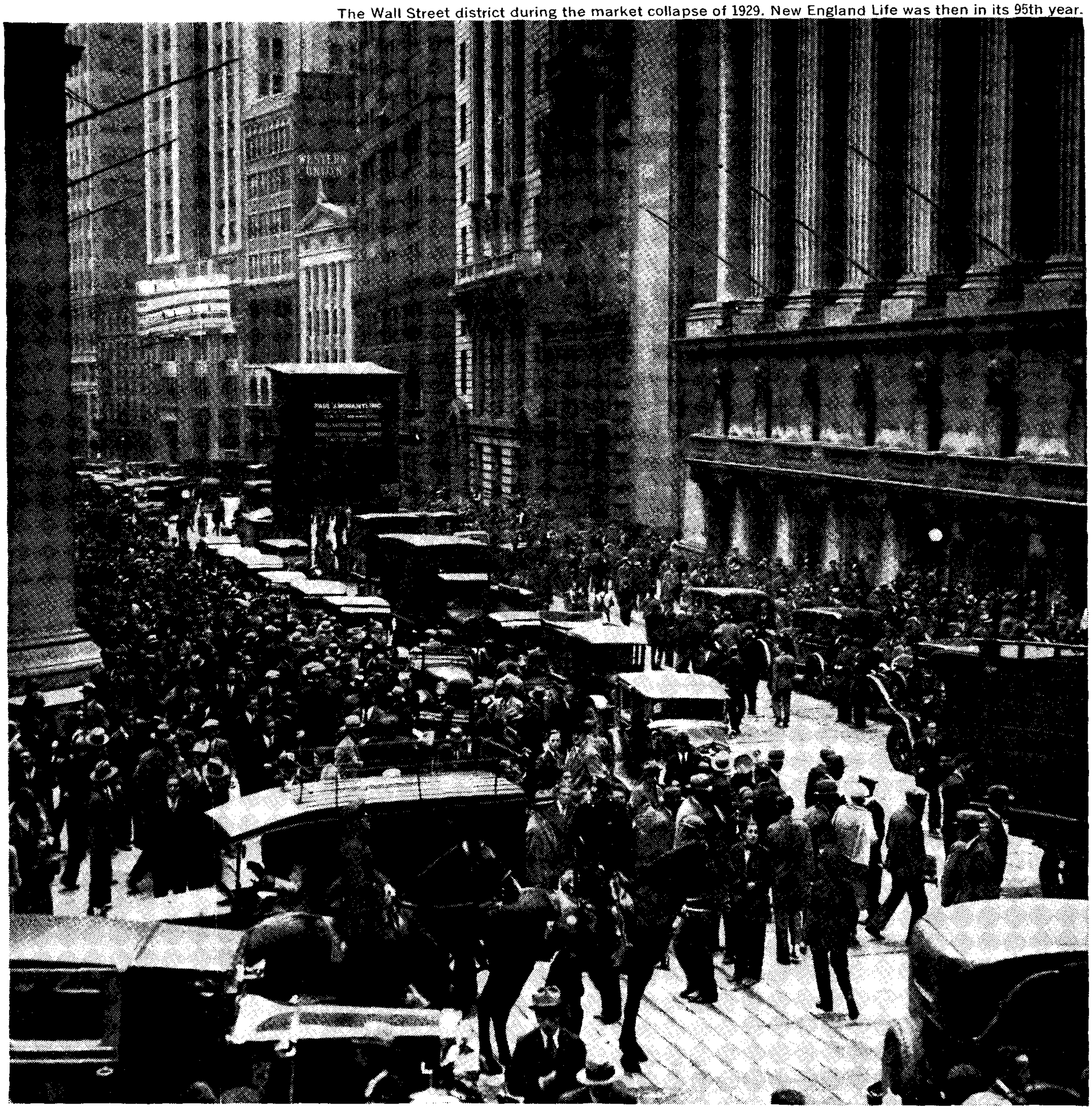

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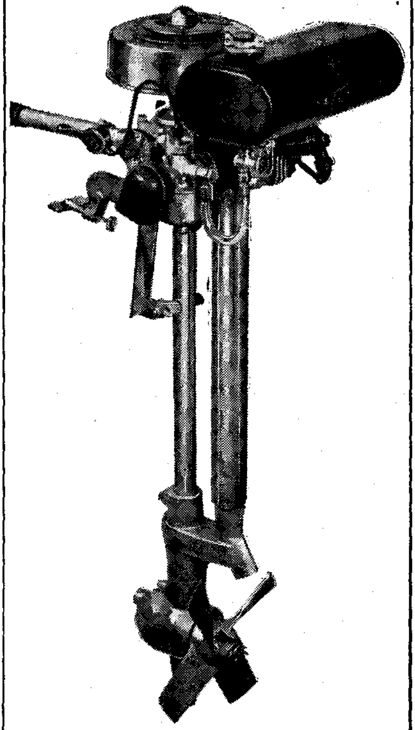

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of the best of it done by Margot Fonteyn, whose powers appear to have diminished very little, if at all, since she first did the role of Princess Aurora here, fourteen years ago, and who was at all times a joy to watch. The customary platoon of fairies and their cavaliers did very well, my eye being particularly drawn to two of the former—Antoinette Sibley and Pamela Moncur. As usual, it was the divertissements of the last act that, apart from the work of Miss Fonteyn, appealed to me most, and here I was again delighted to see my favorite among the Royal Ballet's male dancers, Brian Shaw, in the role of the male bluebird, which he did to perfection. This week, the Russian dancer Rudolf Nureyev will be added to the not terribly impressive male roster of this company, and I, like everyone else, expect something sensational from him.

ON Tuesday evening at Carnegie Hall, Bellini's "I Puritani" was revived, in concert form, by the American Opera Society, with a cast worthy of its merits. Joan Sutherland sang the role of Elvira, and, of course, she is unequalled today at this sort of thing. There are times when her special style of singing, with its early-nineteenth-century rubato, interferes slightly with the purity of the musical line, and I found this to be true of her great second-act *scena* "Qui la voce," in which I would have preferred just a bit more restraint. However, there is no denying the beauty of the floods of tone, the accuracy of the cascades of scale and arpeggio passages, and the dramatic involvement that are familiar aspects of her art. It is a pity that the Metropolitan did not revive this opera for her during the past season, rather than the comparatively silly "La Sonnambula."

Miss Sutherland was well matched the other evening (and that is saying a great deal) by Nicolai Gedda, who sang the dramatic tenor role of Lord Arthur splendidly, reaching for his high notes with admirable marksmanship and fine tone quality. Betty Allen, as Henrietta of France, was impressive, as she nearly always is in those dark mezzo-soprano parts she specializes in. And there were a couple of other fine performances, too—that of the sterling basso Raymond Michalski and that of Justino Diaz, another basso, promoted from the ranks to sing the role of Sir George Walton, which he did with an excellent sense of line and phrase, and with a voice that promises much for the future. The conducting, by Richard Bonynge, who in private life is Miss

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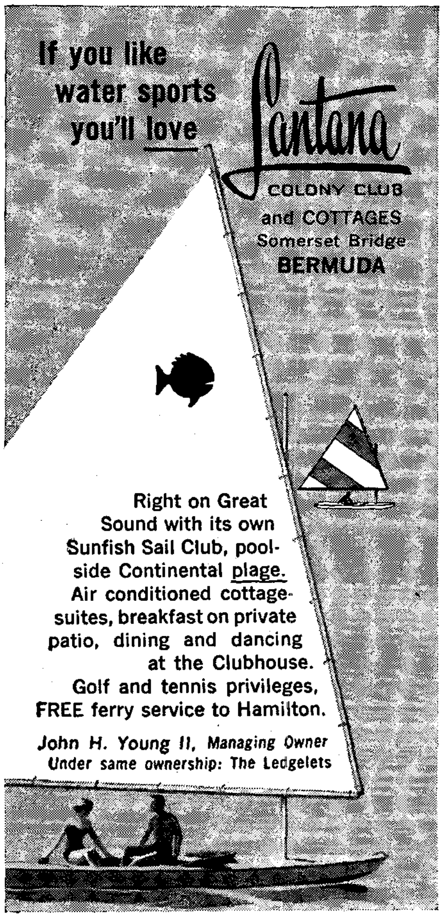

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JAZZ CONCERTS

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JAZZ has always been bedevilled by certain audiences—the social-protesters, the Beats, and the hard thinkers who use the music as a weapon or smoke screen, and the eccentrics who spend lifetimes squabbling over the merits of spent musicians and unearthing the matrix numbers of forgotten, third-rate recordings. The chatty illiteracy of the occasional bulletins published by these archeologists calls to mind the nudist magazines whose editorials are apt to lead off, "Hi ya, skinfolks!" One reason for this unsettling condition, though, is the music itself, which compulsively changes too much and too fast. No sooner has a style or school begun to attract an audience (this usually takes two or three years) than a new style or school smothers it. First, as the prospectus for Jazz 201 might read, came the primitives (the rural singers and instrumentalists). They were followed by the classicists (New Orleans and Dixieland), who were toppled by the romantics (the first great soloists). These were supplanted by the neoclassicists (the big swing bands), who went down before the neo-romantics, or first moderns (bebop). Out of the moderns grew the avant-garde (abstract jazz) and, indirectly from that, the—well, neo-avant-garde (third-stream music). One trouble with these changes of skirt length is their increasing frequency. In the past fifteen years, jazz has suffered two jolting and thorough revolutions (bebop, abstract jazz). Apprentice musicians, watching idol after idol diminish, are left with half-formed, polyglot styles, and the often gifted idols are unemployable at the advanced age of thirty-five. Record companies, trying to keep up, concentrate on the New, and so force the very thing they pursue to accelerate. Thus the jazz student who grew up in the stable old days of 1940 has had, since his first enthusiasms, to absorb Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, then Lennie Tristano, then the Modern Jazz Quartet, then Charlie Mingus and Sonny Rollins, then John Coltrane and Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman. And while the rug is repeatedly pulled from under him, he is asked to be alert, broadminded, judicious, sympathetic, and eager.

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under the title of "Recent Developments in Jazz." Organized by Gunther Schuller, who conducted, the evening was a *potage* of third-stream compositions (André Hodeir and Lalo Schifrin), atonal jazz (George Russell), and Duke Ellington, plus three numbers, by the Eric Dolphy quartet, that fell between hard bop and abstract jazz. One of Hodeir's four pieces, "Jazz Cantata," has seven movements, and it shuttles rapidly between written solos, fairly conventional ensemble scoring, and passages of up-tempo scat singing, which were read with astonishing aplomb by a soprano, Susan Belink. Schifrin's "The Ritual of Sound" is a jumpy study of timbres, and employs staccato clumps of sound and passages in which a bass clarinet, playing a ground, is pitted against a flute and French horn, then against a tuba and unison trumpets, and so on. Schifrin's program notes, written in Sanskrit, explain: "The thirteen-piece instrumental ensemble is used so as to achieve textures which are determined by serially derived degrees of density and timbral associations, both singly and in combination. In order to locate this sound material in sound space, registral displacement was determined on the basis of a numerical series derived from the original pitch series." After Schifrin's serially derived density, George Russell's "Lydian M 1," seven years old, sounded old-fashioned. The last composition of the evening was a transcription, by Schuller, of Ellington's pioneering "Reminiscin' in Tempo," a twelve-minute tone poem written in 1935. Ellington's piece is—for me, anyway—a static, almost effete work, and it suggests the probable fate of the works of Hodeir, Schifrin, and Russell.

The selections by Dolphy's quartet (the leader on alto saxophone, flute, and bass clarinet, with Edward Armour on trumpet, Richard Davis on bass, and J. C. Moses on drums) were notable for Dolphy's arpeggio flute (his work on the bass clarinet, though, needlessly trampled that instrument's deep-pile tone). Charlie Parker's "Donna Lee" ("Indiana") was then performed in a straightforward ensemble-solos-ensemble fashion by ten of the eighteen musicians on hand during the concert. As they neared the bridge of the final chorus, however, all the horns, improvising collectively, stumbled on a marvellous, shattering chord that had the Furies in it and a moment-of-truth intensity that had been hiding in the wings all evening.

—Whitney Balliett

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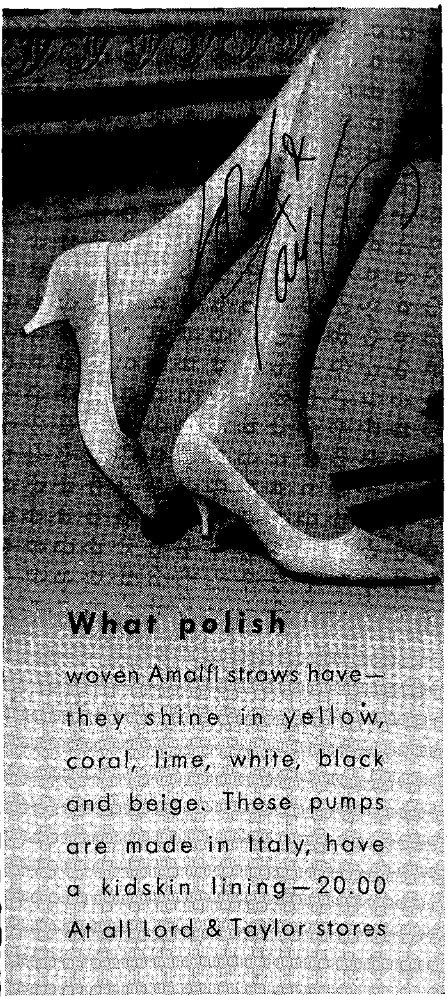
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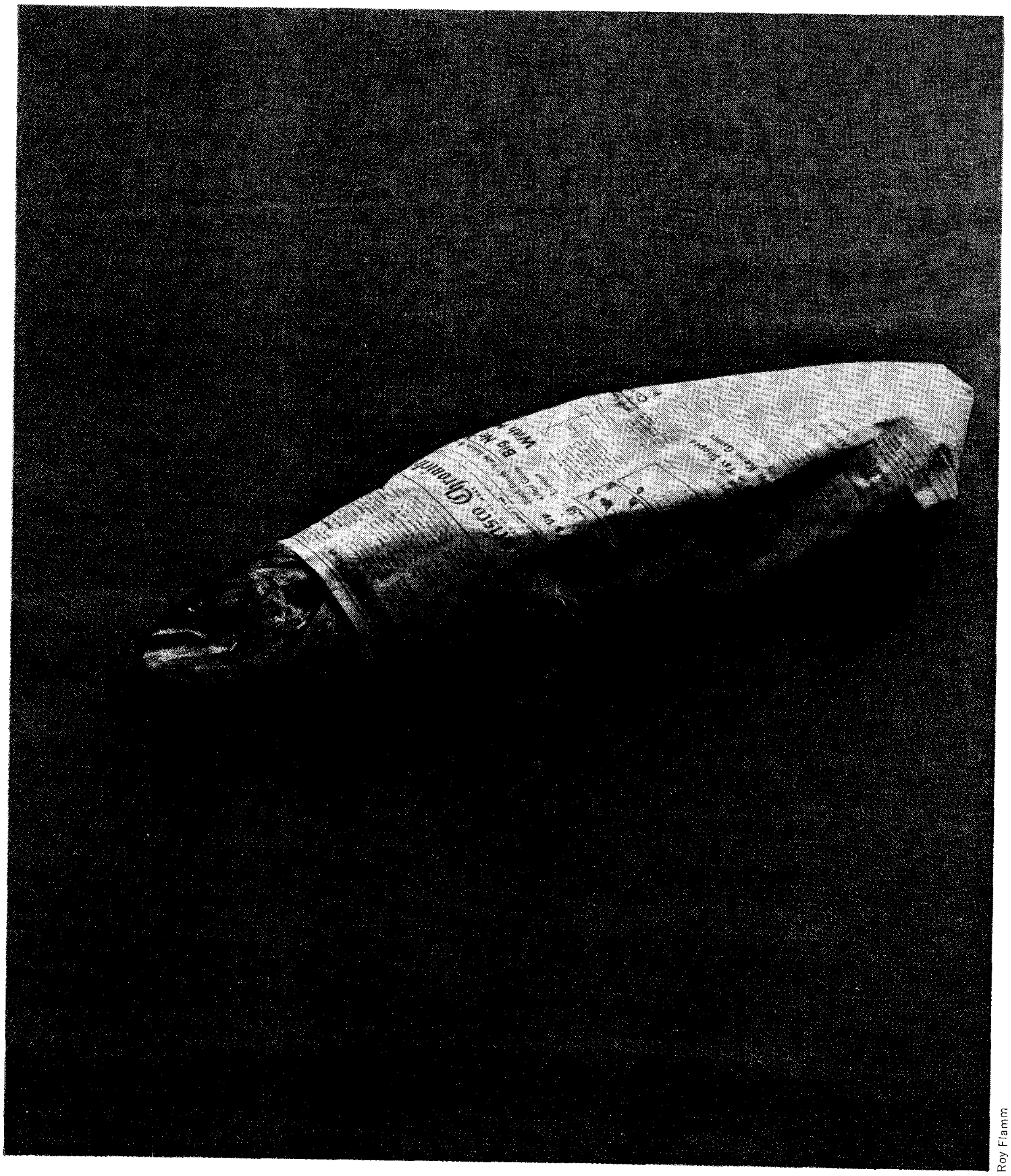

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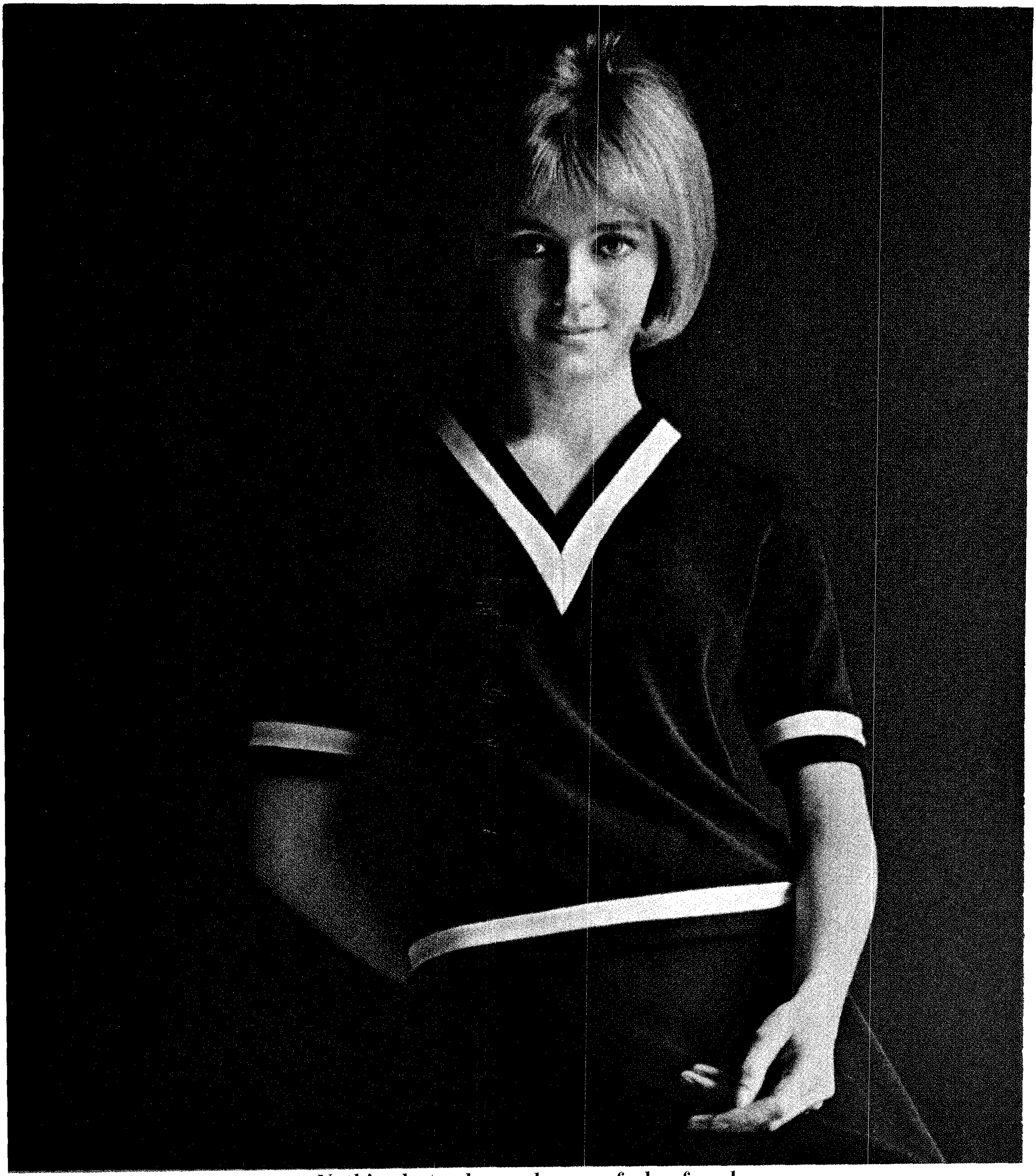

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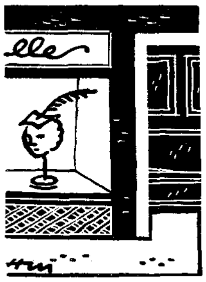
LIFT up a cabbage leaf—and we still have cabbage patches along our side streets—and there's always a shop that no one had really noticed before. Now it's Najla, a small place on West 54th—at No. 37, to be precise—and it has a diversified portfolio for the investor. Slender dresses, especially useful for travel, are of nubbly Belgian linen-and-cotton in one or another spring color flecked with white. The necks are round and collarless; sometimes there are sleeves and sometimes there aren't. The price is $49.95, and sizes are 8 to 20. Lingerie, made by Najla, in sizes 30 to 40, is of nylon crêpe, nylon georgette, or nylon satin in pale hues or black. Tailored short or long nightgowns are encrusted at the décolletage and hem with narrow white nylon Valenciennes lace, to which cutouts of the fabric are added, and there are matching slips and half slips. More elaborate are the sets of hand-run French Alençon-type lace and appliqués of apple blossoms or lilies of the valley and leaves on the bodices and the long, flowing skirts. The nightgowns are $59.95, for one, and monograms go with all this stuff. Made-to-measure lingerie is a bit more.



ALICE SCHWEITZER, at 739 Madison Avenue (64th), is an older discovery, though scarcely yet a household word. From Morocco come caftan robes that can double as at-home and evening gear. They fasten from neck to floor with braid balls, and they appear in brocade—white-and-silver, or blue covered with minute green and apricot flowers and silver leaves, and so on; $125. European are the other impedimenta, such as the reversible raincoat-topcoats of synthetic gabardine—maybe navy on one side and light blue or beige on the other, or beige on one side and brown or black on the other. The price, $85, includes reversible rain bonnets and the sashes to hold them down. Summery umbrellas of nylon taffeta appear in garden prints—a floral plethora—at $37.50. Painted raw silk is the basic idea of things seemingly for the Riviera—shifts in watermelon pink and green with lightning flashing down the front and back; long pale-green pajama overblouses, streaked with emerald, turquoise, and white lightning, and slim pajama trousers in narrow stripes of light and emerald green. These are $85 and $115, respectively. Simple and charming two-piece dresses of sheer wool knit have short-sleeved pullovers with wide turnover collars, and the four-in-hand neckties can double as belts. Pink, sky blue, navy blue, red, or white is the range. Two-piece dresses for summer days are of cotton-and-rayon knit in warm colors, and the overblouses have modest round necks, cap sleeves, and a small cocarde on one hip. The straight skirts are lined, for sturdiness. Then there are Silkovers—one-of-a-kind pullovers with fronts of surah and backs and long sleeves of synthetic knit. There's a touch of the dandy in some of the prints, such as trompe-l'oeil orange waistcoats and white stocks, or else navy drum majors' jackets, with gold braid and tassels. More conservative pullovers are of silk that shades from Shocking pink to crushed rose. All the pullovers are $48, and sizes are 8 to 16.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE, another place that must be looked for (it's on the second floor at 17 West 57th Street), is making uncluttered dresses of Bonarela, a synthetic linen that is cool and crisp and resists wrinkles. It comes in many, many shades. Orders usually take ten days. There are lettuce-green coat-dresses fastening from the shallow round necks almost to the hems with double rows of matching buttons rimmed in pink. The reversible sashes (pink and green) can go anywhere on them, or not at all. Giant openwork scallops frame the scoop necks of afternoon frocks in beige or turquoise blue, and little bows waver at the top of the cap sleeves. The most dramatic cocktail or dinner doings are flame-red décolleté sheaths with flat self-bows around the hips. These dresses are also done in Irish linen, likewise in any color at all, at all. The price range of the whole lot is $45 to $70, and the sizes run from 8 to 20.

NEXT TO NOTHINGS is Lord & Taylor's name for short shifts in which to sleep or to just scuff about after a shower or a swim, and the lingerie department (fourth floor) is their dwelling place. There are drawstrings on the straight-across tops, which come

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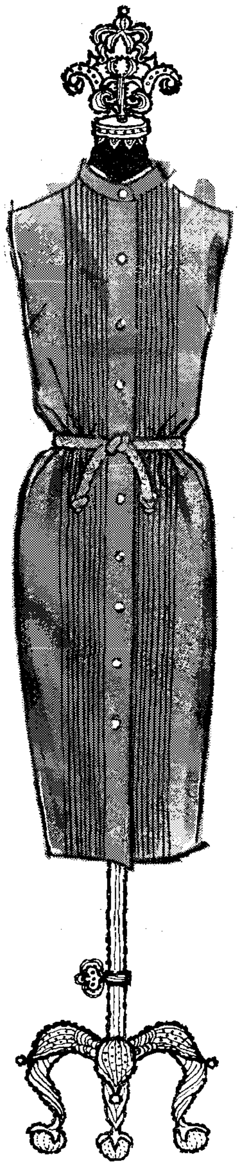

Dress-Shirt Shift

One fine way to take it
breezy, while looking as crisp
as a gentleman dressed for
dinner. Rows of pin-tucks
nip down the front. The
collar stands up. The rest
is air . . . technically known
as Dacron polyester and
cotton. (Oh, there's an
optional rope-sash too.)
Red, Linen, Blue.
Sizes 6 to 16.

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no higher than under the arms, and thin cotton with ticking stripes (red and white) is the essence. Two whopping patch pockets are part of the act. Pocketless shifts of slate-blue cotton that looks like chambray wear marine ornamentation, and shifts of white terry cloth wear a vast front pocket that is hidden by a vaster strawberry of red cotton; an immense sun of yellow cotton shines on the right hip of a shift done in yellow terry cloth. Next come ragamuffin clothes of drip-dry cotton and designed by someone who could get tickets to see "Oliver!" Some are two-piece pajamas with tunic tops, and the scoop necks are so wide that the tops can pull over the head without mussing a hairdo. They're of red-and-white checked cotton with a raggedy hem and two patches of the red cotton that makes the trousers, on which a patch of the pajama-top cotton appears. The ragamuffin shifts are of red cotton, also with raggedy hems and a few patches. The sleep coats, of navy-and-white checked cotton, are raggedy at the elbows but circumspect at the hems, and ruffled bloomers of navy cotton are apparent below. And now from rags to riches—a duet (pajamas and a shift) of red-white-and-blue drip-dry cotton on the order of sailcloth. White drip-dry cotton batiste into which are woven, here and there, red or blue fancies—stylized faces, peacocks, and whatnot—makes baby-doll pajamas, short nightgowns, and sleep (or maybe lounge) coats. Last but not least, and for travellers: short nightgowns of white nylon tricot with, on one side, splashy bouquets of blue, green, and yellow flowers to match the pattern of tailored robes of rayon surah. Both of these fold inside boudoir caps of the print. The price, $20, is the tallest of the lot.

J. BERLÉ, now at 15 East 57th Street, is making first-rate ready-to-wear bathing suits (sizes 12 to 20) with his built-in wired brassières, at $67.50, and he buys just enough of a print for one or two suits. Lithe young things are expected to put on two-piece suits (bandeaux and slim bloomers) of royal-blue Helanca yarn with bands and bows of cerise Helanca at the décolletage, the waistband, and the thighs. Briefer editions (but not bikinis), for toothpick figures, are of Helanca in a print of blue, red, green, and white broken lines, as fine as etching, plus red and navy poppies and a thicket of foliage. One-piece bathing dresses with modest V necks and sarong skirts are of nylon satin in two shades of blue (sort of tropical-sea), or in a print of orange, sage-green,

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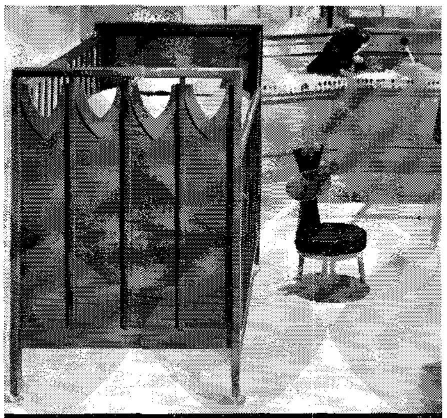

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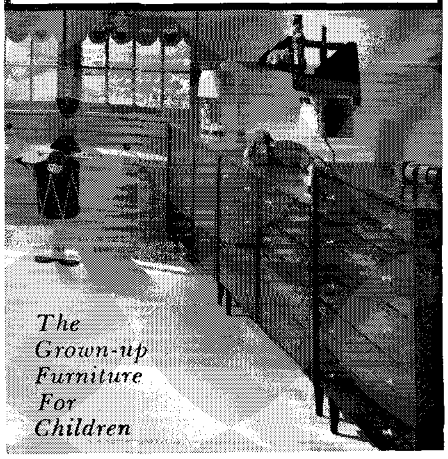

[illegible] English women make better wives?

ecidedly yes—say English husbands.

Of course, American husbands say American women make better wives.

So there you are.

Interestingly enough, husbands on both ides of the Atlantic feel that what elevates heir wives above the ordinary is a flair for he Graceful Gesture.

Such as? Well, such as making sure there are lots of fresh-cut flowers around to brighten up the house.

Or, even more important, welcoming himself home at day's end with a Glorious Gordon's Martini. Still based on Alexander Gordon's original 1769 formula, Gordon's has long been the world's husband-pleasingest gin.

Why not take a cue from this and, tonight, greet your husband with a Glorious Gordon's Martini.*

A few evenings of Graceful Gestures with Gordon's and he'll be bringing flowers to *you!*

***4 Steps to a Glorious Martini:** (1) half fill mixing glass with ice; (2) add 4 or more parts of Gordon's Gin, 1 part Dry Vermouth; (3) stir well, strain into chilled glass; (4) *optional:* add olive or lemon peel twist.

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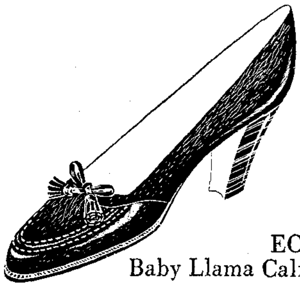

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white, and tan cabbage roses and stuff, or else of white nylon taffeta with bouquets of blue and pink and mauve morning glories. White cording is piped aboard the top and bottom. Bathing suits of nylon surah that are molded through the diaphragm and nipped in at the waist end in shorts; a topsy-turvy print of mauve, turquoise, citron, and pink flowers and squiggles is the scenery. For more robust women there are bathing dresses of nylon taffeta whose color scheme is lavender with white dots; white ball braid goes around the necks and across the skirts, which are flat in front but have box pleats at the sides to disguise the hips. Made-to-measure prices start at $95 and halt at $145.

THE children's department at Saks Fifth Avenue has inexpensive and artful garments, by Helen Lee, for little girls sizes 2 to 14. Mack Sennett play suits of white cotton sateen striped in red or hyacinth blue go with long tunics that have frills at the shallow necks and the hems; the invisible bloomers are elasticized above the knees. Maggiore—a silky cotton, not a lake—is the structural material of sleeveless dresses with a birthday-cake prettiness. The pink and white stripes on it are horizontal at the yokes and vertical above the ruffle-edged apron overskirts, which rise to the waist in back. Pyramid play dresses (Mrs. Lee calls them mud-pie dresses) of gray-and-white striped seersucker carry two huge hip pockets that go on to make wide belts in back. Jumper dresses of white cotton with thread's-width stripes of pale green are determinedly floral and multicolored—apple blossoms, jack-in-the-pulpits, rosebuds, poppies, and forget-me-nots. Birds and butterflies also get into this act. Shifts of navy upholstery cotton luxuriate in a welter of colors and flowers—full-blown roses, lilies, daisies, freesia, and narcissus. Party dresses with flouncing at the hem are of white lawn with plum pin dots (plum-and-pink ribbon sashes gird the high waists) or of white lawn with sage-green pin stripes (sage-green and pink are the ribbon sashes in these instances). Tailored little girls get to wear narrow party dresses of pale-blue rayon linen that fasten with blue pearl buttons in back; wide bands of white Cluny-type lace ramble on the front of the high-waisted bodices and along the hip pockets.

THE establishment of E. Braun, at 717 Madison Ave (63rd), also puts an accent (*aigu*) on extreme youth,

the village store

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To be remembered . . . the lady who wore a long and fair dress of patched and printed cotton. A waist-shy bodice in a wine and navy print floral is echoed by bold patches of the same hues in the graceful skirt. 6-16. 30.00. By Loomtogs. **Please mail orders to 217 Pierce St., Birmingham, Mich.** Post. 50¢. Catalog on request.

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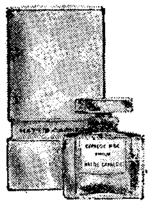
Am I Pink?



In Rome my hairdresser called me sultry.
I'd rather smolder than shine, if you
know what I mean. I like that knowing man.
He must have bribed my maid
to tell him I wear... Carnegie Pink Perfume.

HATTIE CARNEGIE

for which it presents a small and inexpensive array of clothes for girls and boys from arrival in the world up to and including the toddler stage. Everything is handmade except the lace. Some dresses of white, pink, or blue organdie are trimmed with tiny tucks, lace, and minute sprays of embroidered white posies, and the matching slips are embroidered, too. Coat dresses of the same goods fasten with pearl baby buttons; the yokes are smocked, and white lace edges just about everything. Smocked yokes are among the specifications of every-day dresses of white, pink, or blue cotton broadcloth, and there are elasticized ruffles at the cuffs of the puffy sleeves. Enough about the girls. Boys are allowed white batiste shirts on which blue-and-white locomotives, puffing white embroidered smoke, haul trains on transcontinental runs across the chest, and blue-and-white bloomers accompany them. And there are white cotton nightshirts with blue-and-white checked turnover collars and cuffs edged by white scallop embroidery, but I don't see why young ladies would have to be tomboys to wear them.

CALCUTTA lizard has become terribly important to Andrew Geller, whose shoes are on parade at 18 West 57th Street. Closed pumps of this skin, with oval toes and inch-and-a-half heels, or else with infinitesimal tapered square toes and two-inch heels, are there in red, royal blue, chamois, greige, or white. For later in the day, what are almost mules of the skin have towering heels and long vamps ending in tapered squares; chains of gold metal hold

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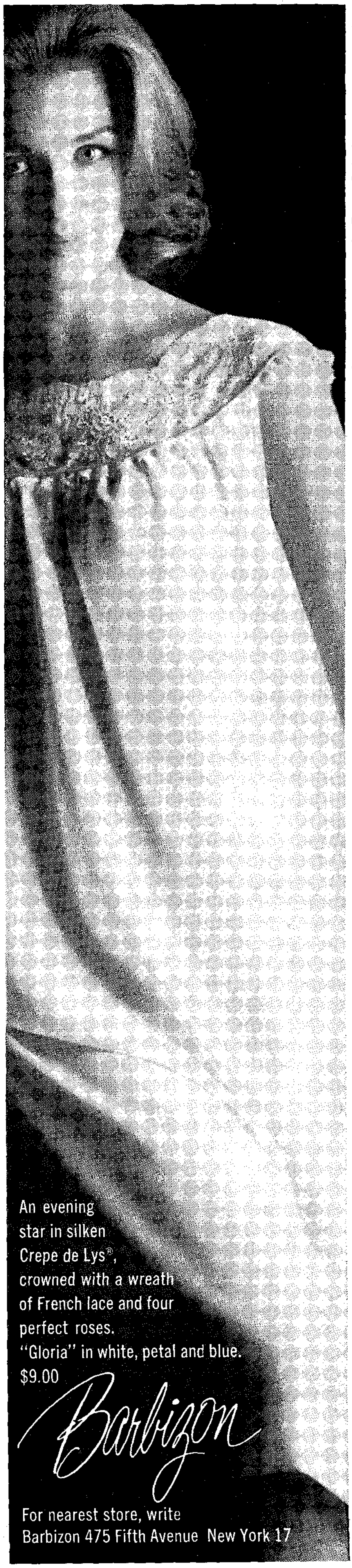

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them to the feet. Pink, powder blue, yellow, green, bone, or white is the choice. —M. M.

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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

IN the fourth of a series of articles entitled "Eichmann in Jerusalem," by Hannah Arendt, in our issue of March 9, 1963, the following statement appears: "Though Judge Musmanno [Michael A. Musmanno, now Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania] had sat on the trials [the Nuremberg Trials of 1946-48] of the administrators of the concentration camps and the members of the mobile killing units in the East, he had not once mentioned Eichmann's name in his judgments." Justice Musmanno has pointed out that this statement is incorrect. He did mention Eichmann's name. On page 1129, Volume V, of the "Trials of War Criminals Before the Nuremberg Military Tribunals," the following statement appears in the opinion written by Justice Musmanno: "Adolf Eichmann, chief of the Jewish section of the Gestapo, estimated that the Hitler-Himmler extermination policy of the Jews resulted in the liquidation of 6,000,000 Jews." Justice Musmanno points out, further, that when he presided over the so-called *Einsatzgruppen* trial at Nuremberg, Eichmann's name was mentioned during the trial but was omitted in the judgment for a good reason; Justice Musmanno cites Attorney General Gideon Hausner, who said at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem, "Eichmann's name was not mentioned in the verdict—and rightly so. He was not an accused then and, therefore, they did not speak of him directly."

Dr. Arendt's article also stated that Justice Musmanno interviewed certain Nazi prisoners after he had finished his job as judge at Nuremberg. Justice Musmanno explains that this interrogation occurred prior to his being named judge.

Finally, in referring to Justice Musmanno's testimony at the Eichmann trial regarding a certain statement made to him at Nuremberg by Walter Schellenberg, the article says that "the judges, 'for reasons of caution,' threw this evidence out." What was meant here was not that the judges had any doubt that Schellenberg had told Justice Musmanno what Justice Musmanno said Schellenberg had told him but simply that the judges made no finding on Schellenberg's statement. —THE EDITORS

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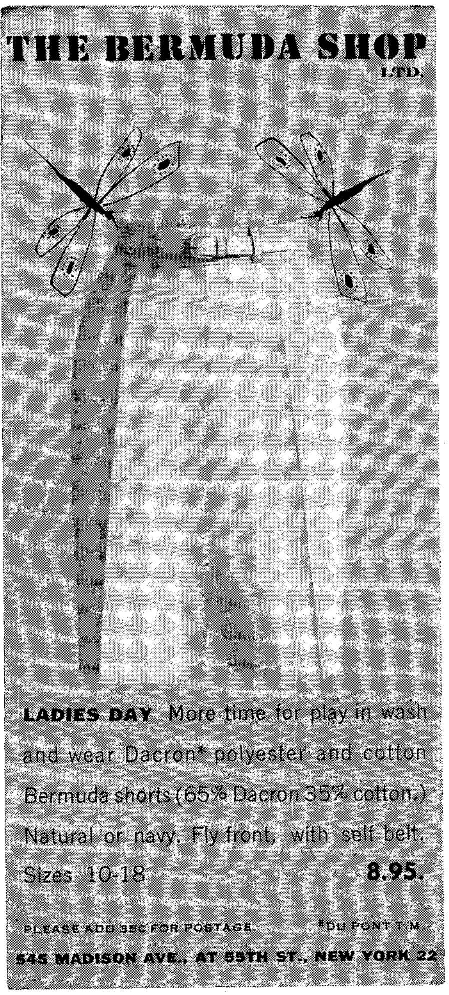

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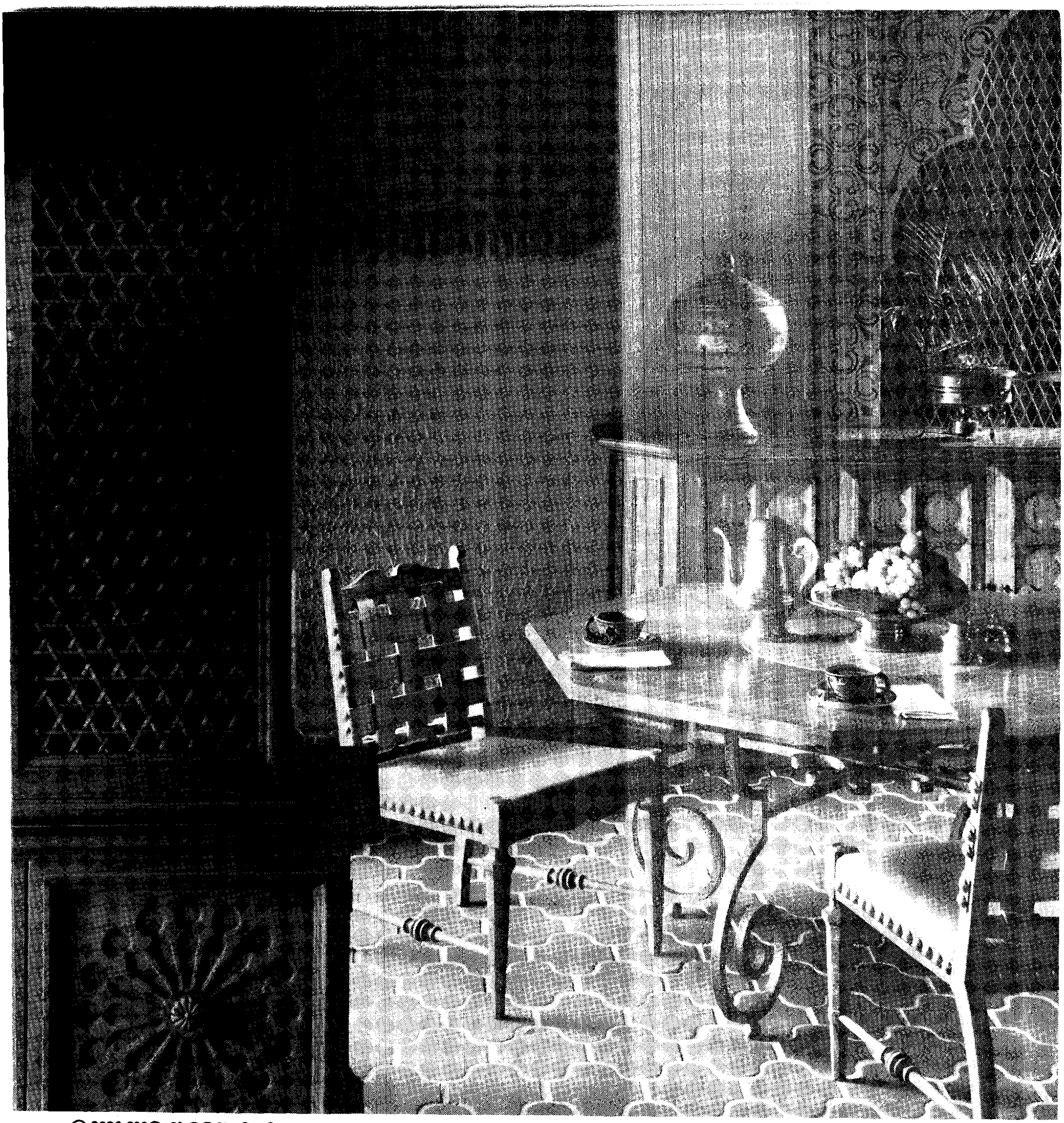

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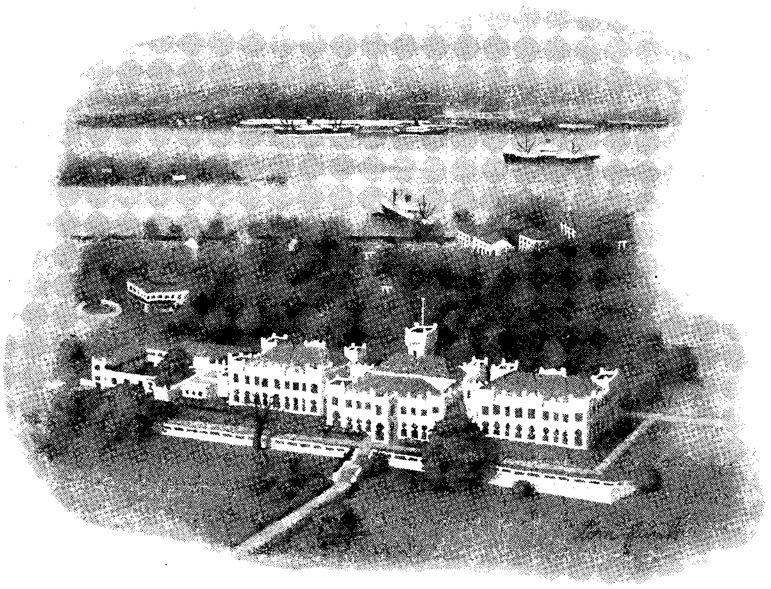
CHANGEOVER IN TANGANYIKA



DURING a stopover recently in Nairobi, the capital of what is still the British colony and protectorate of Kenya, on my way to Tanganyika, its southern neighbor on Africa's east coast, I heard a piece of news that was fairly disconcerting: Pat and Caroline, a couple who had been living in the Tanganyikan capital of Dar es Salaam and who had invited me to stay with them, were about to leave abruptly and for good. "Pat's been Africanized," said the messenger who brought these tidings—a woman all three of us had once known in China. She had just come from Dar, and was calling on me at my hotel in Nairobi.

I said in surprise, "Already?" and the woman nodded. Nowadays, in Tanganyika—a former British possession that was granted its independence in 1961, and that, after a transitional phase, formally became a republic last December—Africanization means the dismissal, by the new African (that is, black) authorities, of European (that is, white) civil servants and their replacement with Africans. Pat is a man who has spent his whole working life as a policeman in the Colonial Service. Five years ago, having finished a tour in Borneo, he was on the verge of retiring, but he was so well thought of by his superiors that they persuaded him to sign up for one more tour of duty—this time as Police Commissioner in Dar es Salaam. Pat and Caroline had been there ever since, because when Tanganyika celebrated its independence—at about the same time that Pat's final tour supposedly came to an end—he was asked to defer his retirement again, in order to help prepare for the day when the Tanganyikan police force, like all the other government agencies, would be fully handed over to the country's own people. Lately, Caroline's letters had indicated that Pat's long postponed retirement was about to become a reality. They'd be delighted to see me, she said, but I'd better hurry; the end might come at any moment.

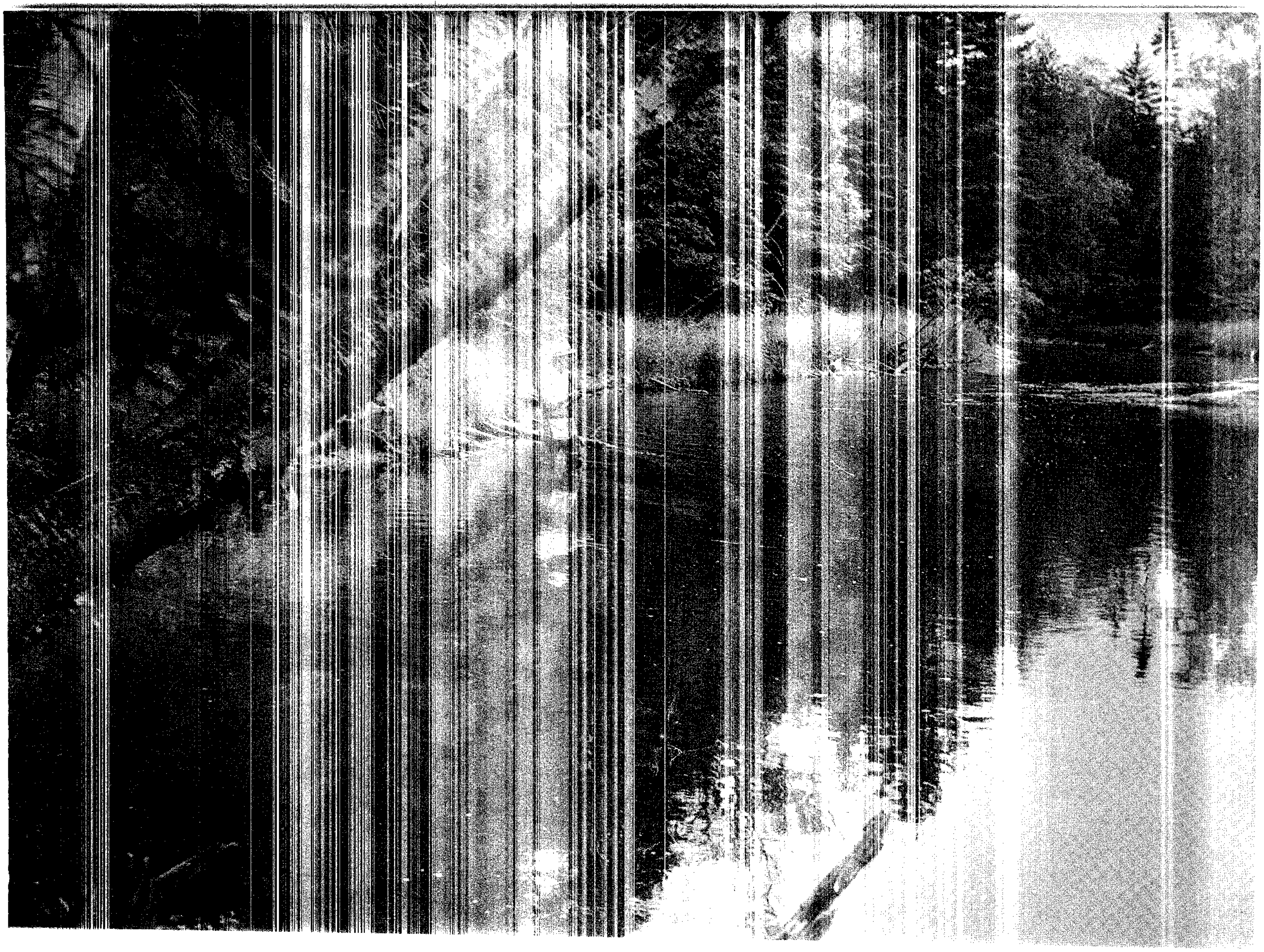
"Maybe I ought to make other arrangements," I said to my informant. "And right away, since I'm leaving tomorrow morning. What hotels—"

"They particularly asked that you come along just as if it hadn't happened," she said. "After all, their sailing date is still not set, and if you don't mind crawling around in a clutter of packing cases, Caroline says, they'd be awfully happy to have you. Caroline's so relieved at having the matter settled at last. I'm afraid the past few months have been very trying for the poor things. Happily, they've still got their house in England ready and waiting. Isn't it lucky they didn't sell it? A lot of the people who have been Africanized aren't so fortunate, and haven't a clue where to go. This whole business came up so suddenly, you see. But, as I say, Caroline's relieved—except, of course, that she worries a bit over Pat and the way he's taking it."

"Why?" I asked her. "I should have thought he'd be glad."

"Well," she said, "it stands to reason that when a man has put as much into his job as Pat has, it's hard to see it all come tumbling down. A man is bound to feel a thing like that."

I HAD plenty of room on the plane the next morning. There were only a few other passengers—all men with briefcases—in the big cabin. Since it's about a two-hour run from Nairobi to Dar, I hadn't bothered to provide myself with much in the way of reading matter, and after a while I ran out of it. Then I remembered an article I'd snipped from a Nairobi paper the day before, and fished it from my handbag. The item described a political rally that had been held in Kenya by the followers of Jomo Kenyatta, who in 1953 was jailed after being found guilty by the British of having directed the Mau Mau terrorist activities of his fellow Kikuyu tribesmen but who now has emerged from prison to take a dominant political role in Kenya. It seemed that one of the speakers at the rally had been a feminine politician from Tanganyika named Bibi (a form of address, like "Madam") Titi Mohammed, a Moslem member of the Tanganyika National Assembly. (Accompanying the text was a picture of Bibi Titi, a very wide legislator wearing a patterned mantel of necessarily vast proportions, a hat made of what appeared to be mosquito netting, and heavy earrings.) "Tanganyika's flag does not have any red in it because the country did not shed any blood in fighting for its independence," Bibi Titi said, according to the clipping. The news story continued, "She told the Kenya rally that the British gave *uhuru* [independence] to Tanganyika once the people asked for it because they feared the people would resort to violence and shed blood as the Kikuyu had done in Kenya. She thanked the Kikuyu for thus facilitating independence." I reflected that there was much to be said for Bibi Titi's assertion that Tanganyika was greatly indebted to the bloody violence in Kenya. When Tanganyika's nationalists—led by Julius Nyerere, the head of the Tanganyika African National Union, or T.A.N.U., the country's only political party—got the autonomy they were demanding, they were almost as surprised as everybody else, and Kenya's nationalists asked indignantly why a colony that had never, save in its earliest days, ranked with Kenya in importance should be thus favored, especially since it hadn't even fought for its freedom. No doubt Bibi Titi had intended her remarks to soothe this resentment. And certainly it was Kenya's Mau Mau movement that forced on Britain the realization that something



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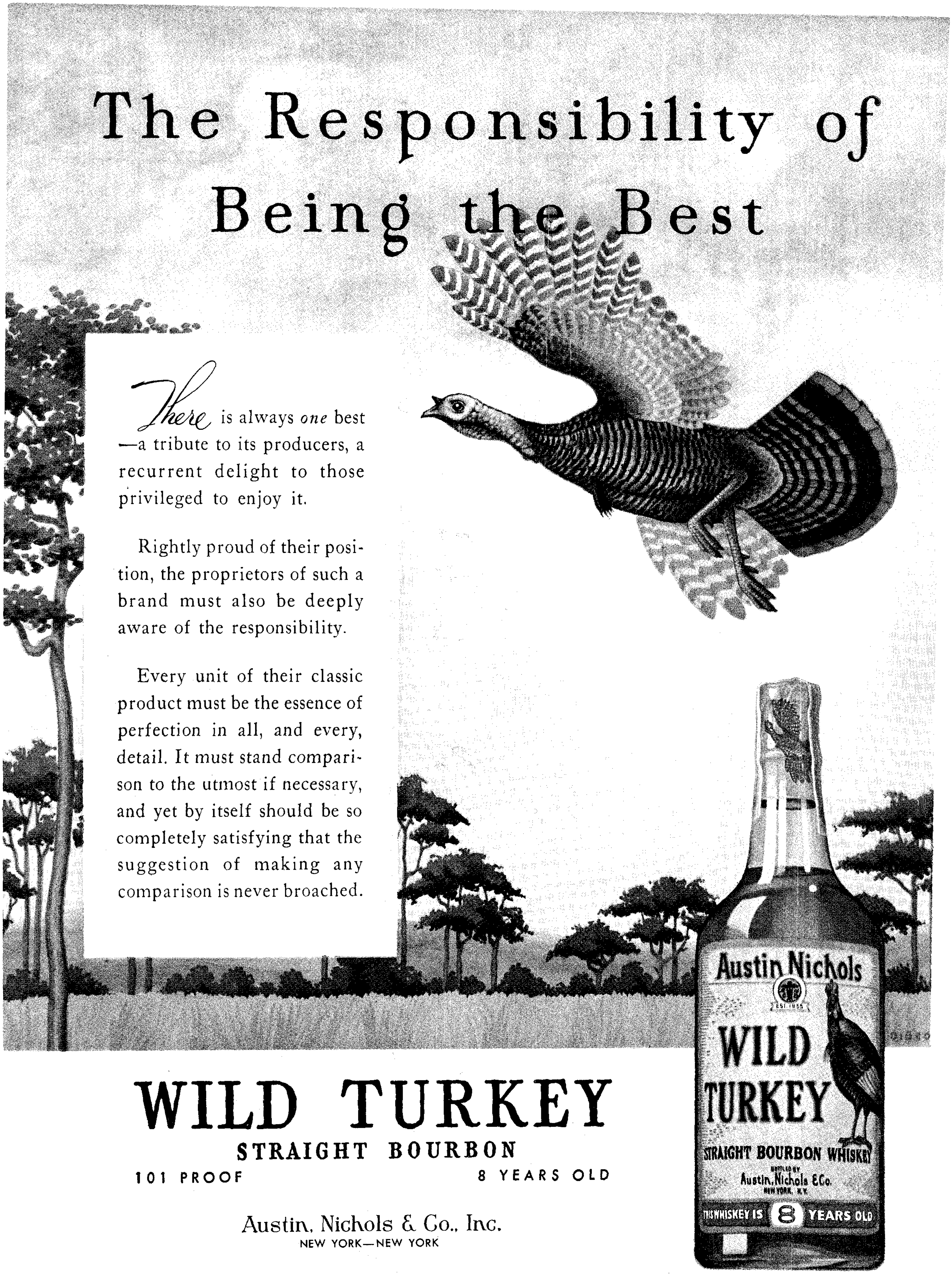
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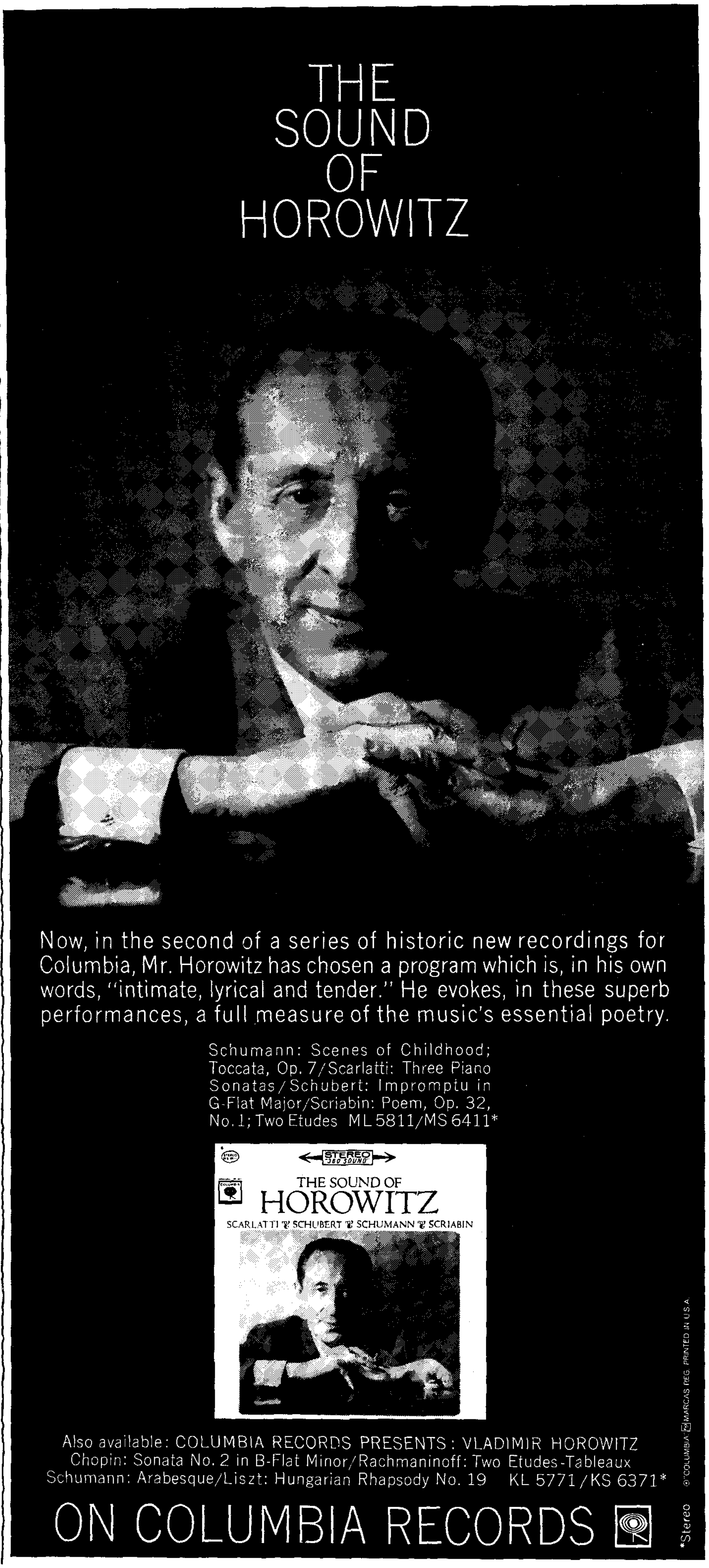
had to be done about the African nationalists in general, but simultaneously inclined it to go slow as far as the African nationalists in Kenya were concerned. Accordingly, it promised independence to the less rancorous Tanganyikans instead. Also, Tanganyika's problems were nowhere near as complex as Kenya's, for the very good reason that, its climate and geography being uncongenial to Europeans, it had relatively few white settlers.

"We were playing for time," a British civil servant in Nairobi had told me. "We thought that letting Tanganyika go would hold off Kenya's demands for a while—until it was ready for self-government. Of course, the Tanganyikans weren't ready, either, but we thought it reasonable to expect that they'd be more willing to delay taking the final steps. Not at all. When it came to keeping our promise, they rushed us. Their Uhuru Day was at least eighteen months ahead of the Colonial Office schedule. Then Nyerere, a moderate and a fine fellow, resigned as Prime Minister after only two months in office, turning his post over to Rashidi M. Kawawa. At the time, Nyerere said he was only taking a leave of absence, as it were, in order to devote himself to organizational matters within his party, and would ultimately resume office. [He finally did, as first President of the new republic.] Once he slipped into the background, however temporarily, a period of intensive Africanization set in, and since then things have been really whizzing along. What can one do? The Tanganyikans may not be ready to govern themselves, and every additional bit of preparation the British can give them helps, but they just don't want to wait any longer. Well, I expect it'll all come out in the wash." As I slipped the clipping back into my handbag, I felt cheered by the recollection of the man's attitude of good-humored resignation and hope—an attitude that, as things turned out, I did not find very prevalent in Tanganyika itself.

"ANYBODY sitting here?" A large, beaming, pink-cheeked man in shirtsleeves, carrying a drink in his hand, was standing in the plane's aisle looking down at me. The seat next to mine was unoccupied, and when I told him so, he settled himself in it and began talking of this and that. He told me that nearly all the other passengers were his travelling companions—Americans who, under the guidance of two Africans, were exploring the possibilities of doing business with the erstwhile British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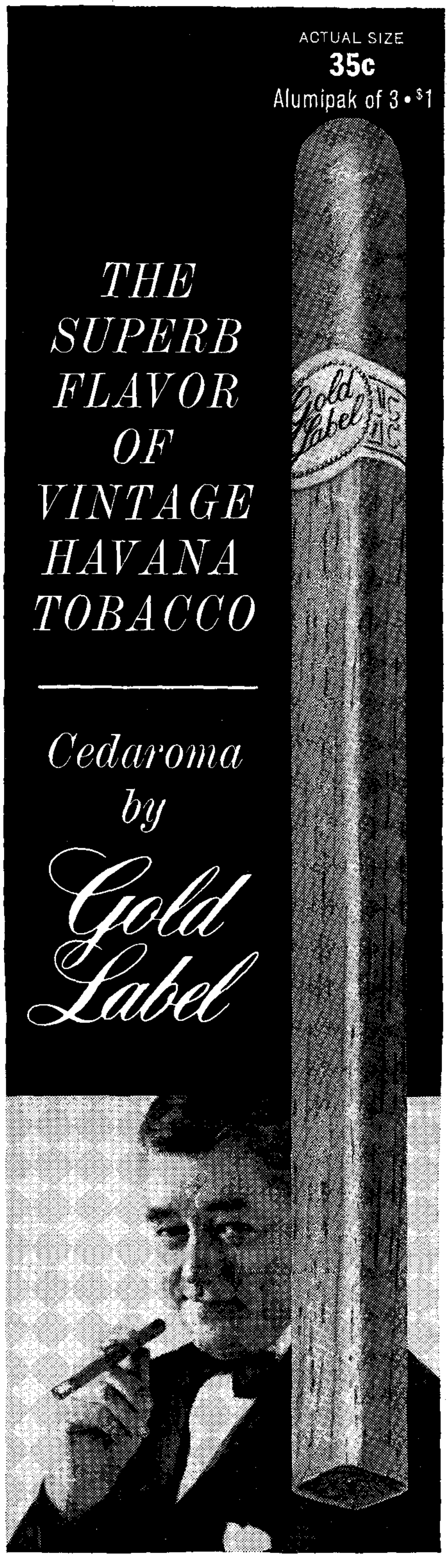

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dependencies, and who were now on their way to look into the situation in Tanganyika. Leaning toward me confidentially, the businessman said, "We're on the inside track. I've met a lot of these people in East Africa, and we get on fine. I think we'll do well out here. See that fellow over there in the third seat—the African fellow?" He indicated a young man with a briefcase in his lap. "That's a nephew of Jomo—the big boy himself. The nephew's coming along to show us around."

The enterprising gentleman ordered another drink, and before he had finished it, we landed. Situated only five hundred miles south of the equator, Dar es Salaam—a port city with a green luminosity all its own, a lovely, palm-bordered coastline, and plenty of lush growth—is hot, and in its heavy, humid air the brain soon slows down. Anyway, that's how I felt as, an hour or so later, I sat with Pat and Caroline on the veranda of their house—a distinctly old-fashioned one, which had been built before the British took over from the Germans in the First World War—and gazed out at a garden where baskets of orchid plants were hanging from the branches of a tree. Caroline said that she had sold the plants to people who were staying on and that the buyers would soon be coming to carry them away. Indoors, carpenters were sawing wood for crates and hammering it together, and the floors were undeniably cluttered with packing cases.

Pat was not as philosophical about Tanganyika's prospects as the civil servant in Nairobi had been. The habit of carrying responsibility is not easily broken, and he did not take kindly to his temporary existence among the crates and packing cases, which gave him nothing to do but listen to the news on the radio—especially since every day there was word of more Africanization in his department. "They'll never keep up our standards," he repeated at intervals, over and over. "They're putting in half-trained men—or quarter-trained." Then he would rally, and add, "Still, it's no skin off my nose. I must remember that. I'm through with it, and glad to be."

"The town's rocking today," Caroline told me. "There's just been news of a contract to build an oil refinery here. The Ministry involved has awarded it to an Italian firm, and everybody's spitting with rage that Shell or British Petroleum didn't get it."

I soon found that the days moved along at a jerky pace in my friends' house. Orchid fanciers were not the only people who kept popping in at awkward

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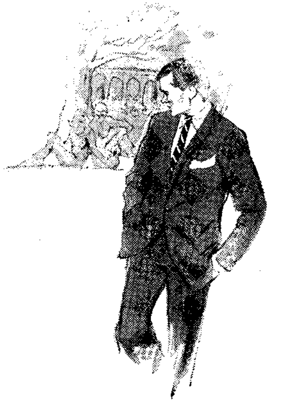

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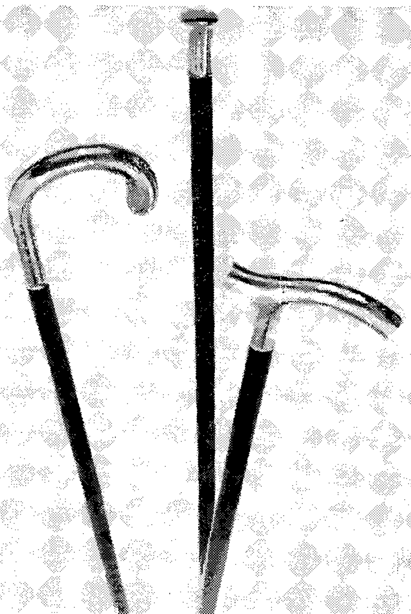

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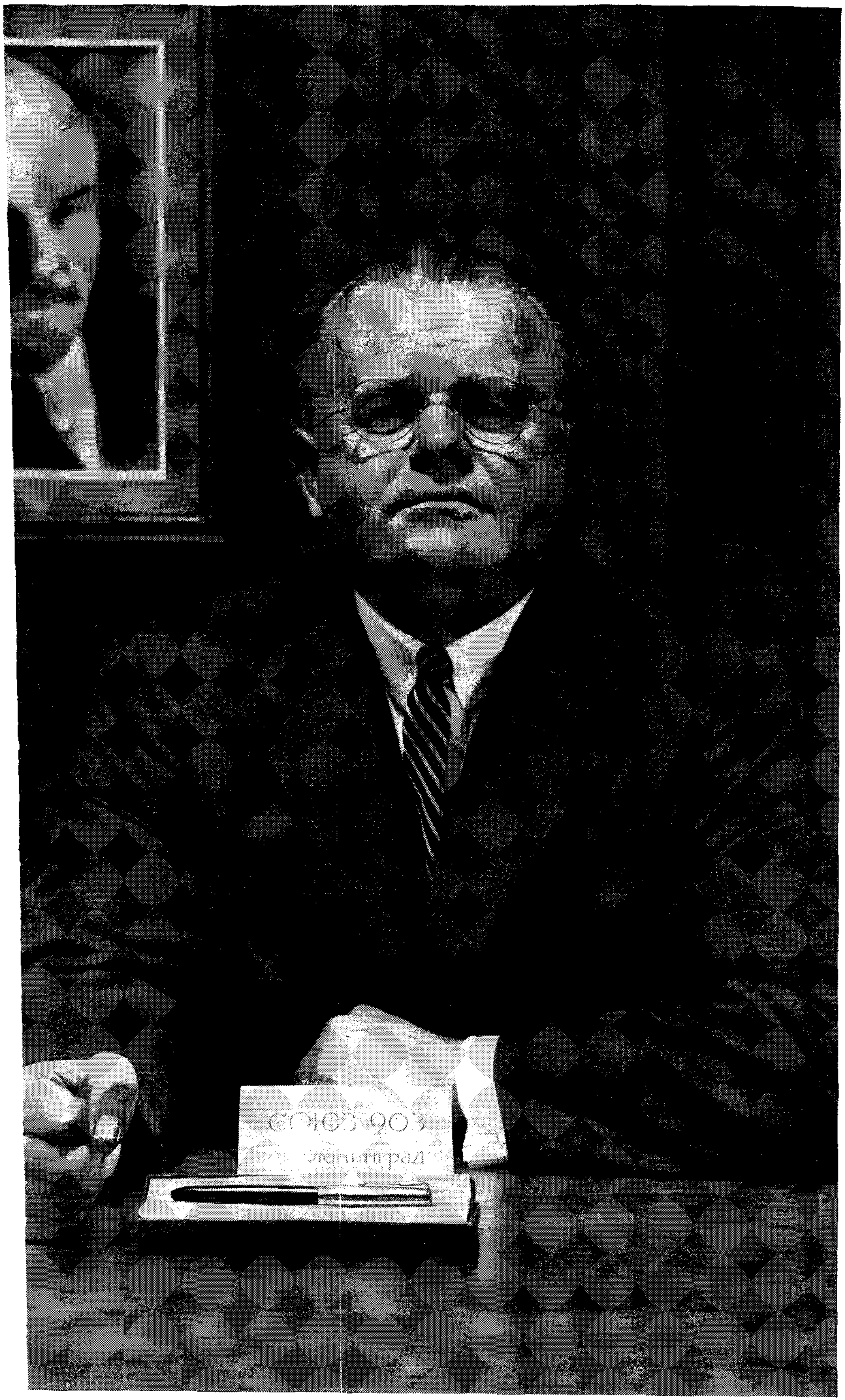
Why the Russians waited until 1954 to invent the Parker pen



Like baseball, the Parker pen took the Russians a little time to "invent."

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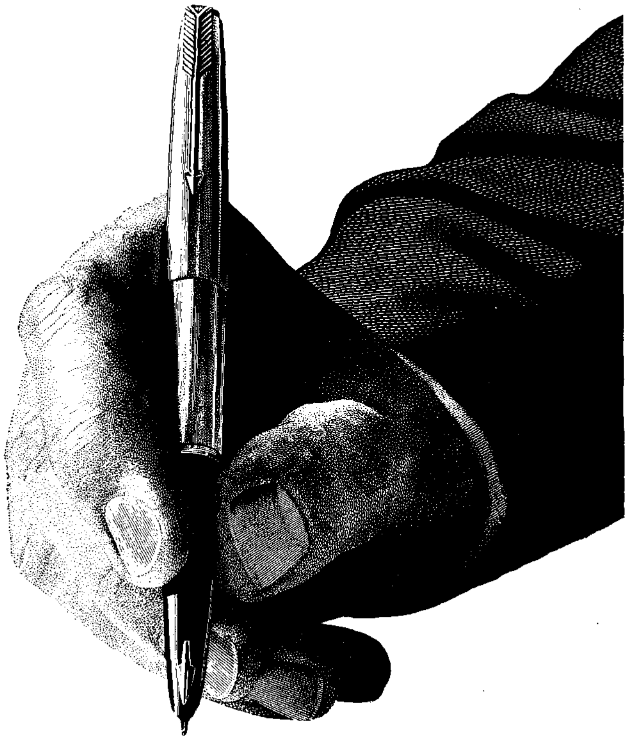
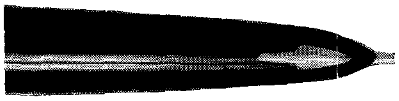


The remarkable Parker 61



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moments. Pat and Caroline had advertised for sale some other things they didn't want to take with them—an incomplete dinner service, a small liquor cabinet, miscellaneous kitchen utensils—and one never could tell when a prospective buyer would come clumping up the veranda steps to have a look at these objects. My hosts were leaving for England on what was primarily a cargo boat, and, in the manner of its kind, its date of departure was uncertain—now settled, now postponed, now settled again. The delay meant getting caught up in a prolonged string of farewell parties—every evening we went to at least one.

In the course of these ceremonials, I discovered that many of the local British regarded their rapidly waning influence with a degree of dismay that made Pat's complaints sound almost cheerful. "We had an African working for us in the office who had always been a trial," an Englishman who had been in the cotton business in Tanganyika for many years told me. "He was lazy and a troublemaker. Time and again I had come near to sacking him, but he was educated, and we needed somebody literate in the job, so we kept him on. Well, lately he resigned. I was delighted, but I had to be polite, so I asked, 'And what are your new plans? Are you going into some other business?' He said, 'No, I'm going into politics, and spend the rest of my life telling the world how you and your sort have robbed, cheated, and exploited my country.' Well, really! When we've *made* the cotton industry in Tanganyika, creating a lot of employment and bringing thousands of pounds into the country. Oh, what's the use? I may as well start packing."

Some of the British were so sensitive on the subject of the changeover that even the slightest alteration in the established order provoked an outburst. "Have you heard the latest?" asked a young woman I met at a cocktail party—or sundowner, as such events are called in that part of the world. "They're abolishing the *twiga!* You know what a *twiga* is, don't you? *Twiga* is the Swahili word for giraffe, and the *twiga* has always been Tanganyika's emblem, under the British—for flags and so on. That's why our biggest hotel here in Dar is called the Twiga. And now these people are giving up the *twiga!* It's a shame, that's what it is. The *twiga* was such a *charming* emblem. Oh, why do they have to change everything? It's just awful!"

Still, a few of the British I met did have a good word to say for the Afri-

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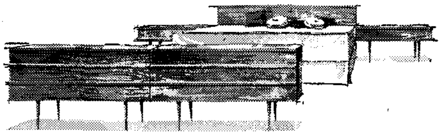

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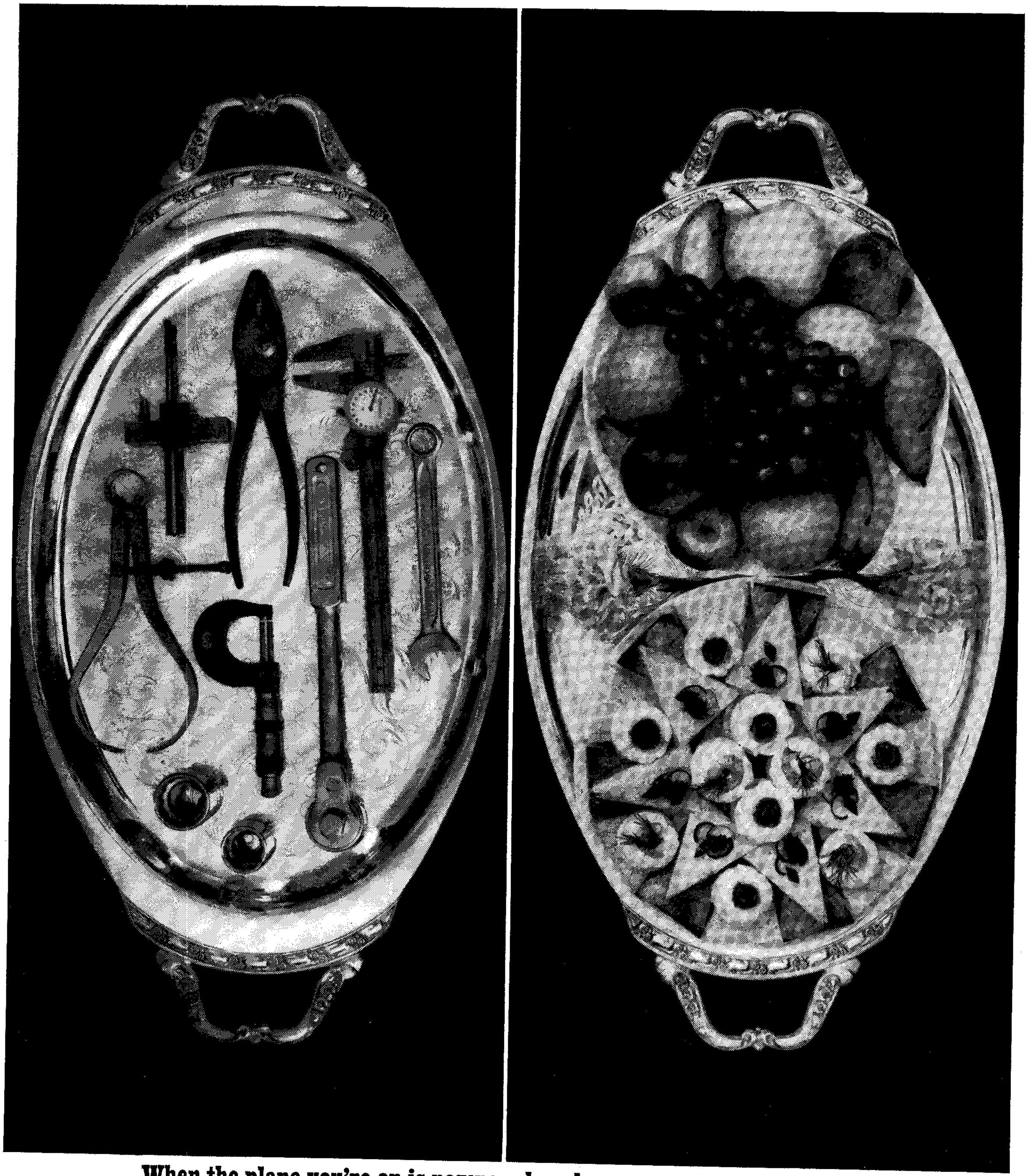

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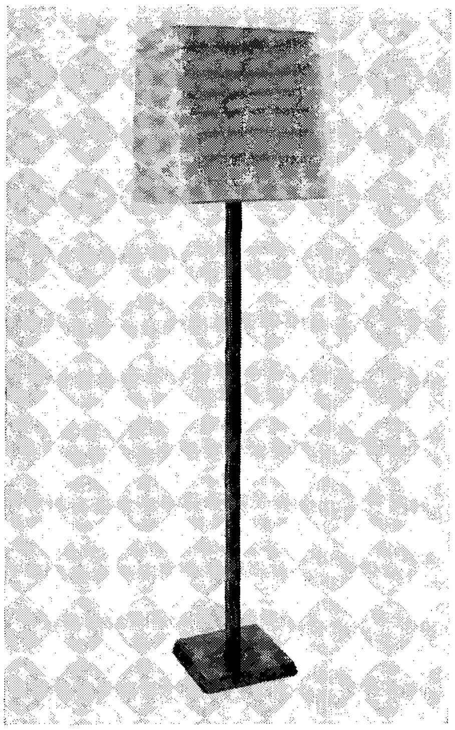
cans. One afternoon at the Club—the inevitable Club of the old days of empire—an attractive Englishwoman joined me at the table where I was sitting. "I understand you're a visitor here," she said. "It's a strange place, isn't it? But I like it—I've always liked it. We've been here nearly fifteen years—my husband and I—and now we're leaving."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It seems a pity."

"Oh, it's not quite the usual situation," the woman said. "My husband hasn't been Africanized. He's retiring because he can't bear to see the way things are going. He's a health official, and he has worked terribly hard here to teach the people about hygiene, and all that. But what I say is, why argue with them? If one's work is finished, it's finished. If they don't want us, then let us go—as my husband is going—with good grace." She looked out at the street, where some Africans, well aware of how to get along best with their climate, were walking without much briskness, and continued, "I do like them so much. They're the nicest people. But if it's over, it's over. That's what I keep telling my husband when he comes home depressed. He says, 'Oh, I've just toured the villages and it's appalling. They're already letting down their standards.' And I say, 'But the standards aren't theirs and never have been. They're *our* standards. And they don't *want* them. They never have.' "

Later, a British official, who, like the husband of the woman at the Club, was retiring voluntarily, told me, as he drove me along Ocean Road past a number of comfortable-looking upper-income homes, "On the whole, this is a good-tempered city, a good-tempered country—much more easygoing than Kenya, thank God! In fact, it's amazing that the Africans have shown so little resentment all these years. Consider what it's been like. Any afternoon in any of these houses along here there might have been a garden party going on, or a sundowner. If it was a big affair, there would be as many as five hundred cars lined up at the side of the road—not one of them owned by an African. The only people here able to afford cars have been the Europeans and the Asians. Now and then an African shopkeeper has reached the point of earning a good solid living by his standards, but his scale of values has never been the same as ours, because his income couldn't begin to compare. Anywhere but in Tanganyika we'd have had nasty reactions long since. So



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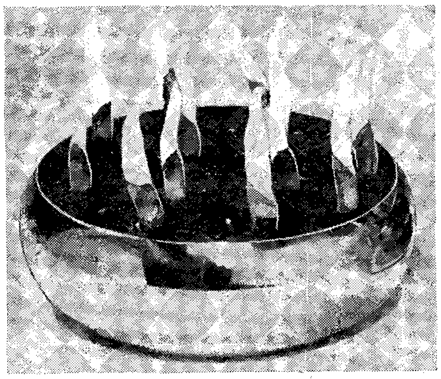

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if they're running a bit wild now, why should we grudge them their fun?"

This state of indulgent good humor, however, was something I encountered very rarely. On the whole, the British in Dar were in a profoundly disgruntled mood; many of them, like Pat, had already been Africanized and many others were expecting the blow to fall at any moment. Some of them went around swapping mordant little jokes related to their plight, such as one about two Africans recently installed as Ministers in the Tanganyikan government; as they were flying through rough weather to a rally in Nairobi, one of them became airsick, and turned paler and paler, until his companion snapped irritably, "Watch it! Any more of that and you'll have to be Africanized." Joke-telling aside, the British talked not so much about the future—a subject too gloomy to face all at once—as about the immediate dilemma confronting them, which was how best to get out. Shipping was scarce and passenger accommodations were booked up months in advance. In addition, most of them owned their own furniture and hesitated to part with it in view of the uncertainties that lay ahead; anyway, selling it in Dar, even if one wanted to, would have been ruinous, since the market was so glutted that it would bring only a fraction of its real value—assuming it could be disposed of at all. And unless a man was exceptionally well off, he could hardly abandon all his belongings, board a plane with his wife and children, and simply fly away.

One of the principal complaints not only of the Africanized British but of various Europeans who were trying to make do under the new regime was the abruptness with which commands were handed down from on high; some British officials, for example, were being dismissed at a moment's notice. Thoughtless though this might seem, I was assured by several Africans I talked with that it was not a device for harassing their former rulers but merely the normal Tanganyikan way of doing things. My first instruction along these lines came when, at Pat's suggestion, I went down to the headquarters of the department he had formerly headed, and met some of the officers there. Among them—or, rather, sitting in solitary splendor in his private office—was the new Police Commissioner. "I was in the middle of a training course in England when all at once I got a cable to come back and assume my present position," he said. He smiled—he had beautiful teeth—and then he sighed. "So much work!" he said. Then he smiled again. It seemed to me that he felt himself quite

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able to bear the weight of his responsibilities.

Another influential African with whom I discussed the matter also brought up his own case as evidence that the suddenness of government edicts was just a matter of routine policy. "It may seem odd to you, but that's the way it's done here," he said. "It isn't just special treatment for Europeans. Look at me, for instance. I was out on the tarmac ready to board a plane for a special mission to England. My wife was with me. Our luggage was loaded. Then I got a telephone call to come back to town immediately and take up this job I've got now. My wife went on without me, since she had never been abroad and had been looking forward to the trip. I hope she's getting on all right."

"It's a bit different for the British," I said. "You're talking about abruptly taking up new jobs in the city where you live, while they're abruptly losing old ones, with no immediate prospect of finding others, here or *anywhere* else."

He nodded politely, but I could see that his thoughts were elsewhere.

The British were not the only ones who were being sacked without warning, I learned after paying a visit to St. Francis, a Catholic mission school that had long been run by European fathers. The school was on an escarpment back of the city, at some distance from the sea, and I was accompanied there by an educated African Catholic, who told me on the way that educational facilities had always been scanty in Tanganyika. "We haven't nearly enough secondary schools, and certainly not enough provided by the state," he said. "We owe a great debt to the missions—both Catholic and Protestant."

When we reached St. Francis, the headmaster took us on a tour of the well-kept premises. "The average age of African students is higher than that of students doing similar work in Europe," he said as we made the rounds. "A lot of them can't get away from their villages before they're seventeen, or even twenty or older, so we have quite a few grown men in our classes. But the age level should drop as conditions improve. I believe it won't be long before we'll be on a par with the rest of the world." He added that Tanganyika's political changeover hadn't affected his work very much, though certain arbitrary rulings by the Ministry of Education were giving the fathers a bit of trouble with their bookkeeping.

Not long afterward, on returning to Dar es Salaam after a brief trip into the interior, I found that during my absence

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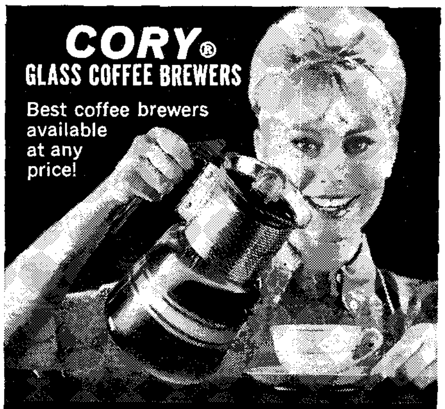

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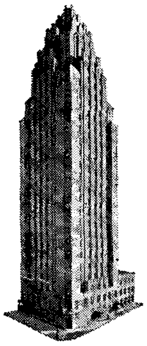

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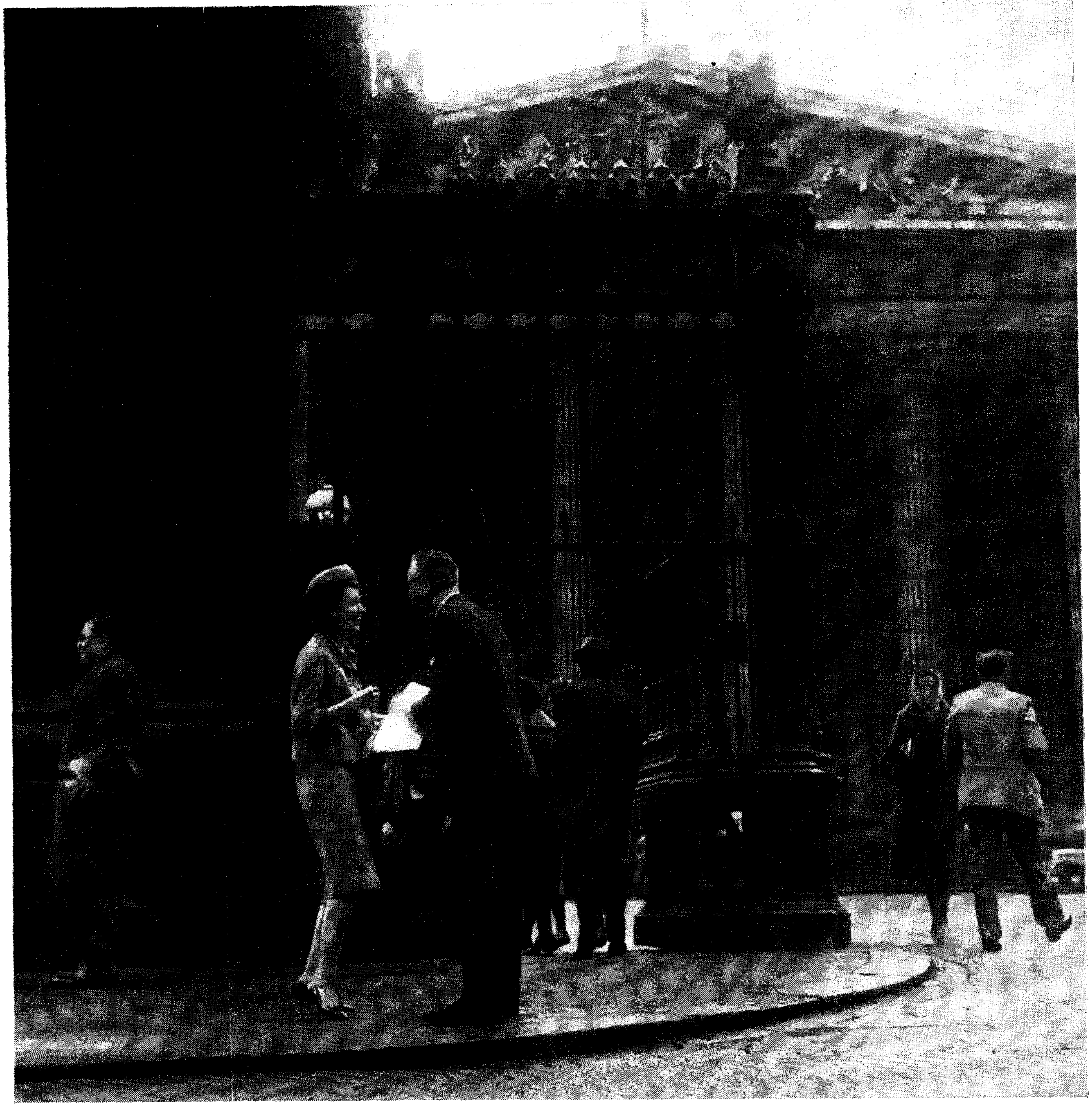

Photographed in front of The British Museum, London.

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"I just flew in day before yesterday."

"Not really? How did you fly?"

"Air-India."

"But wait a minute—you said you just got here from New York?"

"That's right."

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all the fathers had lost their posts and left the country. The school was now under African auspices.

THE name of the Twiga Hotel, at least, had not been abolished when Pat and Caroline and I went there one day for lunch. Its restaurant was being patronized almost equally by Africans and Europeans. In one corner, a very youthful-looking African and two Europeans were sitting at a table with their heads together, talking busily. "One of the government's leading Ministers," Pat said, indicating the African. "Those two men he's with are Israeli. Israel's awfully busy in Tanganyika."

I remarked that the African looked rather young to be a Minister, and Pat said, "He *is* young. Most of them are."

The trio finished their lunch, and on the way out the Minister paused at several tables to talk with people he knew. He had an affable, backslapping manner, and left behind him a room full of smiles.

The sight of Africans and Europeans dining together amicably at the Twiga pointed up for me the contrast between Dar es Salaam today and the city I vaguely remembered from the thirties. It was a smug little place then—as socially ingrown a community as I have ever seen. In those days, its hotels were, of course, segregated, and any European out shopping would have been haughtily incredulous if it had been suggested to him that he wait his turn while an African was being served. Now Europeans wait their turn quite pleasantly, and Africans go where they like, if they can afford it (and occasionally, I heard it rumored in the cases of some of the new officials, even if they can't).

British girls in Dar were working placidly away as secretaries for new, African bosses, though I have no doubt that up to very recent times they had felt this to be one thing they would never, never do. Africans were to be seen dancing in public with the wives of British dignitaries. And at a beach that stretches its spreading shallows just north of the city anyone who wanted to go swimming—African, Asian, or European—was free to do so. Yet beaches and hotel dining rooms were not the whole story; there was no mistaking the fact that many of the former rulers of this once cozy microcosm of British colonialism were maintaining their traditional patronizing view of the natives who were so briskly showing them the door. "They won't keep up the houses as we've done," one Englishman, about to depart, told me dourly. "My house, for instance, will soon be

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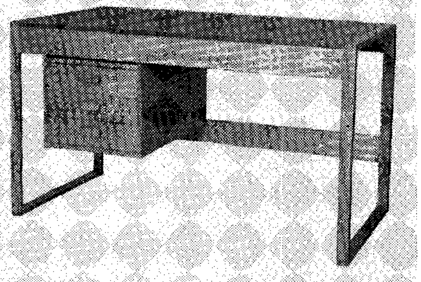

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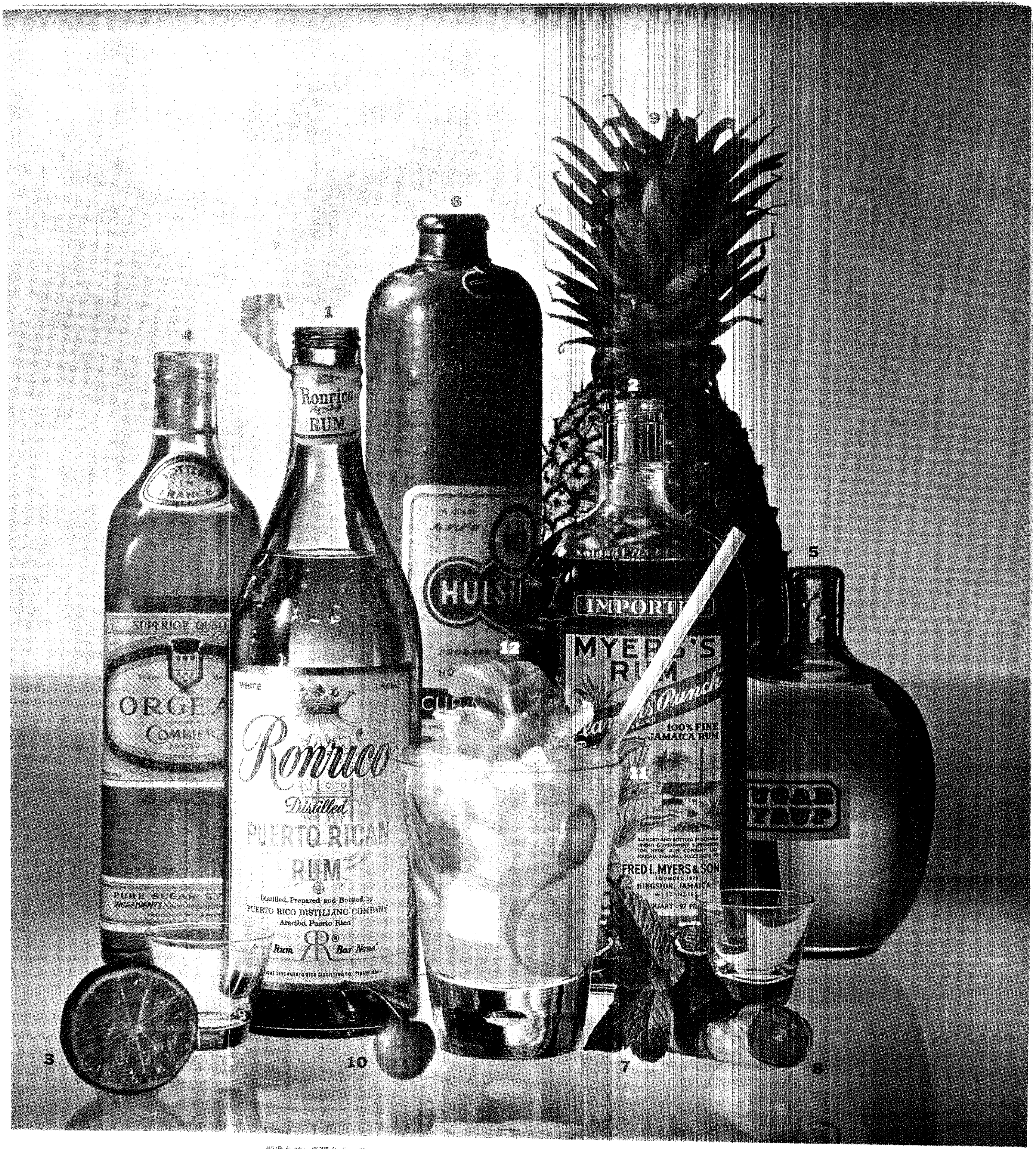
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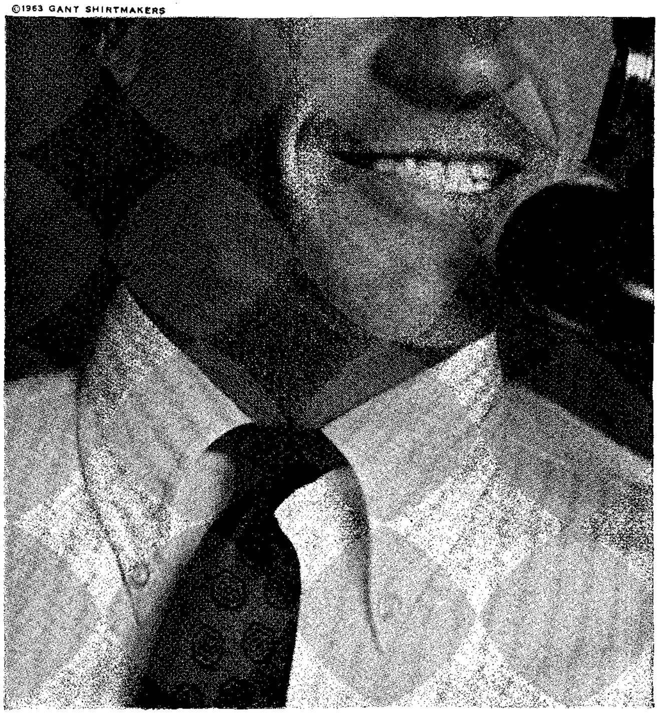

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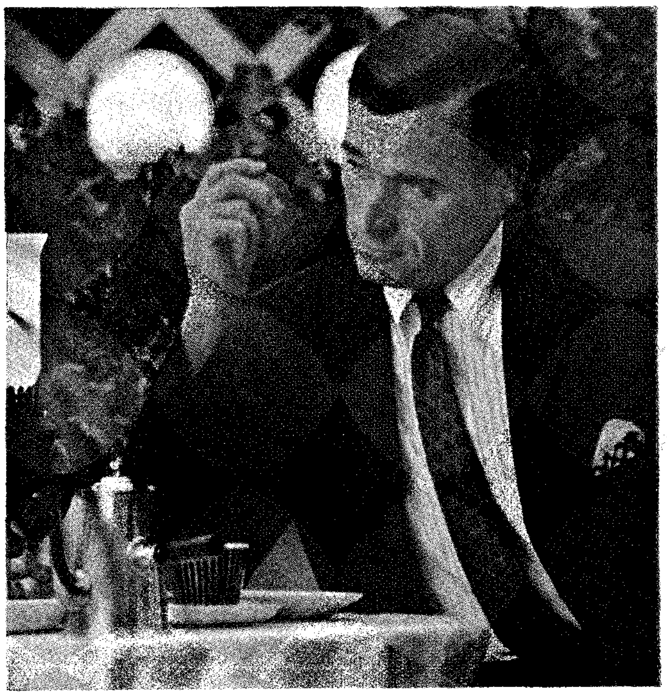

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filled from end to end with sleeping Africans. Washing will be hanging out of every window, and the garden will be trampled flat. They simply haven't got our standards, you see."

I wished that this man, and my cocktail-party acquaintance who had lamented the abolition of the *twiga*, had been with me one evening when I was introduced to an enchantingly pretty African girl, modishly attired and wearing her hair in a little bun on the top of her head, who informed me that she had lately been to London, as the recipient of one of a number of scholarships—or perhaps fellowships would be a better word—conferred by the British on promising young East African women, to teach them how Europeans behave in social gatherings. This girl had certainly learned, for when she spoke longingly of her home town, on the slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro—a locality that she described as so cool, so beautiful, so thoroughly different from Dar es Salaam—she added, like any English lady from the country, "And we have many animals, you know, including giraffes. Oh, I do love giraffes!"

EVERY fourth Saturday night, the police in Dar held a dance at their Mess. The Mess, a pretty building on a small point of land jutting into the sea, had formerly been a night club and, before that, the property of a rich Arab, who built it. No matter how hot and still the air in the town might be, Caroline said in the car on our way to the dance, there was always a breeze out at the Mess. "We're afraid that before long some Minister or other will take the Mess over and convert it into a residence or offices," she went on. "The thing is, the African members of the Police Department have never really used it much. It has a lovely bar, and you'd think they'd enjoy having their drinks there, instead of in some smelly, crowded hotel room in town, but they don't seem to."

I asked Caroline about the dances and whether African men brought their wives with them. "No, they don't," Caroline said. "I suppose the women feel out of place, since most of them don't dance European style." At the Mess, though, it became apparent that in this way, too, times were changing, for a few African women were on hand, wearing the short, bright-hued cotton dresses they favor, and dancing with their escorts. The African stag line was still large, nonetheless, and the evening got off to a cheerless start, because its members tended to stick to one side of the room, looking on morosely at the

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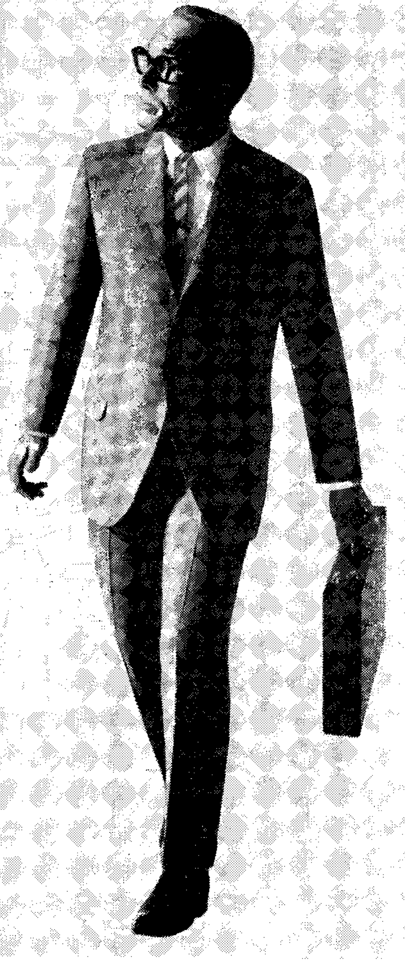

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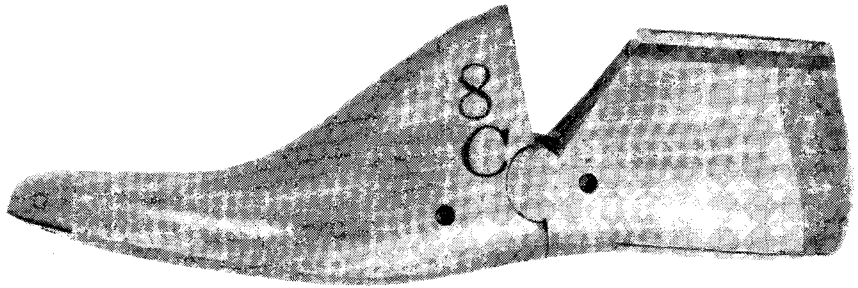

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dancing and making no effort to join in, while an almost equally large number of European stags congregated in the center of the room, the total effect being uncomfortably like a sort of voluntary segregation. Our party, which numbered eight, all British but me, included a colonel and his wife—a handsome woman of commanding presence—and she undertook to help break the ice when, as the orchestra embarked on the next set, a tall, portly African came forward from the stag line along the wall and asked her to dance. She walked with him to the dance floor, and suddenly it was happening at last—the Africans were mixing. The dance came to an end, the couples returned, and when the next number started, the tall African—a visiting deputy commissioner, I had ascertained—asked the colonel's wife a second time. With only the slightest hesitation, she went back to the floor with him. Again the pair returned; again the deputy commissioner requested the honor; again the lady accepted. Soon after that, I pleaded weariness, and went home.

When I next encountered the colonel's wife, I asked how it had all turned out. "My *dear!*" she said. "I simply didn't know what to do. So I finally went to the Ladies' and stayed there for three dances, and when I came out he had gone. Actually, almost everyone else had gone, too. *Most* awkward."

"Quite unnecessary," said a British official crossly when I told him about the incident. "Two dances are enough for any partner. It doesn't matter what race he is. Manners are manners."

MY journey into the interior came about when I received an invitation to fly to Mwadui, in central Tanganyika, and join a party of officials from the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd., who, with their wives, had flown up from their headquarters, in Johannesburg, South Africa, to make one of their periodic inspections of the huge Williamson mine in Mwadui. The story of the discovery of the mine—which is now owned jointly by De Beers and the Tanganyikan government—and of its discoverer, Dr. John T. Williamson, is a bizarre one. A misanthropic Canadian geologist, Williamson had prospected for years in South and East Africa before turning his attention to Tanganyika. No one knew better than he that diamonds are found either in concentrations of the volcanic stuff called blue ground, which seems to be their natural habitat, or, if they have been washed out of these during floods, in sedimentary deposits left when the waters receded. Plot-

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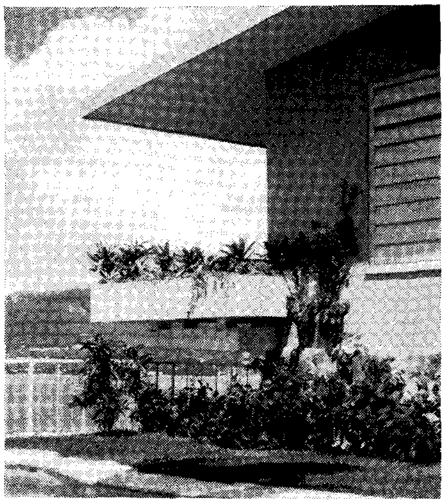

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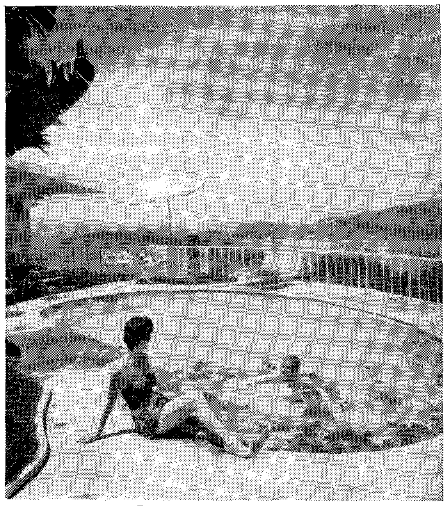

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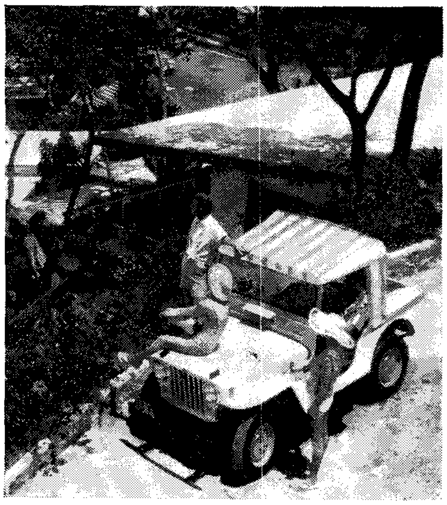

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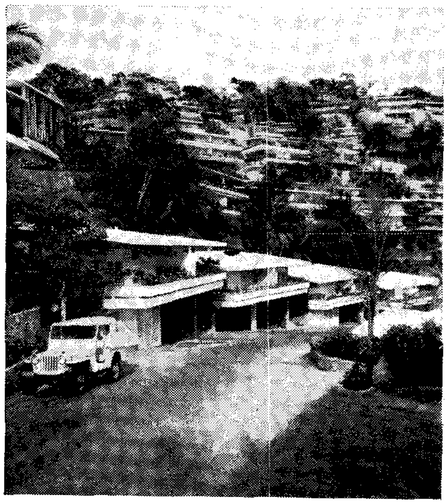

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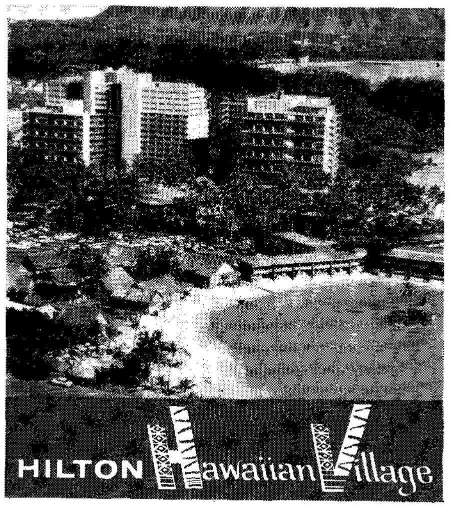

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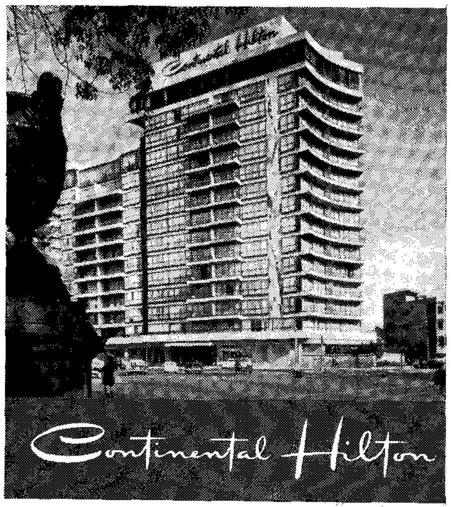

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ting a scheme of all the known sedimentary diamond deposits in the southern part of Africa, and relating them to its areas of blue ground, Williamson came to the conclusion that these areas could not account for the locations of some of the deposits. Somewhere to the northeast, he thought—most likely in Tanganyika—must lie the biggest blue-ground stock of all, and in 1934 he set out to find it. Over the next six years, his existence was that of many another prospector—one of privations, long marches, and a constant need for more grubstakes. A lone friend, an Indian lawyer living in Africa, stood by him through it all, from time to time advancing him the necessary funds. At last, in 1940, at Mwadui, Williamson found what he was looking for and settled down there to live happily ever after. Eighteen years later, he died of cancer of the throat, at the age of fifty. His heirs decided, however, that they didn't want to become involved in the management of the property, so, after protracted negotiations, its ownership was split fifty-fifty between De Beers and the colonial government—which, of course, has passed its share on to Tanganyika's new rulers.

Williamson's notion of living happily was not that of the traditional white settler in Africa. In almost every sense, he was an original. A solitary, frugal bachelor—inordinately suspicious and given to long, embarrassing silences during business conferences—he continued after he had made his strike to live in a little shack he had built for himself when he first arrived in Mwadui. Toward the end, however, he apparently underwent something of a metamorphosis, for he began planning a considerably more spacious home, near his mine. He died before the project could be fully carried out, but some idea of the elaborate layout he had in mind may be gained from a magnificent swimming pool that he did see through to completion. The pool lies on an arid plain, as luxurious as anything of the sort could be—all marble tiling and blue water, with a shining, splashing waterfall at one end.

Williamson was not preoccupied with the rights of the black African, and it occurred to me that he would have been scandalized no less by the amount of money that De Beers was now spending on new buildings—family quarters, bachelor halls, schools, a Catholic chapel, and a Protestant church—for its African workers at Mwadui than by the concessions the company had made to the Tanganyikan government. At Mwadui, as in Dar es Salaam, it ap-

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peared, Africanization was the watchword, and although few Africans could qualify at once for responsible supervisory positions, a number of promising youths had been hastily rounded up and popped into technical schools to be trained for such jobs. Williamson might have smiled grimly if he had heard the manager of the mine concede, while showing the visitors around, that the workers' improved standard of living was not reflected in any production gains—quite the contrary, in fact. "Well, yes, I'm afraid things have been moving rather slowly in that quarter" was the way the manager put it when he was pressed on this subject. "So many adjustments have been necessary since *uhuru*, you see. The Ministers drop in now and then from Dar es Salaam, and very reasonable people they seem to be, but they've got to be kept advised, and it all takes time. Then, new labor laws are being enacted in a steady stream, and working out systems to comply with them slows us down further. Still, it's coming along, coming along. One thing I can say emphatically, and that is that we've seen no signs of corruption among the government officials—absolutely none. Not one of them has suggested that we slip him something on the side."

Near the swimming pool, the company had put up a little lamplit pavilion with a bar in it, and after the tour of inspection we all gathered there for a sundowner. A lot of mine employees were on hand, too, and the guests made a striking scene in the lamplight—Africans and Indians and Chinese and whites. Most of these last were—it came to me with a shock—South Africans, of course, yet there they were, drinking and chatting with non-whites as if they had never heard of the color bar. After the initial shock of this realization, however, it all made sense to me, since the late Sir Ernest Oppenheimer and his son, Harry, who has succeeded him as head of the Anglo American Corporation of South Africa, of which De Beers is a part—have long been known as opponents of Apartheid. (Sir Ernest tried unavailingly to circumvent government decrees denying the native workers in his South African mines the right to have their families live with them, but he did succeed in gaining this right for the workers at his holdings in Northern Rhodesia.) So it was not surprising, after all, that these visitors from South Africa should be mingling as they were, for obviously only company officials who were prepared to fall in with the new way of life at Mwadui would have been included in the party. Most of those pres-

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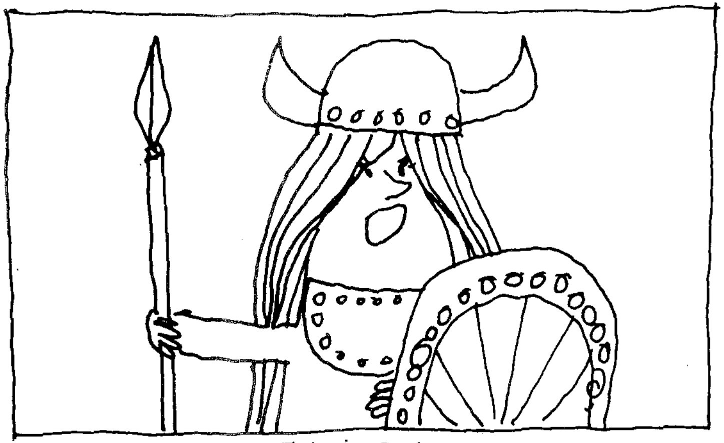
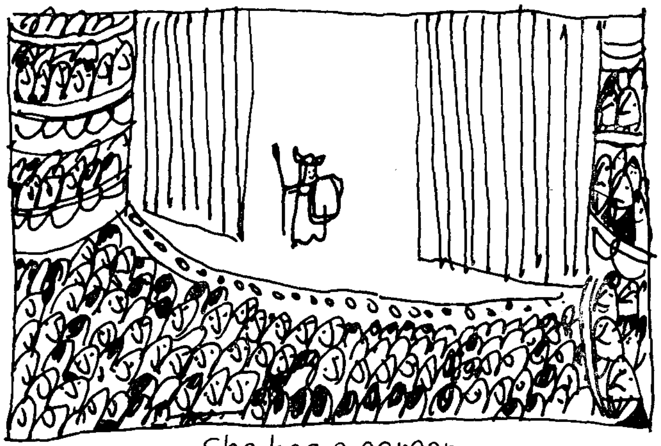
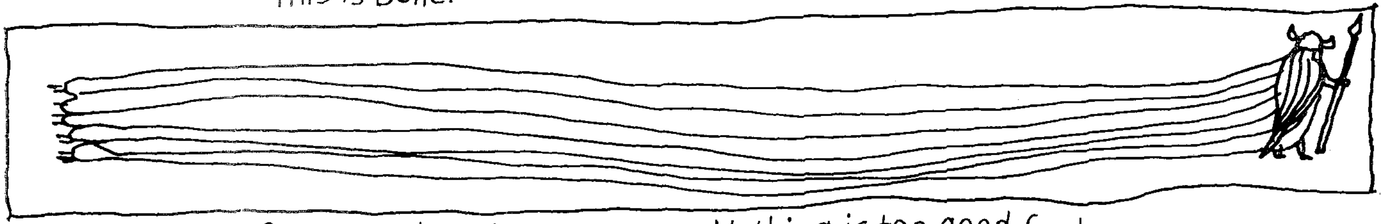


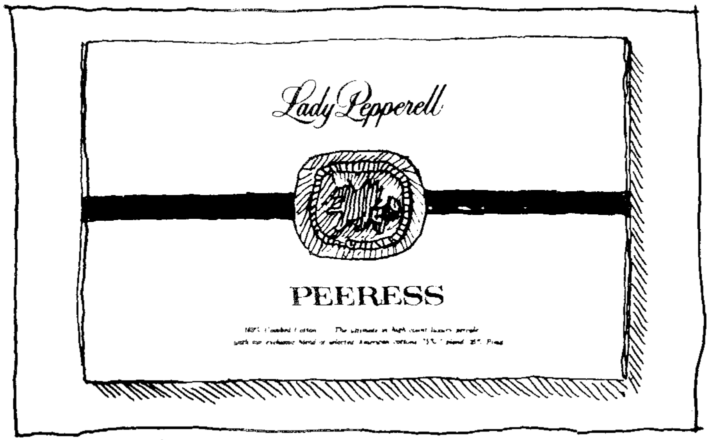
This is Belle.



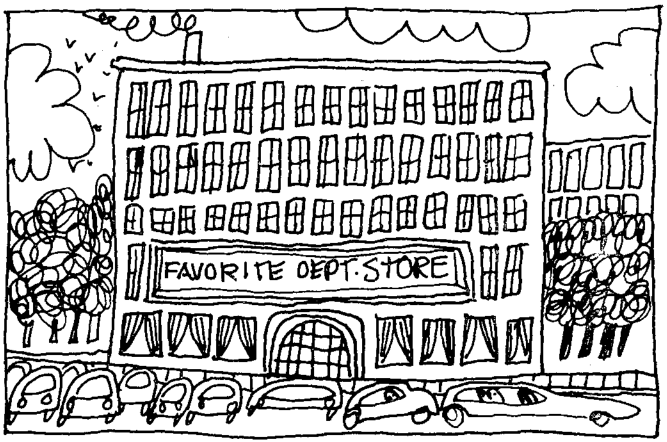
She has a career.



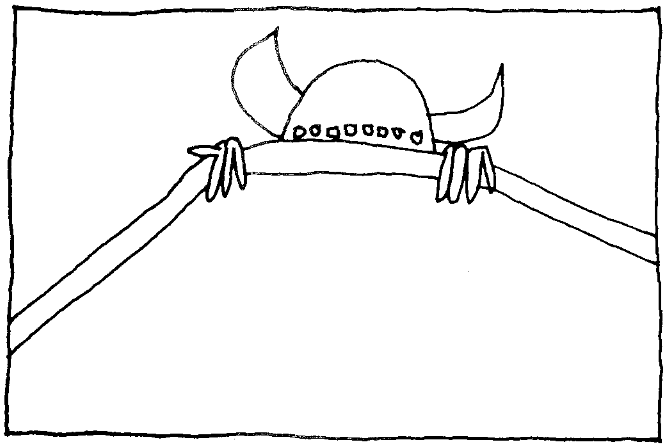
On stage she reigns supreme. Nothing is too good for her.


Lady Pepperell
PEERESS

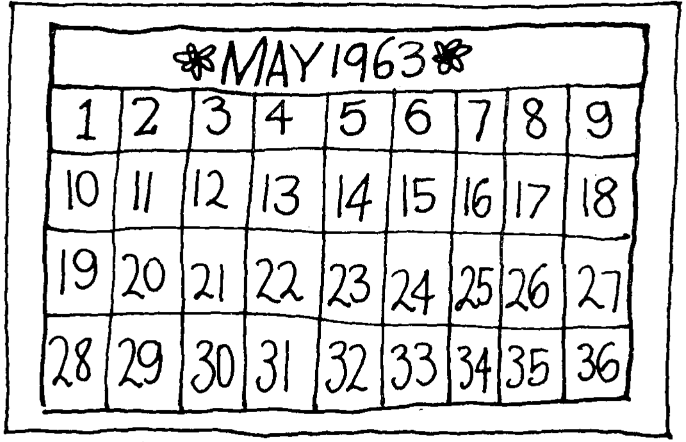
That is why she insists upon Lady Pepperell Peeress sheets. They have a thread count of over 200 and are softer than a grace note.


FAVORITE DEPT. STORE

This is where she buys her Peeress sheets. They have 25% Pima and cost less than other sheets with even less Pima (applause for the Peeress).



Belle doesn't have to unfold every sheet in the closet to know its size. (A secret code in the selvedge tells her.)


MAY 1963
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27
28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36

This is when she buys Lady Pepperell Peeress sheets, because they are on sale. Even her twin-size ones cost only about $3.00.

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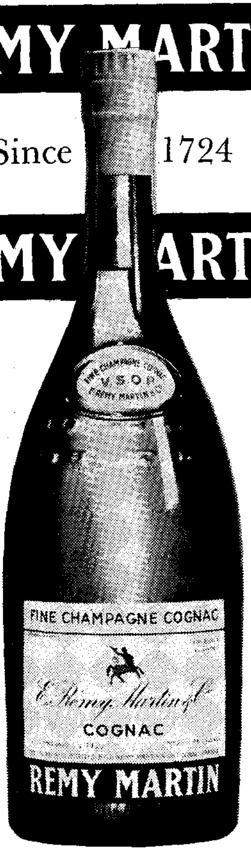

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ent were not conscience-stricken cerebral types but substantial businessmen with matronly wives, and they were not just making an effort to be polite but were clearly enjoying themselves during this temporary release from the oppressive atmosphere at home.

BACK in Dar es Salaam, I became acquainted with the headmistress of a state-run primary school for girls. Both she and her husband, who worked for the Road Commission, had come to the capital from the bush village where they had been born and raised, and they were delighted with their present surroundings; living in Dar instead of in the bush, they said, one met more people, had more to read, picked up more new ideas. At her invitation, I paid a visit to the school, which was staffed by both African and Asian teachers—all of them, I thought, very much up to the mark. I arrived during the recreation period, when the little girls were outdoors, playing or sitting on the grass—a pretty sight in their bright cotton dresses of various colors, depending on the grade that the pupil was in. The headmistress told me that the curriculum covered reading, writing, arithmetic, and domestic science, and that domestic science was far and away the favorite among her young charges. "Of course, we need equipment," she said after the recreation period was over and we had peered into some of the classrooms, which were starkly simple. "It doesn't matter so much with bookwork, but I do wish we had more cooking apparatus for the domestic-science classes. Our facilities are awfully limited." To prove her point, she ushered me into a room where a large number of little girls, seated at a big table, were copying down the fundamentals of a balanced diet from a blackboard, under the supervision of a teacher who, I learned, had spent some time in America. The teacher was also keeping an eye on seven or eight older girls clustered around two wood-burning stoves, on which pots were boiling merrily. "They're cooking the same kind of food they get at home," said my guide. "Only, let us hope, cooking it better than their mothers do. I'm trying to get the Board of Education to allow us two more stoves—electric ones."

One small school building consisted of two cells, each furnished—after a fashion—as a bedroom, with a made-up couch, a table with a cover on it, and two wooden chairs, all standing on a hard dirt floor. Both rooms were spotless. "Here's where we teach them to sweep, dust, make beds, and clean house

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serendipity 3

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ALAS, expense account dinners are not what they used to be, even if you sell a war surplus PT boat fleet over broiled Columbia river salmon, or corner the radish market during hot apple pie.

HOWEVER, we of the Benson must help it seem what it used to be. We run what is perhaps the finest hostelry in Western civilization; our philosophy is dedicated to make guests connoisseurs of indolence, and we are skilled at making him bed down, eat, and revel in such luxury that he will forget he has a home.

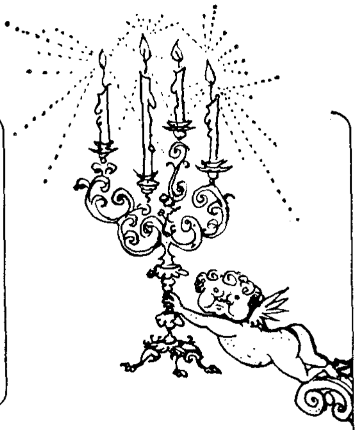
ACCORDINGLY, we are saving space for you in the "Benson business transaction document-menu." This is how it works. Say that you want to discuss the sale of a Miami tv station or a paperback biography of Tars Tarkas, Jeddak of Thark. What better plan than to meet your prospective buyer miles from interruption?

FOR INSTANCE, why not at the Benson hotel in Portland, Oregon? (You will find it on the map directly west of Ottawa.) Politically unemotional atmosphere, gentle winds, lovely green hills nearby, leaping trout; idyllic hotel. You meet in the London Grill, an eating room that always wins the Holiday magazine award for being the London Grill.

THE SUBJECT is brought up. You have what they call in selling circles an "opening." Not only that, but you have another document to place in your income tax diary satchel. Our maitre d'hotel will notarize the menu, if you wish,

You ask for the menu, and there, for both of you to see in the bulletin board section of the menu, is your message: "MIAMI TELEVISION STATION CAN BE HAD. J.W." Or "I AM NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEBTS OF" and so on.

You can see what happens.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is send a letter telling us what you want on the menu document. To keep them from tracing you we will print only your initials. You can sign your name *after* you broach the deductible subject. If you can't manage to get to the Benson to pick up your personal menu, we will mail it to you. It will help bulk up your records.

SO plan your next expense account trip with confidence. Send us the diary information that the Internal Revenue Service requires and let us know when you are coming; we will have your menu waiting.

YOU MAY SAY, "Would you really go to all that trouble for the IRS?" Only indirectly for them; our attention is directed to the discerning traveler who recognizes impeccable hotel service. For him we do anything.

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Gentlemen: I think that, at last, I have won a contest. The correct answer is:

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generally," said the headmistress. "Most of them don't learn such things at home, but they like to do them, once they know how."

The shelves of the school library looked rather bare. "We have more books, but they're always out," the librarian explained. "The girls love to read, and they'll take out some books over and over. But we do need more. An English lady who visited us last year very kindly offered to send us some. And she did, but when they arrived they weren't exactly books. More like pamphlets. There's the bulk of them." She pointed to a skimpy selection consisting mostly of works by Gene Stratton Porter and Enid Blyton, and a number of religious tracts—not very exciting fare for little girls anywhere.

AT last, a definite sailing date was set for the boat that was to carry Pat and Caroline home to England, and on their final night in Dar a sundowner was held in their honor at the Police Mess. As Caroline and I were preparing for it, she brought up the subject of her servants, and said that she was glad that she had been able to find new places for all of them. Then she fell to speculating on how her cook's next mistress would cope with his language. "He has his own words for things," she said. "For example, when he says 'sparrow-goose,' he is not, as you might suppose, referring to asparagus. It's his word for ginger."

"Then how *will* his new employer manage?" I asked.

"Oh, he'll train her," said Caroline, yawning. "They always train their mistresses."

When we arrived at the Mess, we discovered that most of the guests had chosen, because it was a lovely moonlit night, to linger in a large garden near the building rather than go inside. Almost all the people I had met in Dar were there—along with a whole lot more. Illuminated by the combined beams of the moon and Japanese lanterns, they all looked festive and glittering. I chatted a bit with the new Police Commissioner, who was clad in a smart, but surely too warm, off-white tweed suit. At our earlier meeting he had learned that I had been born in the United States, and now he asked me how I felt about its school-segregation problem. In replying, I made some reference to American Negroes, adding hastily, "I know I mustn't call Africans Negroes—must I?"

"Dear lady," said the Commissioner, "call us what you like. Call us Negroes

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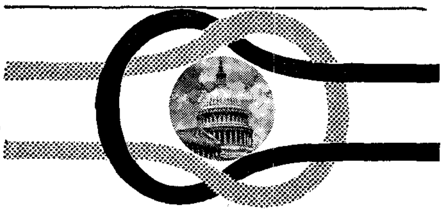

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or monkeys, if you wish. We don't mind. We want to be friends, all together."

"But why on earth would I call you monkeys?" I asked.

His mood changed abruptly, and he said sombrely, "I don't know. Why do we call you people white, if it comes to that? You're not really white. More pink, I should say. Nobody's ever seen a really white man. I wouldn't care to myself. Can you imagine how you would feel if you met a really white man in the dark? Ooh!" He shuddered.

The high point of the sundowner was to be the presentation of a silver rose bowl to Pat and Caroline as a parting gift, and soon the moment for this ceremony arrived. The guests of honor, a few high-ranking officers in Pat's former department, and the new Commissioner ranged themselves on the steps leading to the veranda, and the Commissioner addressed the crowd. Later, he confessed to Pat that he had carefully memorized his speech but that, what with some cocktails and this and that, he had forgotten every word of it. I thought the substitute one he ad-libbed came off very well, nevertheless.

"The man we are paying tribute to this evening came to help us out when our department badly needed reforming," he said. "He built it up, as I'm sure we all agree, in a splendid way. He has done us a great service and we are most grateful. But now he must go." Then he made a stab at quoting Prime Minister Macmillan's famous line about the wind of change blowing through the world, but he got a bit mixed up and "wind of change" came out "change of wind," which sounded all right, too. "And so," he concluded, "it is with rejoicing, and yet with grief, that we say goodbye to this fine man."

When Pat, in response to this tribute, began with the words "As a hurricaned commissioner . . ." the rest of the sentence was lost in laughter and applause.

The department band played for a while, after which we witnessed an odd little rite. "It's traditional for departing commissioners here," Caroline explained. Pat mounted the bandleader's podium, donned the bandleader's red tarboosh, and led the musicians in the opening bars of their final number of the evening. While it was being played, the new Commissioner joined Pat on the podium and the two men, facing each other, danced a little jig—an impromptu embellishment of the traditional ceremony which was thoroughly approved.

—EMILY HAHN

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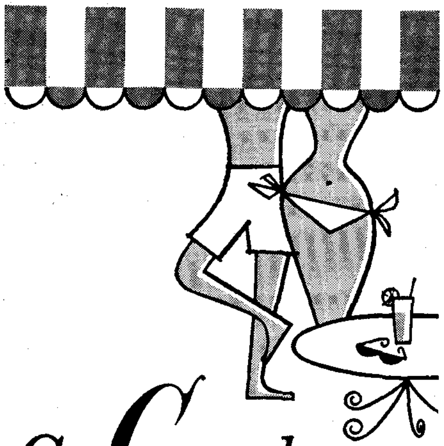

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WARNING: NEW CENTURY AHEAD

IF we can all hold out for just over thirty-six and a half more years (assuming that my lightning calculations are correct), we'll be able to see what life will be like in the twenty-first century. It is risky to predict much about it, but one thing I think we can count on for certain is a lot of confusion. For example, at the stroke of midnight on December 31, 1999, we might as well throw away our checkbooks. Checks, as everyone knows, are all printed "19—," and what good will they be in a century that begins with "20"? And scratching out the old 19s and inking in 2000 will get us in trouble; everyone knows how touchy banks are about scratched-out figures on checks. The safest, most prudent thing will probably be to close out our checking accounts right after Christmas in 1999, charge everything during the January White Sales, and not go near a bank until the spring of 2000, when, hopefully, new checks will be ready. A few alert, forward-looking banks may realize that the century is going to turn, and get new checks ready in advance, but they won't be able to tell how many of the 19— checks their patrons will need just *before* the century turns, so there is bound to be confusion and waste—and phenomenal profits for printers. Perhaps the smartest thing we can do is all go into the printing business in the late summer of 1999.

It's almost too much to think about. There is a certain amount of confusion just in the fact that, although the new century will begin with 20, it will not be the twentieth century. We have already seen (in the check-printing example cited above) that *this* century, which is the twentieth, begins not with 20 but with 19. You have to be as alert as a fox to keep centuries straight. It is always a shock to history students when they first discover that the entire eighteenth century took place in the seventeen-hundreds, and that a king whose birth and death dates both begin with 17 is really an eighteenth-century ruler, and, in some cases, a woman. The formula for keeping a century straight is, roughly speaking, "add one," or, more precisely, allowing "C" to represent a given century, "C + 1 = C," which looks wrong somehow. It is probably better, though not any easier, to do it in your head. The trouble is that at the times when we are required to do such close figuring—every hundred years, on New Year's Eve—there is usually a lot of drinking. There is nothing, of course,

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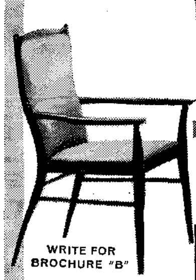

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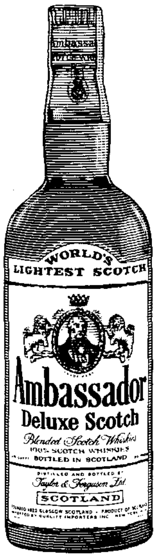

Shun all others till you try it. The very next time you are in a restaurant look for it on the menu. It's usually right on top. If the waiter tells you they don't have it, change waiters. If the restaurant doesn't have it, change restaurants. There are dozens of great restaurants. There is one Ambassador Deluxe.

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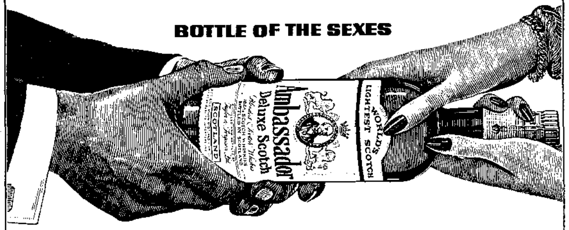

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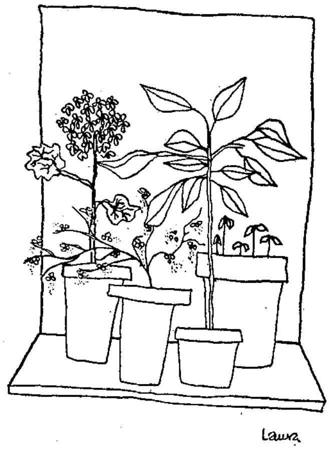
IN CANADA: MONTREAL

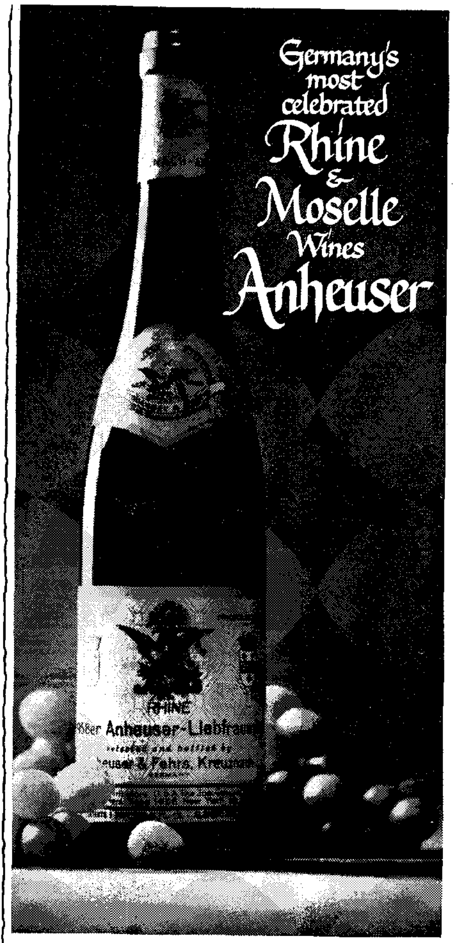
to keep you from taking a pencil and the back of an old envelope to the party.

Another, even more distressing thing to contemplate as the year 2000 approaches: Shirley Temple will be seventy-one years old. That will be enough to make anyone, drunk or cold sober, wonder what has happened to his world. Joan Crawford will be ninety-one, the oldest member of the board of Pepsi-Cola. Bing Crosby, Cary Grant, and Marlene Dietrich will all be ninety-five, and Fred Astaire a hundred, and taken all in all, the year 2000 sounds pretty creepy, doesn't it? "Caroline Kennedy can't be forty-two!" I can hear people saying. "She is, though," the realists will point out. "After all, Old Jack is eighty-two." The twenty-first century, unlike the twentieth, which gave us such wonders as the airplane, the radio, and the electric toothbrush, will give us the willies.

The year 2000 will be a bissextile, or leap year, mixing everyone up about February and creating much uncertainty among journalists as to the correct spelling of "bissextile." Easter will fall on April 23rd—later than at any time since 1943. (Remember that late Easter of '43? Boy, was it late!) It will be a tough year for Episcopalians, as they will discover when they try to find out about Epiphany. To do this, they must look in their Book of Common Prayer, which contains "A Table of the Movable Feasts." According to the table, if Easter falls on April 23rd, Whitsunday will be June 11th and the "Sundays after Epiphany" will be six. But in any leap year it is necessary to look at the Note at the bottom of the page; otherwise, the table can throw you off. Here is the Note:

> NOTE, That in a Bissextile or Leap-year, the number of Sundays after Epiphany will be the same as if Easter Day had fallen one Day later than it really does. And, for the same reason, one Day must, in every Leap-year, be added to the Day of the Month given by the Table for Septuagesima Sunday, and for the First Day of





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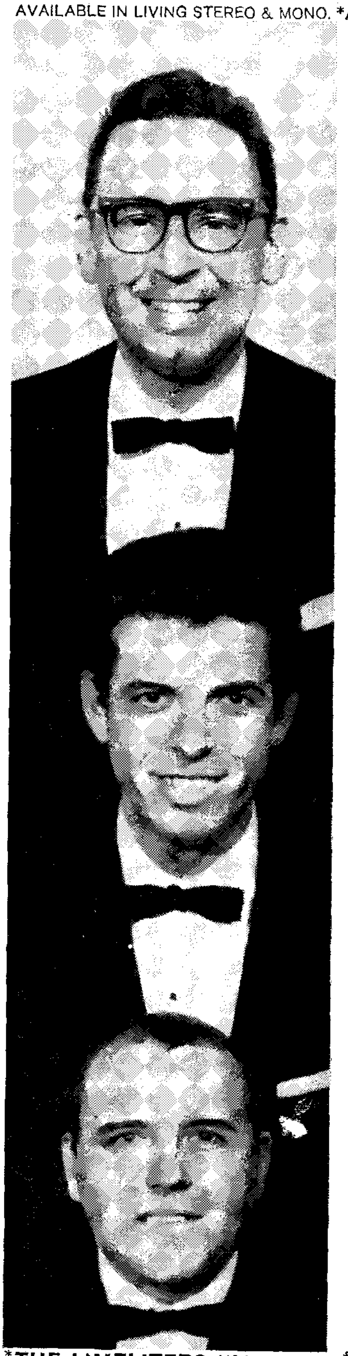

***THE LIMELITERS:** "Makin' a Joyful Noise." The first time for Lou, Alex and Glenn with purely religious American folk songs. Songs that grew from the freedoms that began our nation. "We Will Overcome," "Down by the Riverside" and "Who Will Join?"...everybody!

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RCA Victor
makin' a joyful noise

***CARLOS MONTOYA:** *"Flamenco* Antiguo." Pure flamenco music by the world's greatest flamenco guitarist! Excitement, spontaneity, quick-changing tempos and passionate harmonics abound in all eight selections, among them: "Tango Antiguo," "Seguiriya," "Solea por Medio."

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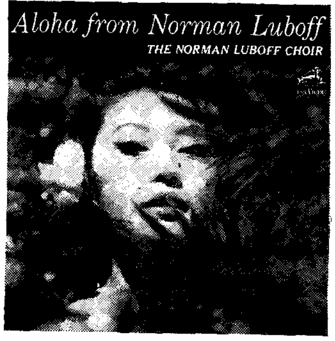
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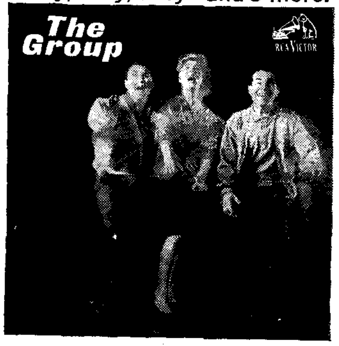
"THE GROUP." A most exciting new vocal trio, distinctively fresh and fiery. The swinging soprano is Anne Gable; the tenors are Larry Benson and Tom Kampman. The sound: like three nightingales out for a lark! "But Beautiful," "I Hear Music," "Joey, Joey, Joey" and 9 more.


The Group
RCA Victor

If I were a Jolly Roger...

I'd set sail for the waters off the coast of Montauk. I hear tell of treasures to last ye a lifetime. Silken sanded shores, shimmering strands of gold flowing from the sun, a sky the color of sapphires and an ocean that's sparkling with the treasures from beneath. 'Tis the place any Jolly Roger dreams of. **And for first-rate mates... Gurney's Inn***... a treasure on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath-taking seascape set among the windswept dunes, where the foamy waves break on the shining shore.*

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Lent: unless the Table gives some Day in the Month of March for it; for in that case, the Day given by the Table is the right Day.

It would not surprise me if, just before the turn of the century, a lot of people folded their prayer books and quietly drifted away from the Episcopal Church.

THE very best thing about the year 2000 is that nobody will be able to put a "hundred and" in it. Everyone who does that now, when talking about years ("nineteen hundred and fourteen" and "nineteen hundred and fifty-six"), will be left out in the cold in 2000, and good enough for them. Let them spend twelve months in total silence!

But what *will* people say, when they refer to the year? "Two thousand"? "Twenty hundred"? "Twenty oh-oh"? "Twenty nought nought"? Or, if they are British, "Twenty cipher cipher"? Any way you try it, it sounds pretty silly, and more like a track record or a code than a real year. Probably there will be little fads—"in" variants, like "Twenty flat" or "Aughty aughty *aught*." My own favorite, if I *have* to pick one, is "Twenty oh-oh," which is a nervous name for what is sure to be a nervous year.

Nor will things get any better as the new century progresses. In 2001, will we speak of the year as "Twenty-oh-one"? Or, stranger and more confusing still, "Twenty-one"? When people in, say, 2045 sit around reminiscing, and someone says, "I remember back in Twenty-one . . ." who will know whether he means 2001, 2021, or, if he is a real dodderer, El Morocco? On the other hand, who will care? When we all get as old as we'll be in 2045—Shirley Temple will be a hundred and sixteen—what difference can a thing like that make? We should just be thankful we're *alive*, and not sit around quibbling over everything that's brought up.

The very instant the century turns, we may as well get used to the fact that many things are suddenly going to sound old-fashioned, as well as confusing. The tackiest, most old-timey railroad train in the year 2000 will be the Twentieth Century Limited. The owners might as well plan to donate it to the Smithsonian, or sell it off piecemeal for Diners. But who knows?—this name, properly advertised, might just turn out to be the saving of the New York Central. Maybe the Twentieth Century Limited will sound so comfy, so ambling and innocent, that passengers will start travelling on it for rest cures, and thus begin a renaissance in railroading. By the year 2000, all the Pullman cars on the Twentieth Century will probably have obscure, heart-warming old names like Harry S. Truman, Norman Mailer, and Cape Canaveral, and everybody on board will sleep like tops. Goodness knows if I could find a train right now called the Nineteenth Century Limited I'd board it this afternoon.

On the other hand, the institution now known as the Twentieth Century Fund will sound so quaint and behind the times in 2000 that nobody but Republicans will feel like contributing to it. The least old-fashioned-sounding restaurant, as I have suggested, will be "21," but I wouldn't go within a mile of the place on New Year's Eve. The funniest, most old-fashioned book will be "1984." The most old-fashioned business enterprise will be the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, but when you think of it, that really won't sound so antiquated in 2000, considering the fact that Mickey Rooney will be seventy-nine years old.

—HAYES B. JACOBS

• •

HOEING

I sometimes fear the younger generation will be deprived
  of the pleasures of hoeing;
  there is no knowing
how many souls have been formed by this simple exercise.

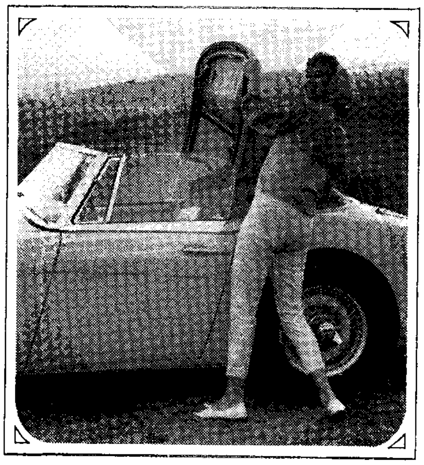
The dry earth like a great scab breaks, revealing
  moist, dark loam—
  the pea-root's home,
a fertile wound perpetually healing.

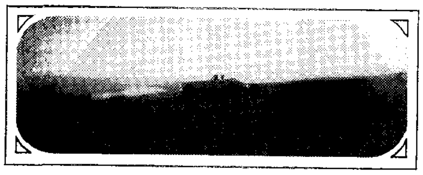
How neatly the green weeds go under!
  The blade chops the earth new.
  Ignorant the wise boy who
has never performed this simple, stupid, and useful
  wonder.

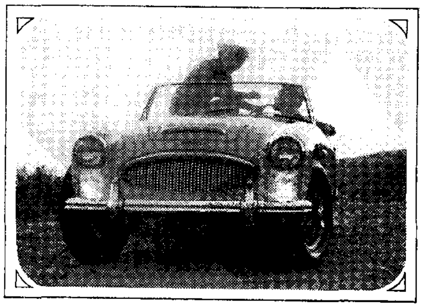
—JOHN UPDIKE

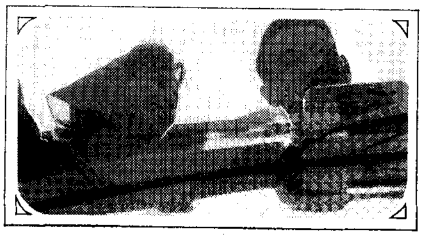
HERE ARE A FEW REASONS WHY THE NEW AUSTIN HEALEY 3000 WILL INTRIGUE YOU

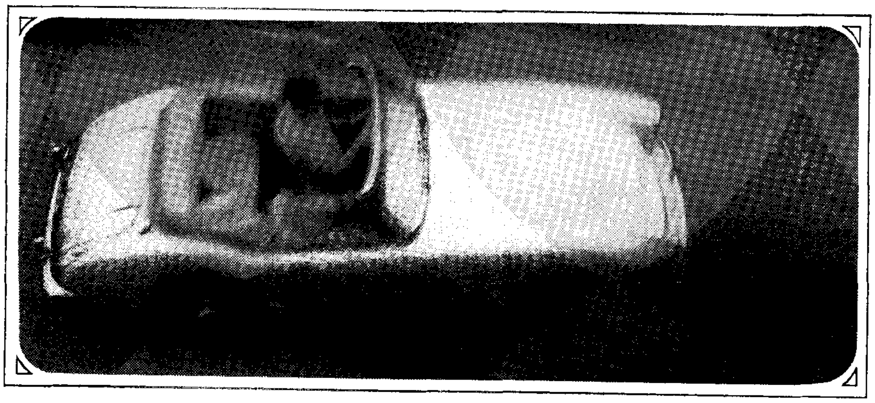
Patrician breeding shows in every sculptured line of the new Austin Healey 3000. She's dressed for the Sixties in a wrap-around windshield, draft-free vents, and a multitude of other refinements for your pleasure and comfort. Her new vinyl-treated fabric hood can be raised or lowered with one hand. She's graduated from a roadster to a true convertible. In the sunlight or under the stars, her high-stepping performance lives up to her looks. The 6-cylinder overhead-valve mill will carry you at sustained high speeds...and she's a real neck-snapper if you accelerate at 70. Big disc brakes mean extra safety, and for the statistically-minded, the Austin Healey 3000 has a compression ratio of 9:03 to 1, with a 3.5-in. stroke in a 3.282-in. bore. The smart efficiency of the cockpit will gladden your heart. The cowled dials are grouped for quick reading; shift and toggle switches are handy. Functional luxury—for a commute or a lazy country ramble. Owners are often prone—to admire the Austin Healey 3000 from every angle. Each subtly sculptured line flows into the next with aerodynamic logic; the Q.E.D. is a car of impressive appearance and eager power. You can take the tads along now and then, because this car is an "Occasional four". But before a long trip, recite three times: "Two's company. . . ." You'll get a renewed sense of pleasure every time you step into the cockpit of this responsive little beauty. Do it soon, because nothing will be so convincing as your own sense of power and pleasure at the wheel.

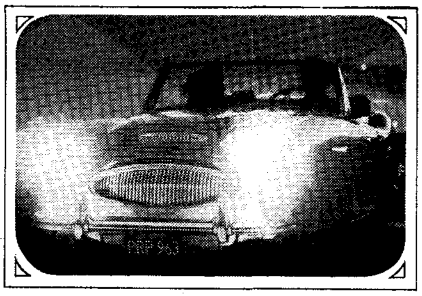


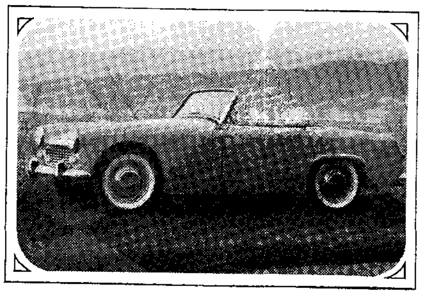












Rambunctious tomboy sister of the 3000 is the Sprite. She's a classy little package whose twin-carb power will take you over 220 flashing miles on one filling of the 7¼-gallon tank. Stowable hood, oversized brakes, an endurance winner at Sebring. At P.O.E./N.Y., $1875, you can afford to flirt a little, can't you?

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OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

TO MOSCOW WITH A SHADOWGRAPHER

I MIGHT never have got to Moscow if it had not been for the beturbaned little Air-India man. I saw him one morning bowing graciously to me from the back page of a New Delhi newspaper. "Now you can fly Delhi-to-London via Moscow by jet—*at no extra cost*," he announced. "Contact your Air-India travel agent." I read the advertisement over twice, and it took hold. I was staying in New Delhi with my wife and her family, and, as it happened, I was indeed planning to fly to London. That night, I called "my" Air-India travel agent, who explained that the Moscow detour was made possible by some agreement with the Soviet airline, Aeroflot. If I decided on the trip, he said, a twenty-four-hour Moscow stopover could be arranged for me as a transit passenger to London. Next, there was the matter of a Russian visa—did I need one, and, if so, could I get one? My wafer-thin Guatemalan passport bore a warning on its inside cover to the effect that any travel in the Soviet Union was undertaken at the bearer's personal risk. This was one of the quirks of our rapid political turnover; less than ten years earlier we were being given every encouragement to travel to Russia and come back fledgling Marxist technicians. Still undecided whether or not to risk the stop in Moscow, I drove to the Soviet Embassy the following morning to find out if it would issue a visa to a foreign national against his country's advice. The Soviet Embassy is situated on the outskirts of New Delhi, and to reach it you have to drive past the new American Embassy, where my wife and I had called only the week before to apply for a temporary-visit visa for her. We had both been impressed by its low, sleek lines, its ingenious use of interior space, and its indefinable halo of glamour, like the sheen on the cover of *Vogue*. The Russian Embassy, by contrast, is a drab, aggressively sharp-angled gray structure that looks as though, were it placed on wheels, it could roll the Delhi landscape flat. Inside, the differences are even more emphatic. Upon entering the American Embassy, we were confronted by a large, rectangular pool, only half visible through the intricate fretwork of an encircling marble screen. Ushered into the vice-consul's air-conditioned office, we were met by an impeccably dressed middle-aged woman, who wrung her hands, fidgeted with her hair, and stammered "Oh dear" when I informed her that I wished to take a Hindu wife home to America. (She calmed down considerably when she learned that I was a *Central* American, going to the States only temporarily, on a visit.) The Russian vice-consul, in his bare and functional office, was something entirely different. I handed him my modest passport, and he thumbed it over with a widening grin. "Guatemala!" he exclaimed. "Aha!" If he wanted to unnerve me, he was certainly doing so. "Wait here!" he barked, and rushed into an adjoining office. After some minutes, he came back and grabbed me by the arm. "We have looked into our records," he announced. "You are the first Guatemalan to visit the Soviet Union by way of New Delhi—Comrade!" This was accompanied by a sharp whack on the back and a churning handshake.

"But I only wanted some information," I stammered. He pummelled me again and handed me my passport, the heavy black ink of a one-year visa still fresh on the page.

"How long do you plan to stay?" he asked.

"One day," I moaned, and shuffled away, blowing hard to dry the moist Judas kiss on my passport.

I LEFT Delhi three weeks later in a Russian TU-104 jet airliner. My wife was to wait in New Delhi for her United States visa, and then would meet me in New York. In the airport waiting room, just before departure time, she introduced me to one of my fellow-passengers, a Mr. Rao, who had once been her art teacher. He was a South Indian Brahman from Bangalore, the ancestral home of my wife's family.

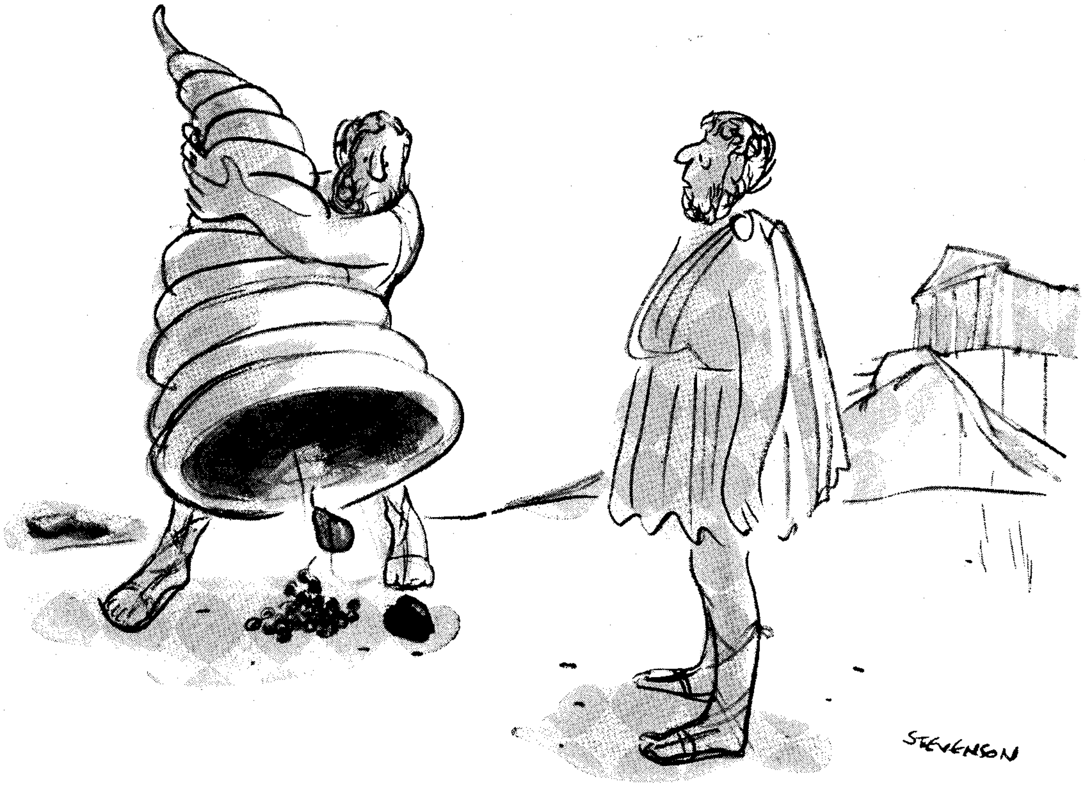
"You should have an interesting trip together," she whispered to me. "He's a real character. He makes a living from shadows."

"You mean a shadowboxer?" I asked.

"No," she said. "A shadowgrapher."

These were our parting words. Seconds later, the flight was announced, in English and Russian, and I lost Mr. Rao in the rat maze of customs formalities.

The interior of the TU-104 was an interminable tilted corridor of gray-blue seats, three on each side; the front eight rows were curtained off for first-class passengers. Our two stewardesses were the brawny peasant type, with washed-out blues eyes and curly brown hair. It required no great leap of the imagination to pic-



"That certainly is a lousy cornucopia, Demetrius."

THE PEPPERELL FAMILY'S GRAND TOUR AMERICAN

☆CHAPTER 9: IN H.I.S. SPORTSWEAR☆

**Being, an excursion
for diversion
(mainly via American Airlines),
always in clothes
made of
marvelous Pepperell cottons,
which are the very best
wash-wear kind—
being, also, resistant to
fading, wrinkling, shrinking.**

1. One starry night the Pepperells looked up at the sky and said, "Let's go to...

HOLLY WOOD

2. Father Pepperell, on the Old Town set, was comfortable in Tyrolean shorts by H.I.S. Sportswear. They were of Pepperell chambray denim, come in sizes 26 to 36, about $5 at Stern's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago; The Emporium, San Francisco; and Cain Sloan, Nashville. A producer who planned to remake "The Sheik" rushed over and asked, "Won't you be my new Valentino?"

3. In the new version, a river boat replaced the desert.

4. Father Pepperell emoted brilliantly. He had on chambray-denim walk shorts by H.I.S. Sportswear (sizes 28 to 42; blue, loden, royal, or red; about $5) and a country sport coat (also of blue or loden denim; in 36 to 42 short, 35 to 46 long; about $7). Both at Stern Bros., New York, and Bon Marche, Seattle. Jacket also at Goldsmith's, Memphis, and L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis. Shorts also at Johnnie Walker, Milwaukee, and Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

Pepperell
Pepperell
Pepperell
wash and wear

Be a star in H.I.S. Sportswear made of Pepperell chambray denim, which you can identify by the Pepperell hang-tag.

5. Some time later Father Pepperell and Victor were seen on the set in identical hip-hugger slacks of charcoal, blue, brown, red, pewter, or indigo Pepperell denim. Father Pepperell's, in sizes 26 to 36, about $4. Victor's, sizes 6 to 16, about $3.50. Both by H.I.S. Sportswear. At Stern's, New York; Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; May D-F, Denver; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago.

6. Someone "discovered" Victor. His first picture was "Son of Sheik." He soon had as many fans as Pepperell.

"I love to play at INVERURIE"

"It's the people here in Bermuda who make it fun. They love to dance, dine, and applaud our native and imported entertainers. They can scoot across the bay by ferry to Hamilton's bright lights, or take one of those surrey-top taxis. And right here they have a new pool, tennis, and water sports just off the Marine Terrace. Inverurie's in the heart of the hotel-hopping circuit, too, for many kinds of entertainment and dining. But I really like to play Inverurie because the people enjoy this little world of pleasure so much!" Let your travel agent fill you in on the details, or call the Wm. P. Wolfe people at 500 Fifth Avenue in New York, Phone LOngacre 5-1114.

Man in the picture is Johnny McAteer, pianist, leader of his Boston Society Orchestra (and an owner of The Inverurie with Conrad Engelhardt, who also stays here).

INVERURIE
The Hotel at the Water's Edge
PAGET • BERMUDA

ture them emerging from an airline-hostess commune, where the probationers subsisted on calisthenics and uncooked vegetables. Their manner was uniformly curt, brisk, and totally unendearing. Not one word of English was allowed to escape their disciplined lips. I did not remember Mr. Rao until the plane had been aloft for almost an hour. By then, conversation with my two neighbors—an Oxford student and a middle-aged Swedish globe-trotter—had reached a stalemate; it was clear that each of us had hoped to find himself seated next to a Cossack, or at least a member of the Presidium, so we were separately disappointed. I went in search of Mr. Rao and found him sitting by himself in the center of the last row of seats, with his hands folded on his chest in an attitude of meditation. He was a lean man, with a gaunt face the color of a betel nut. He wore horn-rimmed glasses that were too large for his close-set eyes, and a gray *achkan*, like Nehru's. He had a thick crop of glossy black hair, which he combed to either side of his head, like a lion's mane. His entire appearance, in fact, was that of a lean and slightly wizened lion in horn-rimmed glasses. His hands were extraordinarily expressive, and were always used as an adjunct in conversation.

"Ah, yes, yes, Mr. Hijmadi's son-in-law," he said. "Have a seat, please." I thanked him, and sat down by the window. We talked briefly of my wife and of Mr. Rao's long acquaintance with her family. His voice had an asthmatic wheeze, which he blamed on a bronchial condition.

"You must forgive me," he said, breathing with difficulty. "I am a sick man. I tried to cancel my flight, but I could not contact my employers in time." He pressed his long brown fingers to his brow. "I believe, in fact, that I am running a fever." As if to confirm his diagnosis, he coughed wheezily into a yellow handkerchief.

I looked out the window and spied a cluster of snow peaks jutting through the clouds just ahead of us.

"Look," I said. "We're coming to the Himalayas."

Mr. Rao leaned across my lap. "Magnificent," he said.

The clouds cleared away completely, and a yawning ravine appeared directly below us—a ravine down which flowed ice instead of water. It carved an erratic trail through the blue mountains and then vanished on the horizon, where a sheet of amethyst sky and a column of giant snow peaks merged and dissolved in unreality. Other glaciers, flawless

"...félicitations"
GASTON DE LAGRANGE
VSOP
VSOP
COGNAC
Fine Champagne

CELEBRATED AMONG CONNOISSEURS FOR GENERATIONS

COGNAC GASTON DE LAGRANGE

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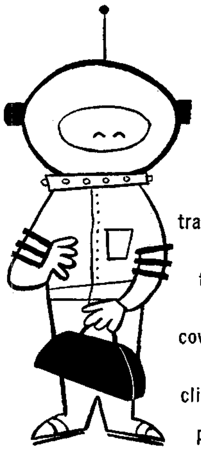
Yes, we'll have tours to the moon



When? As soon as the second passenger rocket takes off for the moon. On the first one, a House of Travel man (or woman) will investigate the service aloft and on the ground. In the meantime, other House of Travel staffers keep investigating and reporting on presently available transportation, accommodations, restaurants, shopping, night clubs and other services and facilities we recommend or do not recommend to clients. This is a continuous process covering every part of the globe. It is one of the many reasons why 99% of House of Travel clients are satisfied clients. The other 1% is impossible to please. See us before you take your next trip.

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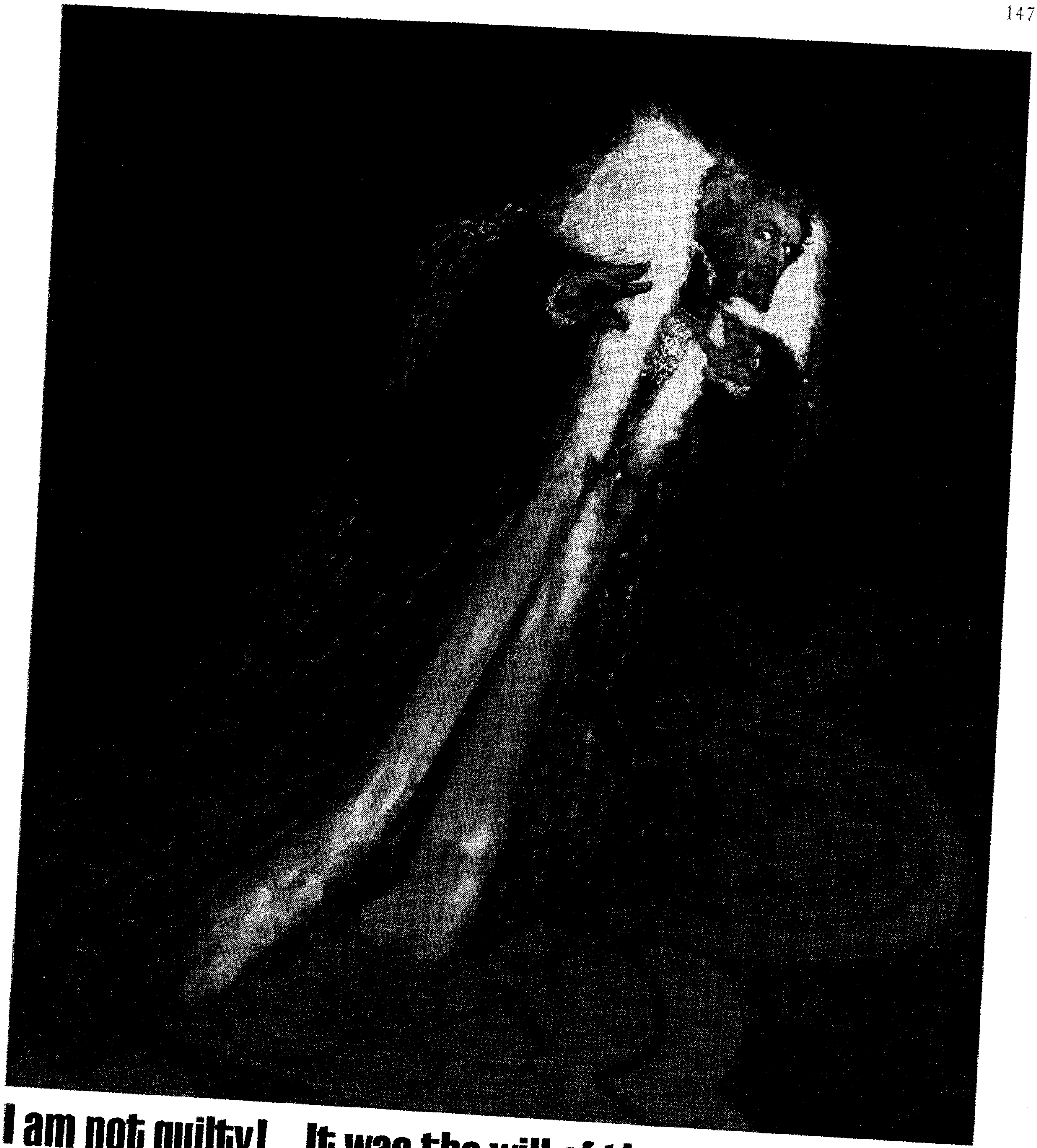

I am not guilty!...It was the will of the people!...

The guilt-ridden Tsar Boris, suffocating with fear before the spectre of the murdered tsarevich . . . driven to hysterics by the whirring sounds of an intricate chiming clock . . .

Boris Christoff in the "Clock Scene" from **Boris Godounov** creates a thrilling moment in the opera house, an unforgettable moment in music.

Christoff has just re-recorded for Angel this, his greatest role. The magnificent chorus and several soloists of the Sofia National Opera were flown to Paris for the occasion. The Bulgarian bass's reunion with his compatriots inspired this recording of a masterpiece that transcends barriers of time and politics.

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Angel is proud to include Boris Christoff in its roster of the great recording artists of this and the preceding generations

Angel

MOUSSORGSKY: BORIS GODOUNOV. Boris Christoff (roles of Boris, Pimen and Varlaam), Evelyn Lear (Marina), Ekaterina Gueorguieva (Xenia), Ana Alexieva (Feodor), Mela Bougarinovitch (Nurse), Dimitr Ouzounov (Dimitri), John Lanigan (Shuisky), Anton Diakov (Rangoni); Chorus of the Sofia National Opera, Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire (Paris) conducted by André Cluytens. Album (S) 3633 D/L

Sir: Either quit complaining about your coffee

or get your wife a KitchenAid electric coffee mill for Mother's Day.

If the coffee you get at home isn't the way you like it, don't blame your wife. Heaven knows she's probably tried just about everything . . . store-ground coffee, different brands of coffee (even the expensive kinds), different coffee makers.

Get her a new KitchenAid Electric *Coffee Mill for Mother's Day* so she can grind bean coffee fresh, at home, just before she brews it. You (and she) will be pleasantly amazed at the difference it makes. The *reason* fresh grinding makes so much difference is because the precious oils, that give coffee its delicious flavor and aroma, begin to evaporate the minute it's ground, or when canned coffee is opened and exposed to the air.

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mirrors of white ice, soared above distant clouds and gave back the sky its own image. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. The scale was too immense, even from the air. When I looked again, the taller ranges were behind us, and the lakes of ice were becoming smaller and smaller pools. The mist grew heavy again, and only here and there did a jutting peak catch the sun.

We leaned back in our seats and remained silent for several minutes. "Now I am not so sorry I made the voyage," Mr. Rao said.

"My wife tells me that you do work with shadows," I remarked after a while.

He blew his nose, and held up one hand in protest. "I am," he said—and blew again—"a shadowgrapher."

"A shadowgrapher. You mean you trace shadows . . ."

He shook his head. "I *project* shadows," he said. "Let me show you." He lifted a briefcase from under his seat, unzipped it, and removed a fat black album. "My scrapbook," he said. "See for yourself."

I glanced through the first few pages of photographs and newspaper clippings, and saw what I took to be a series of lifelike puppets reflected in silhouette on a screen. Some were profiles of well-known personages—Nehru, Khrushchev, Churchill—and they were so true to the originals that they looked as if they'd been traced with a stiletto. There were lifelike rabbits, too, and parrots and dogs, and what appeared to be two figures lounging in a garden.

"You project puppets, then," I said. "You make these puppets and cast their shadows on a screen?"

He looked at me gravely. "No puppets," he said. "No puppets, no props. Just hands. I am a shadowgrapher, not a puppeteer."

Astonished, I looked back at the pictures. "You mean you project these faces using nothing but your hands?"

"Yes," he said. "All of it with my hands." He pounded his chest with his fist and began to cough.

"You look at peekzures, please?" a voice inquired. I turned, and realized that three men across the aisle had been following our conversation. They were Russians, none of them past thirty, of the robust type that one sees frequently in India and usually assumes to be engineers.

"You have peekzures, yes?" asked the one nearest us, and beamed a broad, friendly grin.

Mr. Rao snatched the scrapbook from my hands and handed it across.

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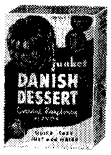

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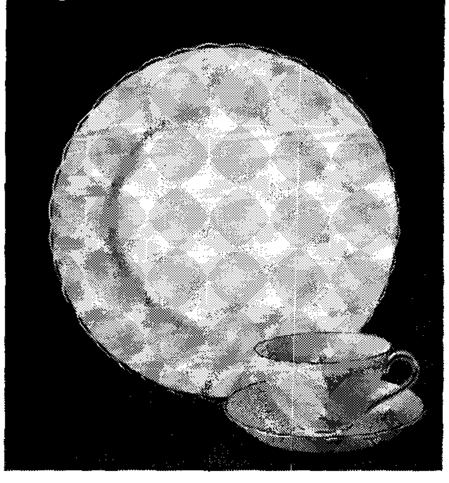

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"Yes, yes," he said. "Here are the pictures." He was full of animation suddenly. "I'm a shadowgrapher," he croaked hoarsely, above the hum of the engines. "I am flying to Prague. I am giving a performance there. I am a professional entertainer."

"Why don't you show us some of your work?" I asked. "You appear to be gathering an audience."

His face lit for an instant, and then slowly darkened. "No," he said. "I am a sick man. My hands are stiff and cold." His eyes filled with water, and he whipped out his handkerchief. "Later on, perhaps."

"You show us, please," the Russian pleaded.

Again Mr. Rao's face brightened, only to fade once more. "I'm a sick man," he said.

The Russian held Mr. Rao with a big, infectious smile, and said nothing. "Please," he begged, finally.

The shadowgrapher started to rub his hands together with vigor, and then cracked his joints one by one, like so many walnuts. "I shall try," he said desolately, and rose to his feet. He made a few practice flourishes to determine where the sun cast the sharpest shadows. Several people up front turned their heads. Finding a proper surface on a panel above an air vent, Mr. Rao cast a rabbit on it. It was a whole rabbit, a live rabbit, an unimpeachable rabbit, from the tips of its flopping ears to the hairs on its powder-puff tail. It scurried to and fro on Mr. Rao's arm, wagged its ears, and sat up on its haunches to beg for carrots. There were muffled exclamations from the passengers.

Mr. Rao rolled up his coat sleeves with consummate care and massaged his fingers once again. He then borrowed a cigarette from one of the Russians and wedged it between the third and fourth fingers of his left hand. He squeezed his right hand on top of it and placed both hands in the path of the sunlight. A cherubic Winston Churchill appeared on the panel, about half life-size, with the characteristic cigar in place and the bowler hat tipped at just the right angle. Now there was laughter from the neighboring passengers, and scattered cries of surprise. One of the stewardesses had come down the aisle and was looking on with a faint smile.

In quick succession, the shadowgrapher tossed on the panel the profiles of Nehru, Roosevelt, and Chaplin, followed by a perfect, billiard-ball likeness of Nikita Khrushchev, with the incongruous bulb nose, the porcine jowl, and

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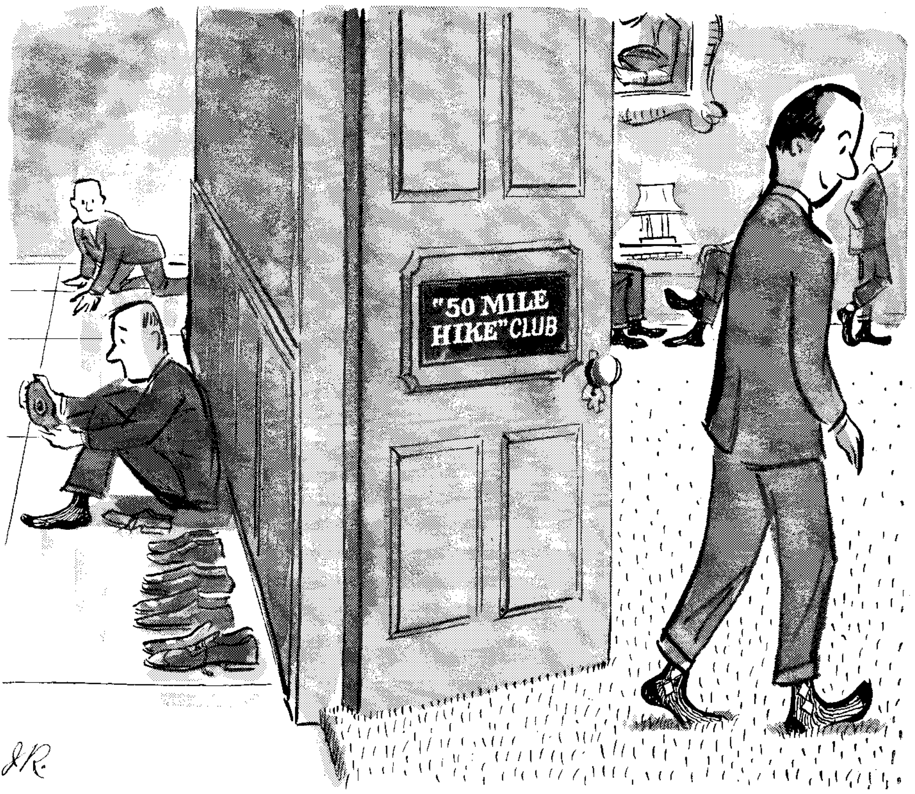

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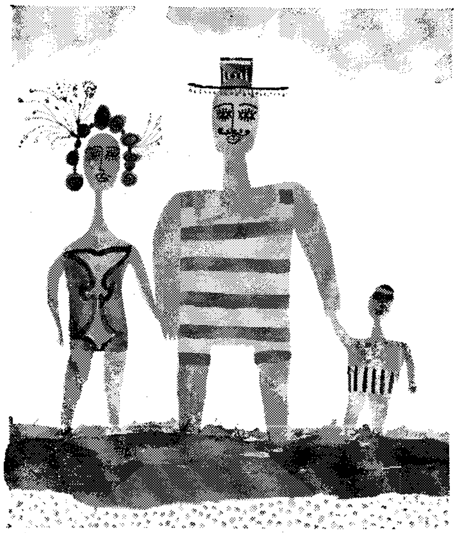

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the massive ram's neck. There was laughter all around, and applause from the Russian contingent. Mr. Rao rearranged his hands and projected a goateed Bulganin. A mouselike titter emerged from the stewardess, and guffaws from the rest. Now the shadowgrapher's face hardened. He clasped his hands in a new configuration, and a baleful Joseph Stalin materialized on the panel, a thick mustache overshadowing his chin. This met with stunned silence and a sharp intake of breath. The stewardess reassumed her mask of deadpan efficiency and turned on her heel. Mr. Rao sensed the strained reaction of his audience and quickly changed the mood. He mussed up his thick lion's mane and poised three fingers on either side of his head. As if by enchantment, two human figures appeared, seated on a grassy lawn and leaning back with their legs crossed. A murmur of appreciation ran through the passengers, and gathered in volume as the two figures began a heated conversation, gesticulating with their arms and gradually leaning forward until, suddenly, they kissed. This was the climactic point of Mr. Rao's performance. In that moment he had achieved complete dominion over his audience. As I looked around me, all the faces wore a single expression—a look of unqualified absorption in the illusion of the love scene. For the shadowgrapher it was a superb artistic triumph. At that instant, it seemed that our enormous flying machine was winging its way to Moscow with a cargo of spellbound six- and seven-year-olds.

WE stopped in Tashkent for fuel and a new crew. I was delighted to discover that the new hostesses compared with their predecessors as the Rheingold girls would compare with a D.A.R. rally. My favorite was a stunning blonde named Olga, who showed no reluctance to exercise her accomplished English on the passengers. She had the figure of a fashion model, and she carried herself accordingly; the difference was in her warm smile and her barbed tongue. She was that improbable blend of glowing Aphrodite and geisha girl that most air travellers instinctively hope to find as their hostess and rarely do. Luckily, Olga felt inclined to practice her English on us, and it was not long before she was being initiated into Mr. Rao's scrapbook. She was instantly fascinated by the pictures and newspaper clippings. "Please," she said. "I am very interested. You make this entertainment for children?"

His eyes watering, Mr. Rao described a hundred-and-eighty-degree arc with

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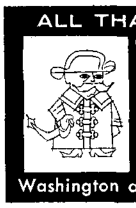

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his arm. "For everybody," he said, encompassing in his sweep the sixty-odd passengers and a sizable chunk of the Kirgiz Steppe.

"It is a pity you do not perform in Moscow," she said. "There are many children in Moscow who would be—mm-hmm—delighted. . . ." She paused and cocked her head. " 'Delighted,' yes? This is the word?"

The shadowgrapher nodded.

"Mm-hmm—delighted to see your performance. You speak Russian?"

"I speak Czech," Mr. Rao said. "I was in Prague two years, and they have asked me to come back."

After Olga left us to resume her duties, Mr. Rao went to sleep, and I filled the lull by reading a "beat" anthology I had picked up at a Bombay bookstall. I was well into it when Olga again came down the aisle with her light, confident gait. She stopped to look at the title, and I asked her if she'd like to read a sample of contemporary American literature. She said she would, and I turned to Allen Ginsberg's long poem "Howl." She read ten lines aloud, puzzling out the words and shaking her head.

"I do not understand," she said. "Is he crying?"

I tried to explain that it was a poem of pain and protest.

Her brow wrinkled. "They are not happy in America? They have no rich food, no automobiles and great machines?"

I hedged for a moment, and tried to explain the distinction between some prosperous Americans and some sensitive, creative ones.

"Ah," she said, brightening. "Like Mr. Rao?"

"Well—yes, more or less."

"But Mr. Rao doesn't cry," she said, after giving the matter some thought.

Backed into a corner, I shrugged. "He coughs," I said.

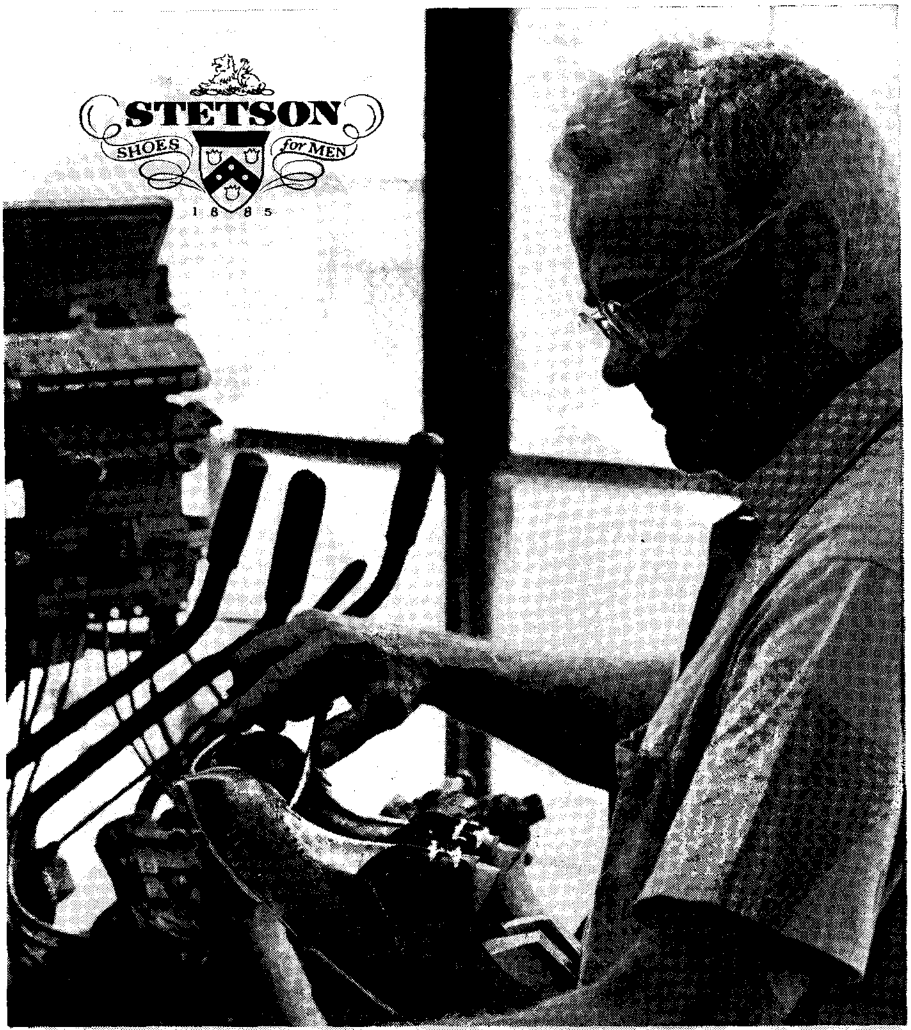
She looked at his slumped, sleeping form, curled up like a question mark. "It is different," she said. "He lives in a country of great poverty and unhappiness. And he does not cry."

"No," I granted.

"He makes people laugh. How you say? Entertained. He entertains them. And when the people laugh at his magic, he is happy, the people are happy, and he does not c—" She stopped. "Cough?"

"Yes," I said. "Cough." And I shut my big mouth.

WE arrived in Moscow after a five-hour flight that was too short and too swift. In that time, the Himalayas



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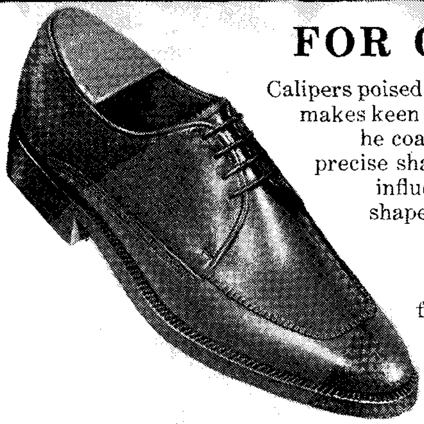

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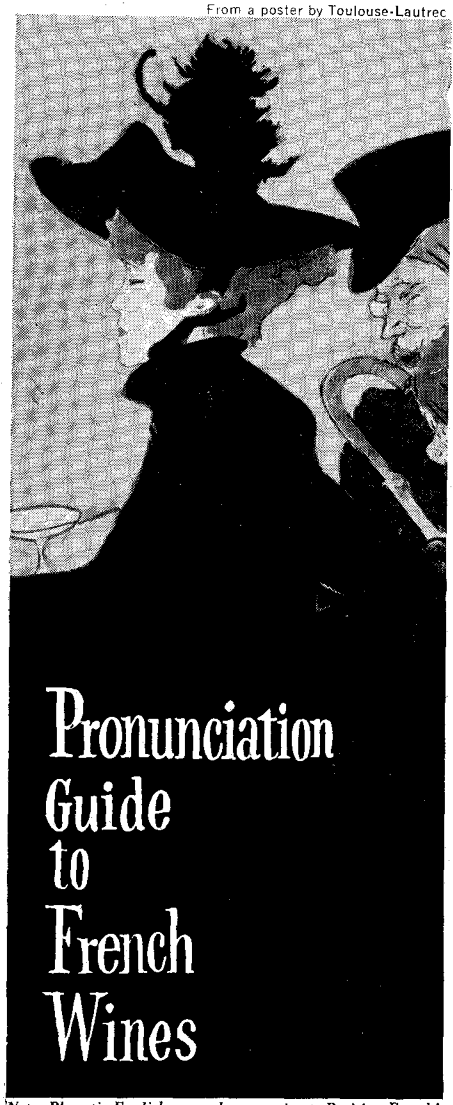

Pronunciation Guide to French Wines

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe Lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Chateau Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Chateau Neff du Pap*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Montrachet	*Mawn Ray Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pouilly Fuisse	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince D'Argent	*Prance Dar John*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Prince Rouge	*Prance Rouge*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay Mee Lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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had shrunk to ridged plateaus, the plateaus had given way to arid desert, the desert to tundra, the tundra to the Aral Sea, and the sea to lush, rolling pastures. It had all been too fast, too telescoped. There was no committee to greet us at the airport—not even an Intourist guide. At the passport-clearance desk, I was astounded when the uniformed clerk who leafed through my papers welcomed me to Moscow in flawless Spanish. He turned out to be a Civil War refugee from Barcelona. After this unexpected courtesy, however, it was every man for himself. I lost sight of Mr. Rao in the scuffle to obtain my luggage, change my rupees into rubles, and locate the transit passengers' bureau. I had been assured of a hotel room by the travel agent in Delhi, but he had neglected to inform me how I was to go about finding it. I finally worked my way to a tiny office in a sequestered corner of the building. Its door was marked—in six or seven languages—"Transit Control." Here began my tussle with Soviet red tape, which eventually chipped away about six hours from my overnight stay in Moscow. The clerk behind the desk was an eagle-eyed woman with a Neanderthal jaw who checked through my passport twice, page by page, and then said that she would have to "control" me, which is hair-raising Russian-school English for "clear" me. After making me wait an hour, she dryly announced that my "situation" was "resolved." But then a spot of red tinged her cheeks, and she invited me to take a seat, because, she said, the bus to the city would not arrive for two hours. However, the litany of red tape soon rescued her from her embarrassment; I would be allowed to go to Moscow for my one night, she informed me, but I would be under the constant supervision of Intourist personnel, and I would please obey their instructions. I had hardly sat down to wait when I was joined by two Sikh brothers from Bombay, who apparently saw me as a kindred soul because of my hat—a fur one from Kashmir. (I thought it looked like a Cossack hat, but quite obviously it didn't. Wherever I wore it in Moscow, people stopped to take pictures.) The Sikhs had been on the plane from Delhi, and were flying to London the next day. They were to be literally controlled during their stay in Moscow, because they had no visas.

We had been waiting for an eternity, watching the sunny afternoon hours fade slowly away, when the door opened and Mr. Rao barged in, looking for all the world like an embattled Don Quixote. His lion's mane was mussed

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up wildly, and he was carrying a large green rucksack over one shoulder. Bulging under his other arm was the briefcase that contained his black scrapbook.

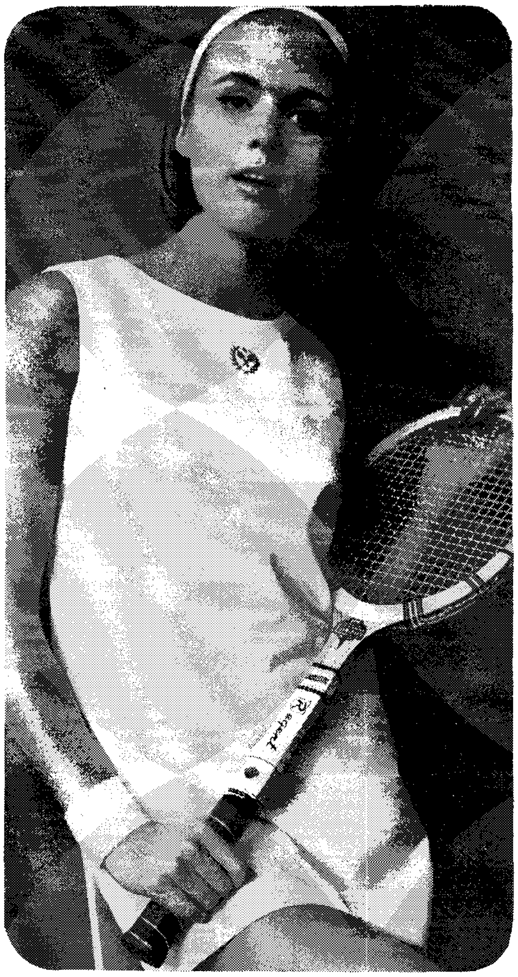
"It broke down!" he shouted elatedly to the world at large. "The plane to Prague broke down!"

The Transit Control officials looked up in unison, uncertain which to disbelieve first—this outlandish intruder or his announcement. Mr. Rao embraced me warmly and we made a pact to stick together for the remainder of our stay in Moscow.

The bus arrived at last, and we were herded into it with a group of Polish soldiers on furlough. The Intourist overseer—another woman—who was to be our first interpreter and guide sat in the front of the bus. "We will leave the soldiers at Sverdlov Square and proceed to Hotel Ostankino," she announced in the dry, brittle tone of a reform-school matron. "The two Indian gentlemen will not be permitted to leave the bus. The others may have fifteen minutes to walk around the square if they desire."

Until we reached the city limits of Moscow, the landscape was a dense woodland of birches, which brought warm recollections of New England autumns. But these birches were different. They were yellow birches, stumpy and thick—Russian birches, without the long, slender, elastic curve. For the first time in my long months of travel in the Far East, I felt homesick—and, paradoxically, for a home not really my own. After half an hour, we entered the city proper, and the congestion of yellow brick housing projects began. "These are all recently completed workers' housing developments," the Intourist overseer informed us. For my own part, I had the heart-sinking sensation that I always experience when driving through Flushing or along the Shore Parkway, where the soaring red brick tenements tread on one another in strict military procession. "Ugly

Judith Shahn



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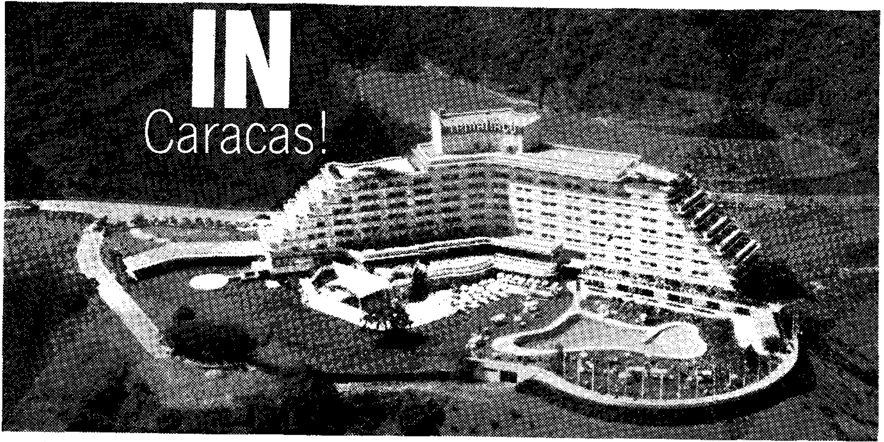

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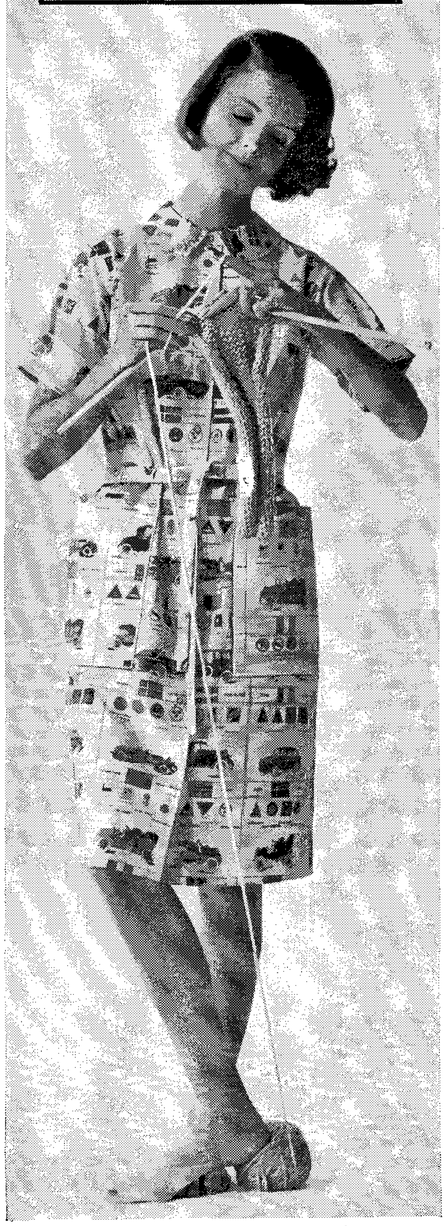

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things, aren't they?" I whispered to Mr. Rao.

He nodded his head slowly. "Unfortunately, we have great need of them in India," he said.

"Yes," I said as, for the hundredth time in recent months, I felt my values yanked from under my feet.

The ride into the city grew drearier, and our guide's panegyrics to modern Moscow grew correspondingly more lavish. When she began a statistical comparison of Moscow and the large cities of the West—first in English and then in Polish—I'd had about enough, and so, from their bored faces, had the Polish soldiers.

I poked Mr. Rao in the arm. "Why don't you give these soldiers a performance?" I said. "It'll stop her chatter for a few minutes, and there's a perfect light above the window across from us." The light was there, all right, but only intermittently; the sun was low on the horizon, and its pale, reddish beams were obstructed by trees and rows of houses. During a lull in the guide's monologue, Mr. Rao casually threw a parrot above the window, and the attention of the soldiers was immediately diverted. As the guide began her statistical report in Polish, a long-eared rabbit hopped along the side of the bus. There was an outbreak of muffled laughter, but when the guide turned to look, a row of houses was blocking the sunlight, and Mr. Rao presented the blameless picture of a man massaging his hands.

"What is the disturbance, please?" inquired our guide in Polish.

The soldiers pointed to Mr. Rao and raised their thumbs as a sign of approbation. The sun streamed through the window again, and Mr. Rao projected Khrushchev. This time, the guide caught it, and the transformation of her face was something to behold—at first disbelief and then the thin crack of a smile. Now, as Mr. Rao rearranged his hands, Joseph Stalin made another appearance, and the guide's nascent smile turned to a gasp. Consternation and, thankfully, silence overcame her, and she remained speechless for the remainder of the journey.

Our big red bus rumbled into Gorki Street at last, and stately gray-and-white buildings of distinctly Continental design rose on either side of us. As we approached Sverdlov Square, the tempo of activity in the streets noticeably accelerated. It was well after five, and the labor force of downtown Moscow was pouring out of the buildings and into the subways and buses. Any significant differences between these antlike masses and those at Broadway and Thirty-

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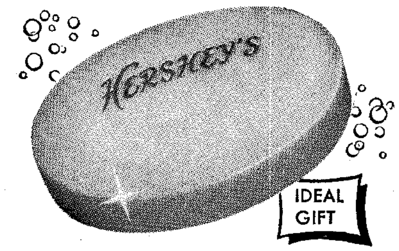

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fourth Street on a weekday afternoon were not immediately apparent. There were more stout peasant women, perhaps, and more babushkas tied around broad Slavic faces, and more old-fashioned berets and baggy work trousers, but these differences, I felt, were minor. The bus came to a halt in Sverdlov Square alongside the Bolshoi Theatre, whose classical front looked boldly across at the Kremlin's Byzantine ensemble. Sensing that the overseer had relaxed her attitude toward us, Mr. Rao and I stepped off the bus with the others and were instantly caught up in the hurrying crowds. "You have fifteen minutes!" the overseer called after us. "You must be back in fifteen minutes!" We pushed our way against the tide, stopping now and then for a look around. Two glamorous young women walked past us dressed in the latest Parisian style—poodle hairdos, spiked heels, tight skirts, and thick eye shadow. As Mr. Rao turned for an admiring look, I caught sight of a chubby peasant girl in knee boots and a faded woollen dress who had stopped to watch the sirens march by; the poignant look of admiration in her face was as strongly marked as the other girls' eye shadow. I tipped my hat to her, and she ran off in evident alarm, the woollen dress flying about her sturdy white legs. At the far end of Sverdlov Square, the rear wall and steeple of the Lenin Museum loomed into view, looking curiously Gothic, like the vicarage in a Victorian novel. Turning the corner by the museum, we found Red Square spread magnificently before us. At the opposite end, like a Byzantine El Dorado, stood St. Basil's Cathedral, its peppermint cones, candy-striped turrets, and meringue cupolas dwarfed by the sweeping perspectives. In the lavender tints of the waning sun, St. Basil's seemed a child's fantasy of everything good to eat—a sumptuous and unconsumable pastry, a charlotte russe beyond parallel.

"Come," said Mr. Rao. "Let us go inside."

"But we can't," I said, glancing at my watch. "The bus leaves in exactly seven minutes."

He gazed at me, a look of disillusionment on his face. "You have no imagination," he said pityingly. "That's the trouble with you Americans. No imagination whatever. Didn't they give us the name of the hotel? Yes. So what's to prevent us from taking the Metro and getting there by ourselves?" He walked off at a smart pace. "Come. We will conquer the castle."

The castle was conquered easily enough with a twenty-kopeck entrance

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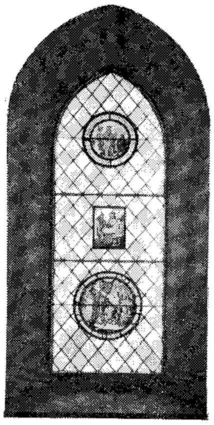

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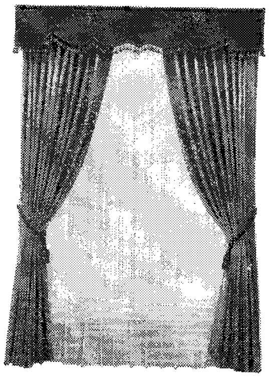

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fee, and we helped ourselves to the hidden treasure—a dazzling assortment of sixteenth-century Madonnas and red-and-gold icons that lined the labyrinthine corridors and caged chapels. From a tiny window atop one of the turrets we commanded a splendid view of the square. The walls of the Kremlin rose on our left, strangely toylike with their gold-crested churches and protruding bell towers.

"That is where we go next," said Mr. Rao.

"But the Ostankino . . ." I said.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Rao. "Come."

Outside the cathedral, he asked a passing workman, in Czech, how we could get inside the Kremlin. The man, who spoke no Czech, hailed a passerby, who whistled over three companions. In no time at all, a small knot of Russians had gathered around us. There followed a remarkable interview. The fact that no one in the crowd spoke Czech cramped the shadowgrapher's style not in the least. He began a voluble conversation in a mixture of Czech, English, and Hindi, while his hands flew in all directions. The Russians countered in their own dialects. It was like a contest, in which the loser would be the one who first admitted that he hadn't the foggiest idea what his opponent was saying. Mr. Rao several times repeated such key words as "*turist*," "Rao," "Delhi," and "Aeroflot." The Russians replied with explosive rivers of words in which I was able to pick out "Petrograd," "Kiev," and "Moskva."

Suddenly, Mr. Rao spread his arms wide. "Comrades!" he shouted. "We are all comrades!"

One of the Russians leaped forward to embrace him. Another pounded him on the back, while a third pumped Mr. Rao's hand as if he expected oil to spout from his mouth. There followed an exchange of addresses, which neither party could read, and cigarettes were passed around. When the workmen finally went off, stopping every few yards to wave their caps, Mr. Rao pulled out his yellow handkerchief and mopped his brow. "Well," he said, "we have made some friends."

"Did you find out if we could go inside the Kremlin?"

"Well, no," he said. "We'll just walk right in."

The Kremlin was open to the public, and no armed guard stopped us at the entrance to demand our credentials. But there were armed police and soldiers everywhere, mostly wearing dark-green uniforms and gleaming black knee boots. The officers were weighted down with medals and ribbons. So

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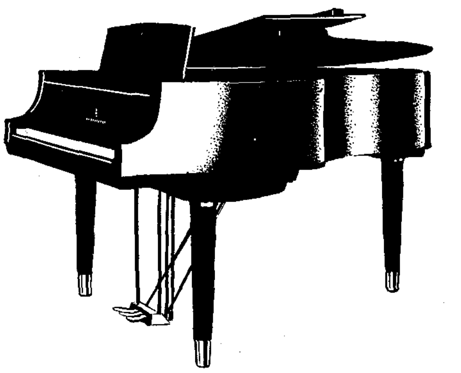
many churches were open to visitors that we didn't know where to begin. I embarked on a search of the bookstalls for a guidebook while Mr. Rao went about the more vital business of making friends. I found no guidebook, nor anything resembling a guidebook, in any Western language; what I did find in every kiosk, displayed next to scientific pamphlets and books on modern Russia, were postcard photographs of Henry Fonda, Vivien Leigh, and Laurence Olivier. Meanwhile, Mr. Rao had slipped away, and I had to look all over the Kremlin grounds before I could find him, seated at the base of the enormous Tsar Kolokol Bell. He had several new friends around him, among them a petite Andalusian woman who had lived in Moscow since the outbreak of the Spanish Civil War. She was a librarian, and she spoke with enthusiasm of the number of Lorca's plays that were produced in Moscow every year. When I told her I was from Guatemala, she started telling me about all the Latin-American writers who had been translated into Russian, many of whom I had never heard of. It was rapidly growing dark, and I reminded Mr. Rao that we had a Metro to catch. We shook hands all around (the tiny Spanish woman had a prizefighter's grip) and took our leave.

Much has been written about the Moscow subway—its spick-and-span efficiency, its imposing bas-reliefs, its around-the-clock precision. I had nowhere read about the escalators. The ones we rode in the Sverdlov Square station zipped us, at an eighty-nine-degree angle, into a crater so deep that we could not see the bottom until we were three-quarters of the way down. We then got off and boarded another escalator, which propelled us at a still faster rate to an even deeper level. When I found that we had to take a *third* escalator, I began having premonitions of a fathomless abyss, at the end of which would be a businesslike Soviet inferno. Instead, we found a brightly tiled and disinfected subway platform, and Cerberus was a female inspector in blue trousers and visored cap, with a ticket machine strapped to her chest.

I approached her with trepidation and said "Hotel Ostankino."

The Moscow subway *is* efficient. Under her tutelage, we got aboard a train and were soon poured forth at the right station.

To Mr. Rao's disappointment and to my relief, there was no squad of secret police awaiting our arrival at the Ostankino. We had not been missed; indeed, we were unable to persuade anyone in the hotel that we should be there at



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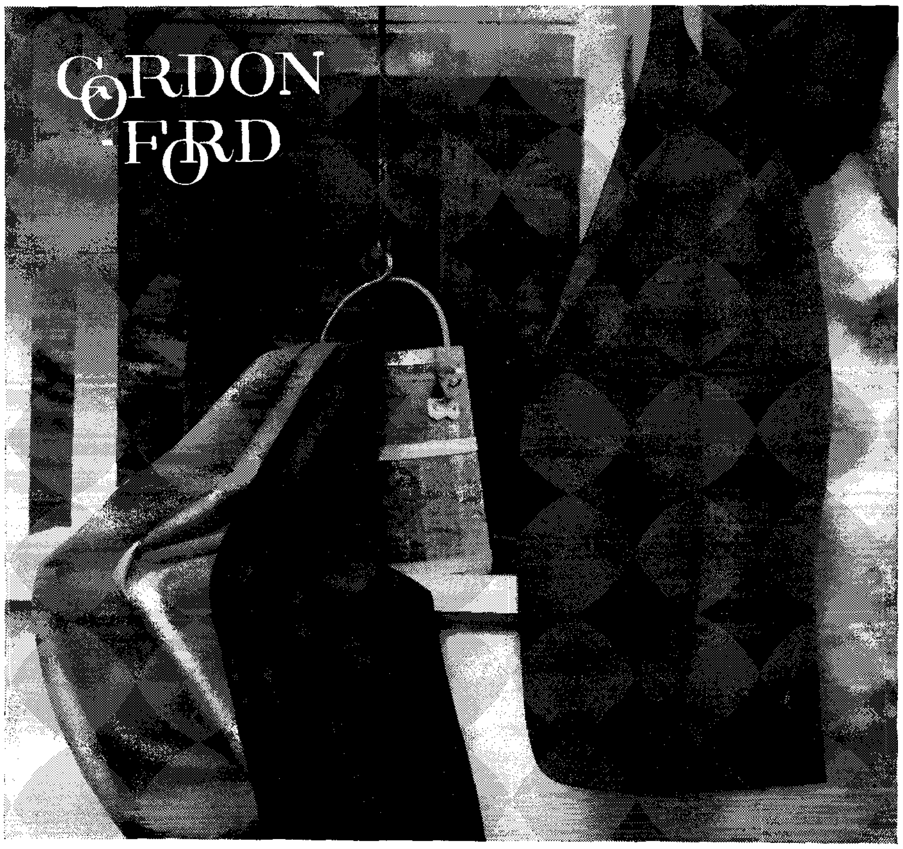

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all. The result was that we had to spend half an hour arguing with the hotel receptionist, a freckled, gray-eyed young woman, who acted as if our sole purpose in flying halfway around the globe was to show up in the lobby of the Hotel Ostankino and irritate a poor Russian girl. Fortunately, the Intourist overseer—a new one, much more cheerful-looking than her predecessor—happened along, spoke calmly to the receptionist, and got us a room. The miserable girl fired off a last cannonade and burst into tears. Unperturbed, the overseer slipped behind the desk, dried the girl's eyes with her handkerchief, and quieted her down with a sisterly pat on the head.

"What in the world is wrong with her?" Mr. Rao asked the overseer as she accompanied us to our room.

She smiled. "Poor girl," she said. "She is lacking a man. She will survive, yes?"

THE next morning, I awoke with a hangover, owing to Mr. Rao's having made still another friend after a dispiriting dinner in the hotel dining room. (This friend was an immense man, totally bald, who came from Tashkent; when he discovered, after much linguistic trial and error, that we had paused, if only for an instant, in his home town, he was so overcome by emotion that he insisted on buying us whole seas of vodka.) It was Mr. Rao himself, looking in no way the worse for wear, who awoke me, tugging at my blanket. "I am leaving," he said. "The Intourist office just called me. My bus to the airport goes in ten minutes. Take good care. You have been a good companion. I have left you my address on the table."

I made an effort to raise my head, and mumbled, "Now? So soon?"

"Yes, I must. My friends wait for me in Prague." He coughed softly, and then he was gone.

I was up and dressed by eleven, berating myself for not having got up to see Mr. Rao to his bus. Then it occurred to me that I had better look into the matter of my own plane. A good bit of inquiry led me to the Intourist office in the hotel—two floors above mine—and there I met Overseer No. 3, a mature woman with melancholy Russian eyes and a wryly appealing smile. She informed me in melodious and perfect English that my bus would arrive at noon, and that I was to remain in my room until called. Back in my room, I must have dozed off, because when I next looked at my watch it was nearly twelve-thirty. In a panic, I rushed to the Intourist office. The overseer as-

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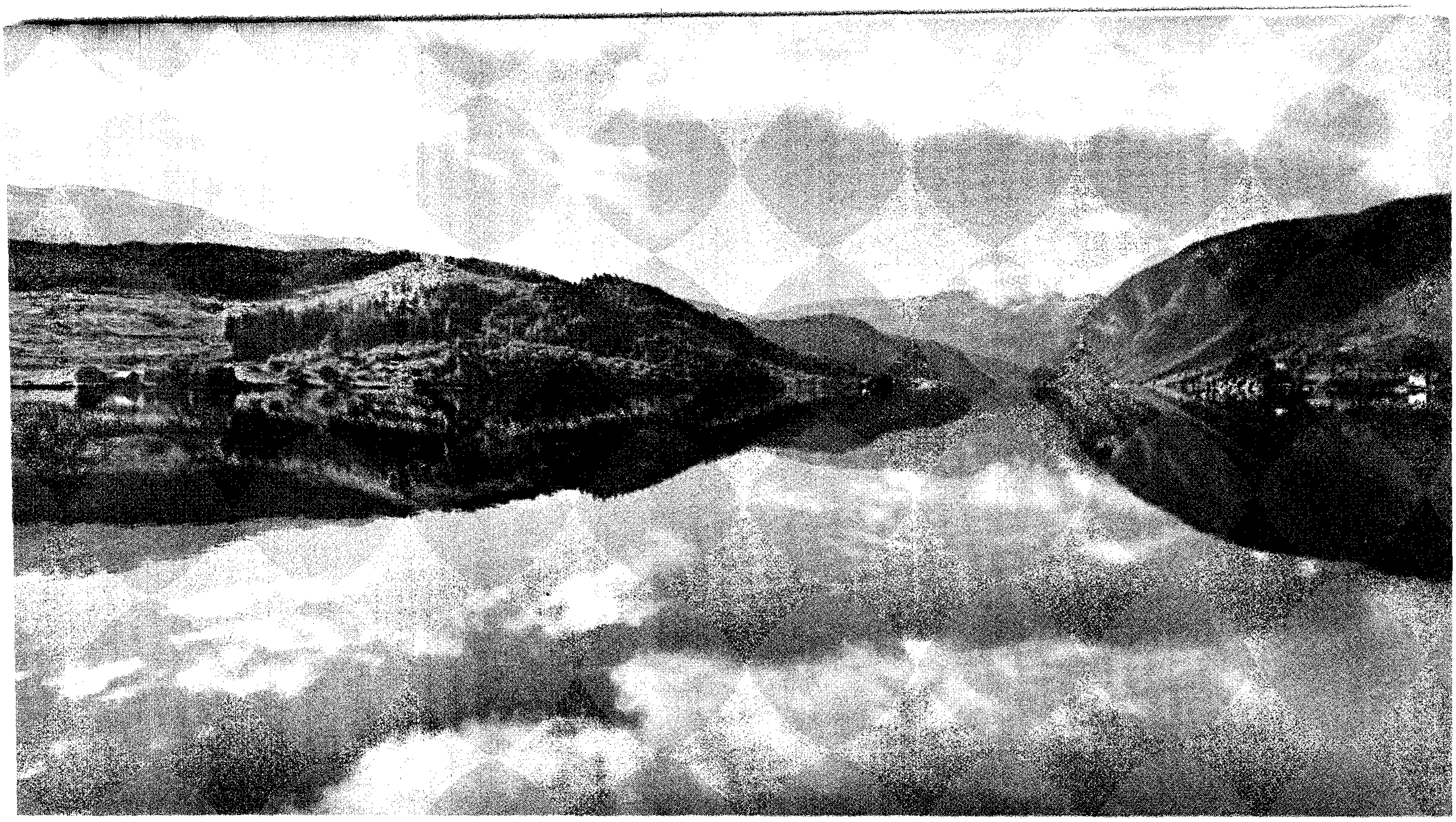

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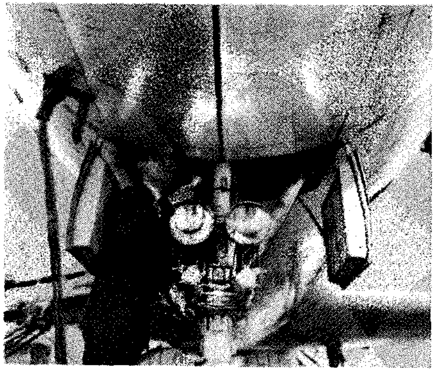

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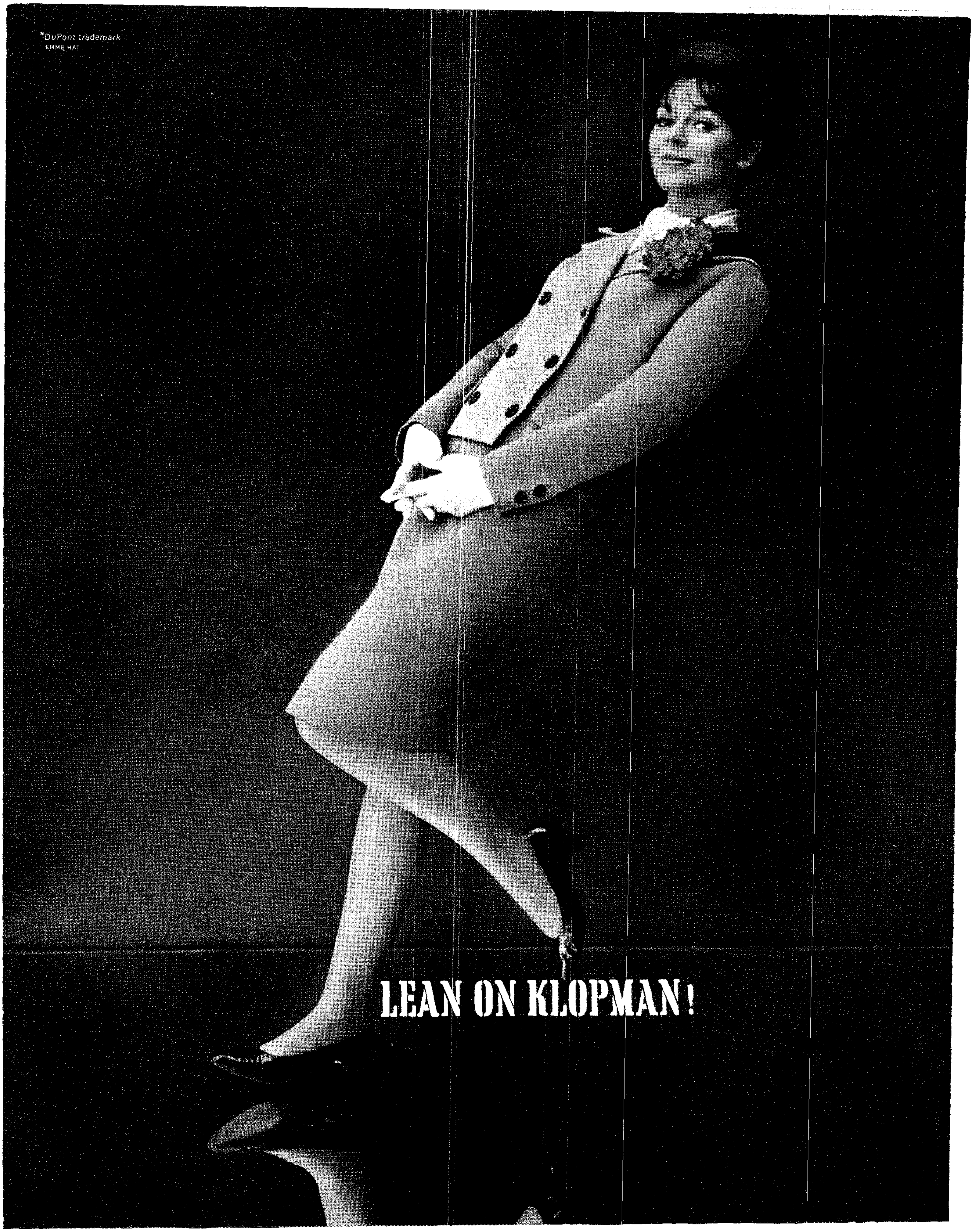

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sured me that the bus would be along at any minute. Meanwhile, would I please wait in my room for the call?

I walked back to my room with mounting apprehension. At twelve-forty-five, I returned to ask her if she had not mistaken my room number. The office was empty. In sudden fear that I might be called while I was out, I raced back to my room. The minutes ticked away, and a slow, creeping desperation set in. At about one o'clock, I tried to get the reception desk on the phone. "Aeroflot!" I shouted. "Transit! *Turist!*" The voice at the other end said something unintelligible, and I was disconnected.

I sat out another fifteen minutes in a cold sweat. It was an overcast day, and as I looked out the window at the gray afternoon, all the warmth and gaiety of the previous day seemed nullified—cancelled by the uniform steel gray of the sky, the chilly asphalt gray of the pavement, the set Slavic faces of the passers-by. The prospect of being detained in Moscow another day was both bleak and terrifying. There was no cheer in the thought of visiting the Moscow landmarks that Mr. Rao and I had missed—the university, the Kremlin churches, the grandiose Exhibition of Soviet Achievement. Mr. Rao, the bringer of laughter and conviviality—Mr. Rao, the consummate magician and conjurer-up of wonder—was gone, and there was no cheer in Moscow. I was in a hostile country, surrounded by strangers, and I wished to go home.

At one-thirty, fatigued by anxiety, I went back to the Intourist office. The overseer raised an eyebrow, half in surprise, half in annoyance.

"You were not called?" she asked, in an even voice.

"No," I said, too tired for anger. "I was not called."

"But the bus has left."

"I supposed as much."

"It seems they forgot to call your room."

"Yes, it does," I said. "What can be done? The plane leaves at two-thirty."

She got up. "You must take a taxi," she said. "But you will need to hurry." Her eye caught the turbaned little man on my Air-India travel bag, which I'd been carrying over my shoulder since noon. "FLY WITH ME" was written in an arch of white letters over the head of the little man, who was bowing.

" 'Fly with me,' " she read slowly. "That is very nice."

"Please," I said. "The taxi. Can we get one downstairs?"

"Yes," she said, tearing her eyes away from the bag. "In front of the

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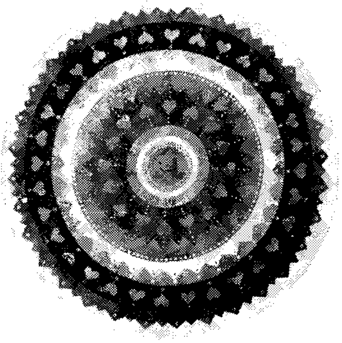

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hotel. I shall accompany you." I rushed downstairs for my luggage and met her outside.

She had to speak to several taxi-drivers in her cool, level voice before she found one who was willing to take me as far as the airport.

"This man will take you," she said, pointing to a bored Mongoloid face behind the wheel of a black Ziv. "But it is only a chance that he can get you to the airport in time."

"I'll take it," I said, and tossed my bags in the front seat.

"He wants ten rubles. I could not get it for less."

"*Ten!*" I cried, knowing full well that I had nothing like ten rubles.

"Yes. How much do you have?"

I rummaged in my wallet and my pockets, and came up with six rubles and a few kopecks.

She gazed at my hand, suddenly weary. The deep rings around her eyes gave her expression a tragic quality that seemed excessive for the circumstances.

"It's all I have," I said. "Can I pay him with American traveller's checks?"

She sighed and shook her head. "No," she said. Then she took out a small black purse and counted out four rubles. She rolled them together and wedged them into my hand.

"Oh, no," I said. "I can't take this as a gift. Can I give *you* a traveller's check?"

She smiled faintly. "What use have I for traveller's checks?" she asked. Her brow wrinkled as she peered again at the Air-India bag dangling from my shoulder. " 'Fly with me,' " she read out, more slowly than before. "He is a nice little man."

I got the idea this time, and slipped the bag off my shoulder. I climbed into the car, unzipped the bag, and began removing the contents—my electric shaver and toilet articles, a pair of tennis shoes, a few paperbacks.

"You will have difficulty carrying them," she said, watching the miscellany accumulate on my lap.

"I'll manage," I said, and handed her the bag. "The question is, is it enough? I got it for nothing, you know."

"Oh, yes," she said, and slipped it over one shoulder. "It is very nice. And it will be a remembrance for me of the young man with the funny hat who lost the bus."

"And I shall remember you," I said, genuinely touched in spite of my anxiety, "as the woman with sad brown eyes who saved my life with four rubles."

She gave the driver some final instructions and waved goodbye as the Ziv

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bolted forward like a bullet. I saw her through the back window, the bag hugged close against her ribs and the drawn, melancholy smile still on her face.

The flight had been delayed for several minutes, and I reached the airport just in time to board the TU-104 jet for London.

—VICTOR PERERA

*

DINNERTIME IN ILLINOIS

[*Jean Somers in the Champaign (Ill.) News-Gazette*]

While taking your first sip or bite of an appetizer, how would you react if your host or hostess announced that the place mat in front of you formerly was a picture of Great Uncle Danny's rib or Aunt Sarah's ear? It could happen to you, and for those entertaining it is almost a sure way of getting a dinner party off to an exciting start.

Monday evening local artist Mrs. Andrew B. Ellis, 304 S. Randolph, the former Marie Metz, entertained the Urbana-Champaign Branch of the National League of American Pen Women by explaining to them how she transforms X-ray films into attractive place mats.

Punched into each of the X-rays is the name of the doctor and the patient. Mrs. Ellis doesn't try to mask this, as she finds it adds to the merriment once users find out what their place mats formerly were.

When the artist receives the discarded X-rays, which are destroyed after 10 years or after a person dies, her first assignment is to remove the picture of the rib, leg or ear that might be pictured. She does this by dipping the X-ray back and forth in a 10 per cent solution of sodium hydroxide. The results are occasionally a clear finish, but most often a delicate violet or blue.

X-rays of larger parts of the body end up as dinner place mats, while ear and nose films are more appropriate for dessert place mats.

The artist then decides on a design to be painted, using oil paints with turpentine as her mixing medium, and usually sketches the design on drawing paper first, and transparent paper second before beginning the actual painting.

Mrs. Ellis displayed a variety of her finished work which features many flower motifs, contrasting from delicate pink rose sprays to bouquets of pansies and a charming arrangement of daisies. Commissioned to do place mats, Mrs. Ellis has often worked out designs to blend with draperies or china, or has used the initials of her patron.

In encouraging her listeners to attempt a place mat or two themselves, she shared a few professional tips. For one thing, when using gold and silver oil paints, one must first use another color as a base, such as yellow for gold and white for silver.

During the dipping or cleansing process, one may or may not need gloves depending upon the sensitivity of skin. However, if in doubt, it might be wise to wear a rubber glove or rubber type glove.

Mrs. Ellis, equally proficient in a variety of other artistic projects, presented her program at the home of Dr. Louise B. Dunbar with Dr. Marie Shere as co-hostess.

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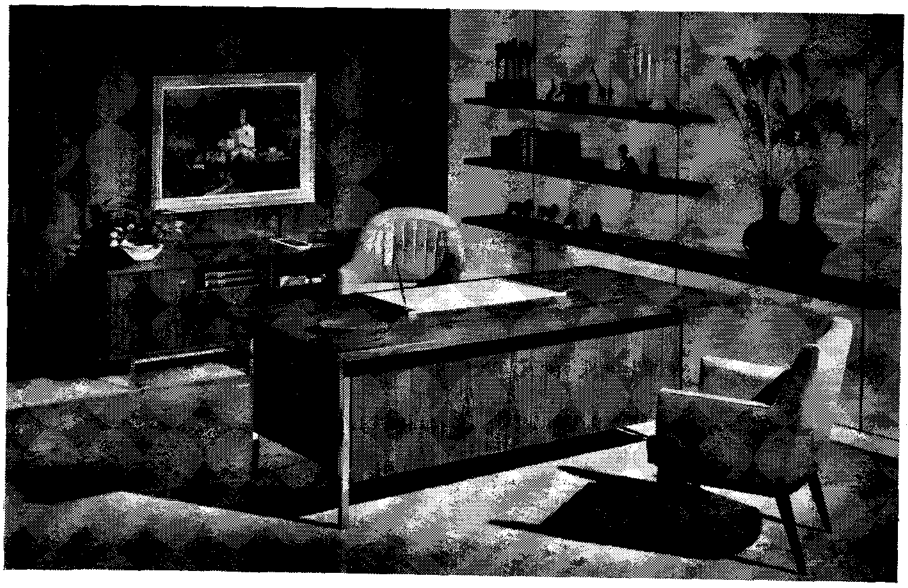

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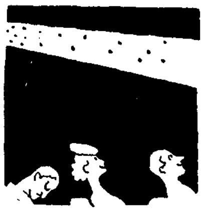

A SKIMPY week, and, to make matters worse, the one movie that I feel inclined to recommend must be recommended in a rather hesitant fashion. It's the Japanese import "Happiness of Us Alone," and I suspect that few people will feel prompted to run pell-mell to the Toho Cinema on learning that it tells of a deaf-mute who falls in love with and marries a young widow, also deaf but not mute, and of the undeserved ill fortune that dogs them for many years thereafter. "Isn't there enough misery to be seen in real life," I hear the voice of Everyman sullenly inquiring, "without having to *pay* to see it in the movies?" To which I can reply that in this case it is misery transformed, and that the sum of all its sorrows is, uncannily, joy. The quality of the lives of the two leading characters—a quality of steadfast and sweet-natured unaccommodatingness toward a fate that batters them at every turn—is such that, even in the presence of extreme poverty and death, the picture isn't depressing, and when, at last, the poor couple achieve a happy ending, we feel grateful to have been allowed to share their wretched start.

Much of the success of the picture depends on the delicacy and strength of the acting. As the deaf-mute and the widow, Keiju Kobayashi and Hideko Takamine convey a regard for each other in their unhappiness that is so much at odds with what has become our conventional view of marriage under pressure—one thinks of the lacerating cruelty of those Williams-Albee couples, pacing murderously up and down inside their domestic cages—as to seem a striking dramatic novelty. This sense of novelty is heightened for us by the fact that the language in which the couple speak their love isn't merely foreign but is a language of signs rather than voice. Mr. Kobayashi and Miss Takamine have evidently taken the trouble to learn to "speak" as deaf Japanese do, and it's literally eerie and affecting beyond words to have translated, in English subtitles, the beautiful, silent conversation of their hands. Mr. Kobayashi has great charm, and Miss Takamine, who is very beautiful, has easily survived having once been known as the Shirley

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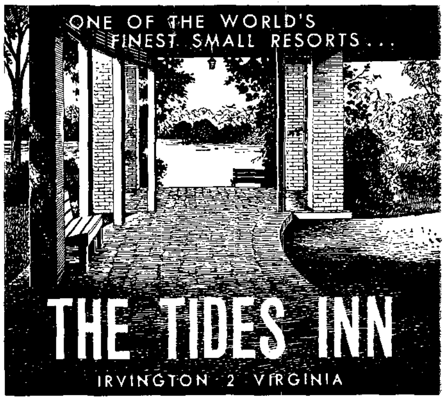

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Temple of Japan. "Happiness of Us Alone" is the first picture to be directed by Zenzo Matsuyama. It makes a curious and brave beginning.

"THE ARMY GAME" is a French picture, billed as having been directed by Claude de Givray and produced and co-directed by François Truffaut. I'm unfamiliar with the work of M. de Givray, but little that we have come to think of as characteristically Truffaut-like emerges from this long-drawn-out, slow-moving spoof of army life, and my first guess was that the picture had been made a long time ago, when M. Truffaut was even younger than he is—say, ten or twelve. But no, the picture was made in 1961, and since the cameraman was Raoul Coutard, whose handiwork in "Breathless" and "Jules and Jim" was anything but static, it's plain that we must look to the age of the material, and not to the age of the picture, for an explanation of its astonishing staleness. This is the third film version of a celebrated vaudeville farce called "Tire-au-Flanc," which was written back in 1904; it appears to have become one of those staples of national comedy that people laugh at without noticing that nothing in them is very funny any more. A foppish young Parisian must get his military service out of the way. There you have the subject. And the plot? One could write it in one's sleep. Our hero arrives at the camp in riding breeches, and the other recruits all laugh at him. His tough corporal takes delight in torturing him. So does gravity—when he lies in his bunk in barracks, the bunk collapses. At morning inspection, he is the one who stumbles out half dressed. Marching, he cannot keep in step. Etc., etc.

A final, grumpy word: Like so many *nouvelle-vague* movies, "The Army Game" is deplorably full of inside jokes. It even has what amounts to an "in" joke inside an "in" joke, in a subtitle provided for its transatlantic audience. At a moment in the plot when nothing more important can be found for M. Coutard's camera to film, it suddenly swings skyward, where a plane has written, in silky swags of smoke, "*Cahiers du Cinéma*." Ha-ha. And in the subtitle we see this translated as "Read *Variety*." Ha.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Irving Stone, author of "The Agency and the Ecstasy," will be in Joske's street floor book department from 2 to 4 P.M. Thursday to meet the public and autograph his book.—*San Antonio Express*.

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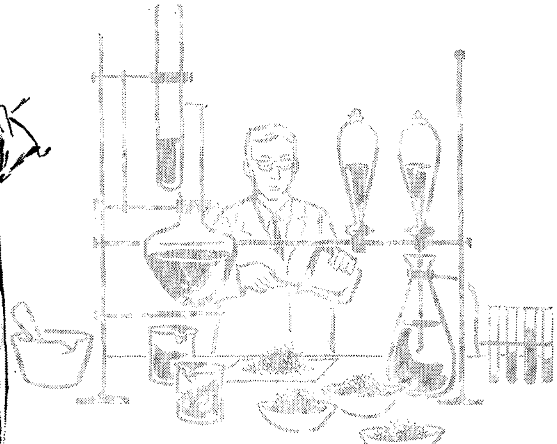

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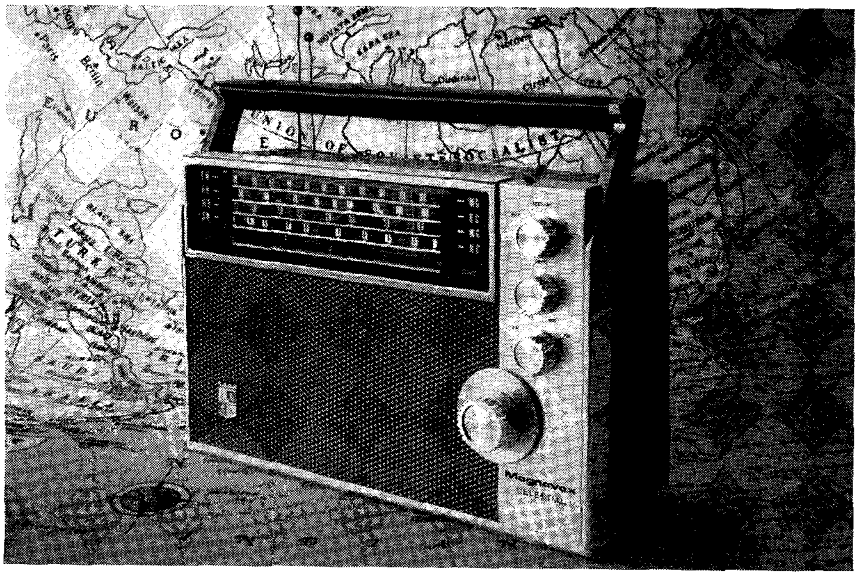

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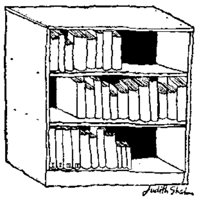
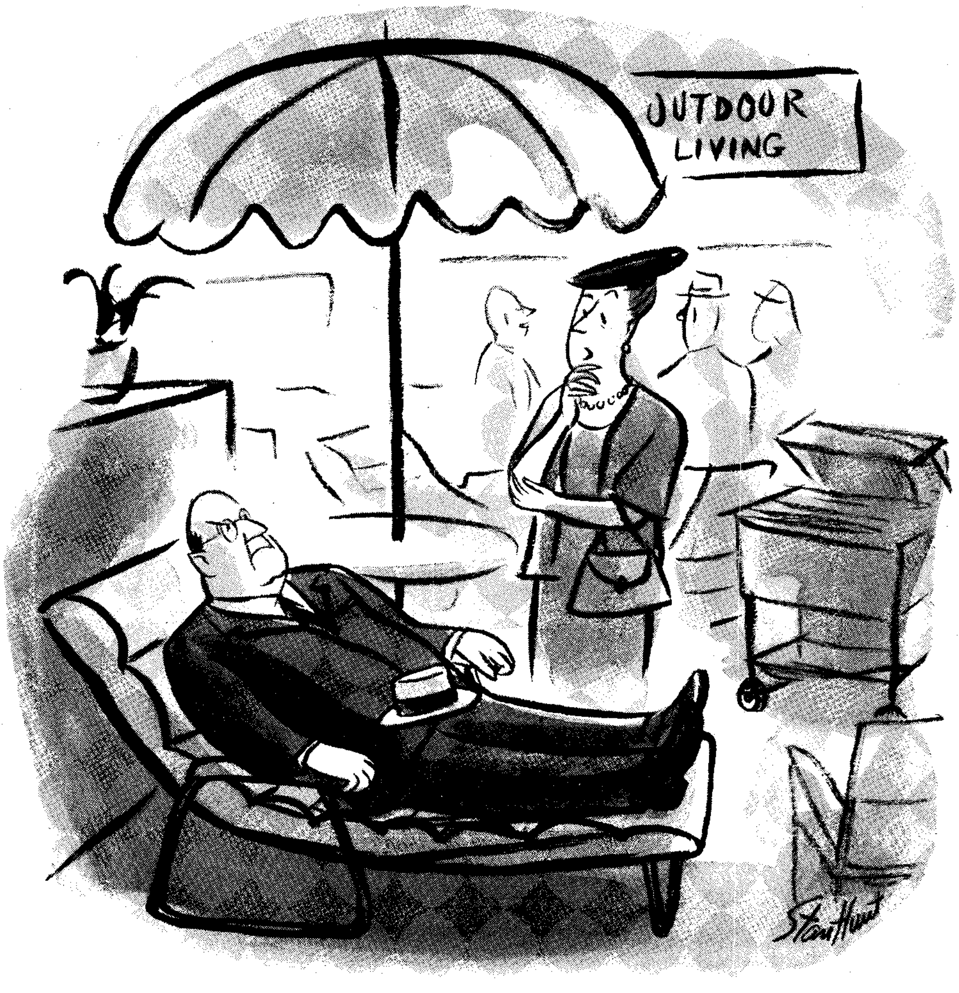


ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN's short novel, "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" (Dutton), describes all that happens between reveille and lights-out on a bitter winter's day to a prisoner in a Russian labor camp in the last years of Stalin's regime. The book has created a sensation in Russia, since it deals for the first time with the sufferings of the innocent caused by the breakdown of the Soviet judicial system under the wave of suspicion and fear, almost exactly like McCarthyism, that swept the country when the German invasion showed that the menaces threatening the country were real ones. From the time of the Revolution onward, the Soviet government had been warning the Russian people of its omnipresent and omniscient enemies within, the sinister and relentless enemies of the Russian people and the working class who were creeping into key positions in the administrative machine to work for its destruction. After a generation of propaganda, beefed up from time to time by spectacular trials of wreckers and foreign agents, the secret police managed to make the whole of the bureaucracy and a great part of the Russian people believe that the entire country was rotten with treason. When the Germans attacked and the Soviet armies suffered the terrible defeats of 1941 and 1942, Russia turned on itself, executing thousands of soldiers and sending thousands more to labor camps, seemingly for such "offenses" as fighting their way out of encirclement or escaping after being taken prisoner. When the war ended and the extent of the damage, as well as the narrow margin between victory and defeat, became apparent, the hysteria grew. With the work of treason in plain sight everywhere, the task of rooting out the traitors became even more urgent. Solzhenitsyn himself, a commander of an artillery battery for three years, and twice decorated for bravery, was a victim of this phase, being sent off to a work camp for eight years and into exile for four years more. He was in East Prussia at the time of his arrest, and he seems to have been one of the many thousands who paid for the secret police's paranoid fear of the disturbing effects that service outside Russia and contacts with foreigners might have on members of the Soviet armed forces. Knowing that he had served his country well, if not faultlessly, Solzhenitsyn found himself suddenly transformed from a soldier in a victorious army into a cipher, an expendable labor unit deprived of all civil rights and of all hopes of return to normal life. A strong man and a patient one, he survived, as many did not, to be "rehabilitated" in 1957. He was then able to become a schoolmaster, to marry, and to begin to believe once more in his future. The nightmare he had lived through is now a novel it is impossible not to admire. Though it is a thoroughly conventional piece of realistic writing, it is beautifully simple and direct. There is not a false note in it, or anything that is superfluous or overemphasized, and because it nowhere says that what it describes is horrible, it manages to build up an overwhelmingly horrible impression.

Ivan Denisovich is in no way a special case, and nothing of a hero. He was one of a group of Russian prisoners who escaped from the Germans and got back to their own lines, and who were, naturally, sentenced to hard labor for having had traffic with the Germans. He has become adjusted to camp life, and he knows all the tricks of cadging, pilfering, and column dodging a man must learn if he is to survive in such a place. Solzhenitsyn's accomplishment is particularly remarkable in that this study of the debasement of a human being by a vile system contains no hint of either sadism or masochism. Ivan Denisovich is simply presented in the clear daylight of absolute objectivity as a human being on whom a certain fate has fallen. This indictment of a system that can contrive such a fate for so ordinary and so likable a man is all the more effective for this cool approach, and it is only when Solzhenitsyn's last, measured understate-



"*It doesn't suit you somehow, Morton. You should sit more bolt upright.*"

ment has been made that it is recognizable as a masterpiece of polemic. It is, of course, an attack on the abuses of Stalinism, but if it were no more than that it would not be the important book it is. Solzhenitsyn is for mercy and justice and against the cruelty of intellectual absolutism. No one has ever delineated more compactly or cogently the appalling social consequences of an officially sponsored paranoid myth designed to make dissent impossible and to make all those who seem to be dissenters hated, suspected, and feared by the rest of the community. The hell in which Ivan Denisovich spends his days lies at the end of all roads that begin with demands for an unquestioning loyalty to a nation or a party, and Solzhenitsyn's book is a warning of universal application.

"THE TIN DRUM" (Pantheon), a novel in the Expressionist manner by the German poet Günter Grass, keeps up its screaming protest against the coarse, vigorous Philistinism of German life for five hundred and eighty-nine crowded and inventive pages. It should be a quite intolerable book, but in some mysterious way it manages not to be, and for all its violence, overemphasis, and frequent strident vulgarity it never loses touch with a poetic vision that transmutes the ordinary into something always fascinating and often beautiful. The tin drum of the title is the highly allegorical property of the even more highly allegorical hero, Oskar Matzerath, a Danziger by origin, who has a fall when he is three years of age, and thereafter ceases to undergo any obvious physical development. He is thus able to see the rise of the Nazis, the war, and its aftermath, as an invisible witness. He is there, but when people look at him they see a child, not a preternaturally sensitive and intelligent observer. Herr Grass has not arranged this for nothing; he has the intention of being profound about the dwarfing and reduction to impotence of the individual in modern society. When the book heads in this direction, it is remarkably tedious and unimpressive, but Herr Grass's incapabilities in the line of sociological generalization are more than compensated for by the keenness of his feeling for minute particulars. He brings Germany to the eye and to the ear with a quite extraordinary vividness, simultaneously displaying the Philistine awfulness of its daily life, which produced Nazism as inevitably as a rosebush produces roses, and the richness and variety of the same life, which just as inevitably makes the people who live it the most energetically crea-

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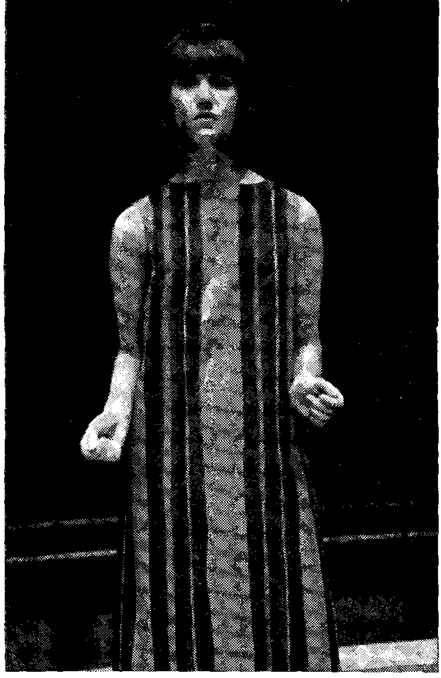

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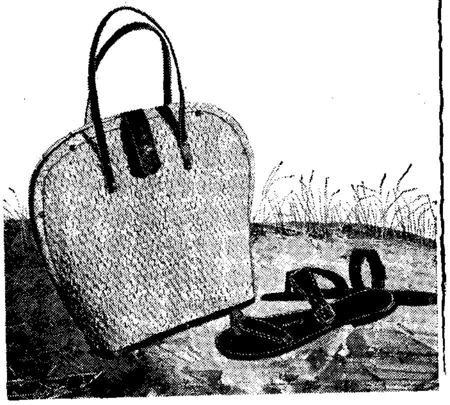

tive and positively constructive force in Europe. This way of describing the book, which makes it sound abstract and theoretical, is unfair to the considerable portions of it that are so concrete and immediate that they approach the level of experience. When Herr Grass is not allegorizing, he often writes well enough to put his reader right inside Oskar Matzerath's skin and his extraordinary situation as the last word in the way of an alienated individual. If the reader has the resolution to reject Oskar as a symbol, and is ready to skip a certain number of passages in which Herr Grass makes literature at the top of his voice, he will find himself amply repaid for his selective labors. When "The Tin Drum" is good it is very good indeed, and excitingly imaginative in its approach to realities.

"THROUGH THE HOOP" (Knopf) is an entertaining and lively-minded satire that marks the transformation of Michel del Castillo, the author of "Child of Our Time," from an amateur into a professional writer. In his first book he described an experience so strange and so terrible—he was a child who survived imprisonment in a concentration camp—that his mode of expression was of much less importance than his mere ability to make the statement. The book had its value simply as testimony. It was natural to suppose that the effort of making such a disturbing communication would exhaust the talent, and del Castillo's somewhat obviously manufactured second novel, "The Disinherited," aroused more good will than enthusiasm. It seemed that he had had his say. "Through the Hoop," however, is a satirical novel in the light manner of Anatole France's "The Amethyst Ring," and it is filled with good things. It crosses country full of perils, having as its subject the consequences for a group of people living in a small Spanish town of a young man's nervous breakdown and collapse into religious mania. If del Castillo were simply to make an anticlerical joke of all this, the book would be inexcusable, but his handling of his theme, difficult though it is, is almost faultless. The clouding of the young man's mind and its painful clearing after the crisis of his confrontation with the stern essence of things are described with a maturity of comprehension and with a delicacy that are quite remarkable; what del Castillo has successfully shown is the agony of a mind that is facing a religious test but that has been immersed in religion without understanding it. The background to this story, which has a tragic outcome,

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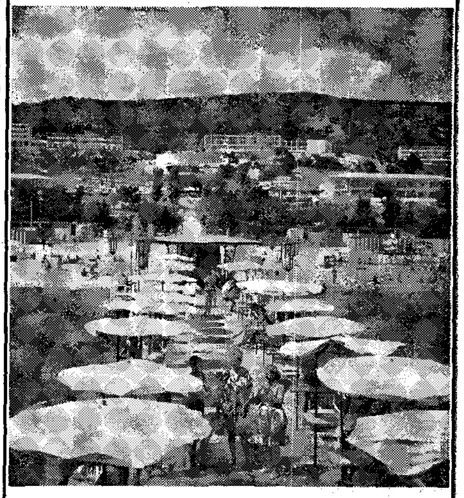

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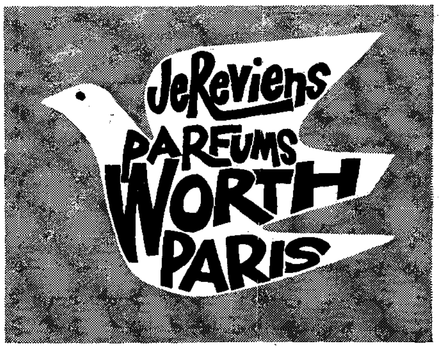

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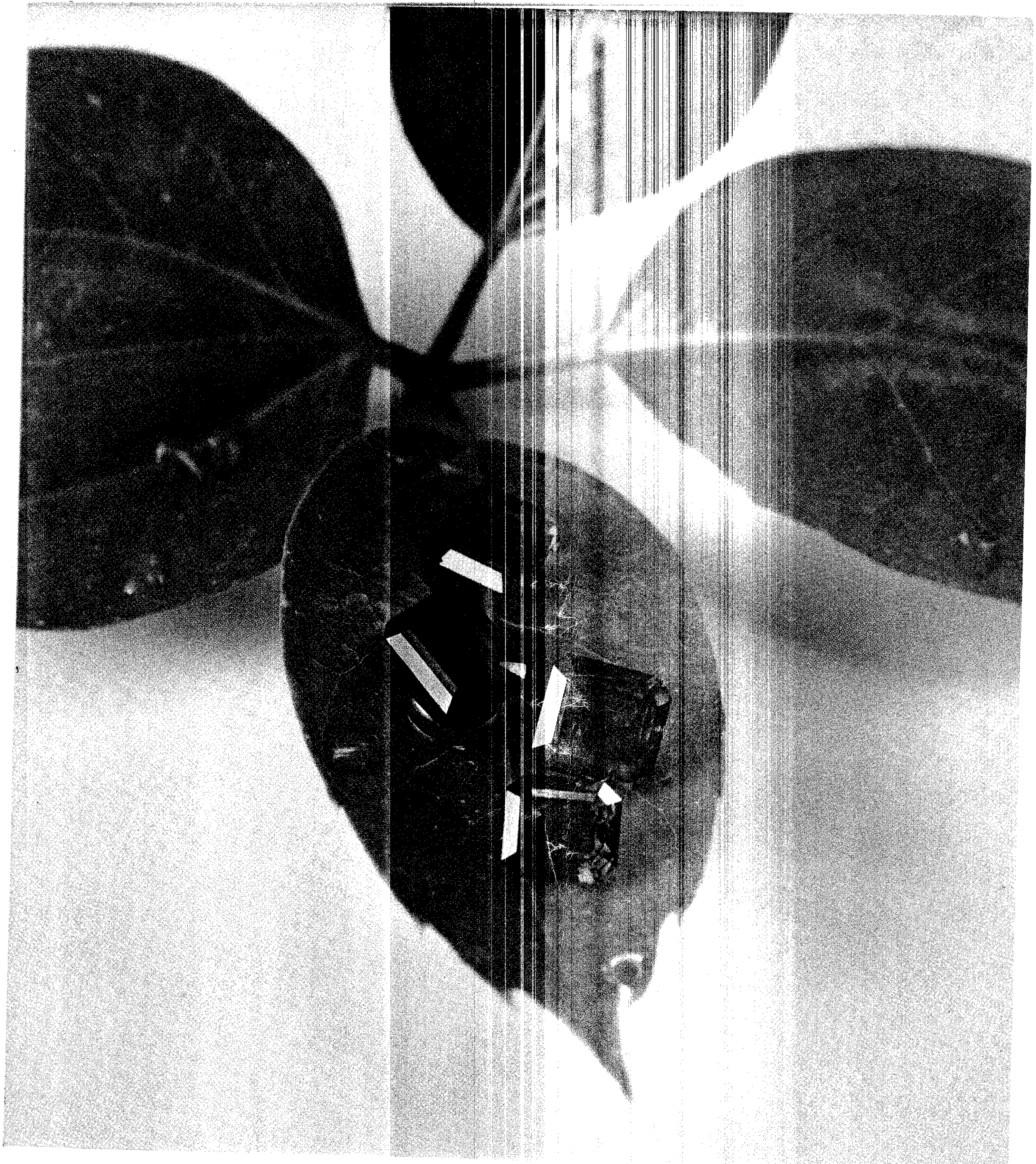

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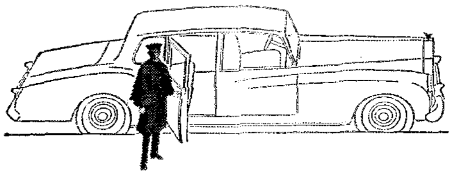

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is a clerical comedy, which, since the setting is Spanish, also comes to a grim ending. The poor lunatic becomes the football in a struggle for power inside the diocese. To further his own ends, a parish priest scheming against his elderly and incompetent bishop plans to use the scandal caused by the young man, whose preachings lead to his arrest as a Communist; the bishop plans to exploit the scandal for another purpose; and the bishop's ambitious secretary has yet another scheme in mind. If del Castillo were merely being frivolous, he would be content to work this business of diamond-cut-diamond for its potential as farce. Instead, he movingly and touchingly describes how one of these schemers—Mosén Risueño, the parish priest—is awakened to the meaning of his faith by contact with the lunatic. He knows that he is dealing not with a saint but with innocence betrayed, and that what he has been planning has been part of the betrayal. A crisis of conscience in which virtue triumphs is not easy for an author to handle without striking the note of priggishness, but del Castillo manages it, and makes his Father Risueño both credible as a Christian and likable as a man. The organization of the book owes a lot to Anatole France, a better writer than many people nowadays think, but the stylistic model del Castillo has taken is laconic and dry, with many direct approaches from author to reader, including footnotes commenting on the action. It suits del Castillo well and his Spanish material even better. The strength of the writing, however, is a matter of attitude; though del Castillo is intellectually French, he is in love with Spain. The warmth of feeling that underlies even his harshest criticisms makes "Through the Hoop" a thoroughly satisfying novel.

—ANTHONY WEST

VERSE

NOW that the work of male poets writing in English seems to have settled down into a few standard categories of material (bland, horrific) and of treatment (formal, loose), it is interesting to notice that poetry written by women (once thought to be limited to a rather narrow vein of personal lyricism) has also sorted itself out into a few basic kinds. To separate the work of women writers from the work of men is, naturally, a highly unfeminist action. But beneath surface likenesses, women's poetry continues to be unlike men's, all feminist statements to the contrary notwithstanding. Women function differently, in art as in life,

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and it should be an enlivening rather than a dismal fact that there are some things they either cannot or are unwilling to do, and others that they do very badly.

The old untruth that female writers imitate male masters has been pretty well demolished. Since the early nineteenth century, women writers, in English as in other tongues, have freed themselves from good from damning and debasing eighteenth-century labels. Miss Austen, in Regency times, managed to put together one perfect kind of novel from the bits and pieces—journals and letters—scattered through earlier centuries by literate Englishwomen. Later, women began to appear in every true literary vanguard, often so far in front that the rank and file did not know of their existence. In this way, Emily Brontë and Emily Dickinson broke out of the binding confines of the personal over into broad regions of human complexity, and, more recently, Marianne Moore, Gertrude Stein (at her least compulsive), and the late Hilda Doolittle extended poetry's limits while reforming poetry's means.

But along with new freedoms and renewed skill, new limitations and a few old ones in disguise began to appear. In life or in letters, a woman cannot successfully imitate a man's rougher conduct (George Sand's cigar and male travesty went out very early, even in the case of George Sand). She cannot seem to be totally abandoned or directly destructive. And it is difficult for her to throw reason to the winds; to a woman, pure illogicality seems not only silly but potentially dangerous. There are no *poétesses maudites* and there are no authentic women surrealists. Surrealism, with its frequent harsh eroticism, its shock tactics, and its coarse way with language, comes hard to women writers, whose basic creative impulses usually involve tenderness and affection.

A rather denatured kind of feminine surrealism seems to be floating about at the moment. Dudley Fitts, in his introduction to "Manhattan Pastures," by Sandra Hochman, his this year's choice in the Yale Series of Younger Poets (Yale University Press), speaks of her "willingness to take risks" and of her "power to invest the ordinary with the strange." But Miss Hochman's risk-taking turns out to be comparatively mild; her assumed aggressive attitudes do not work out; the hallucinations and the tough words fail; and we are soon being treated to the wild image and to free-running verbalism alone. Male surrealists, particularly of the original French, or André Breton,

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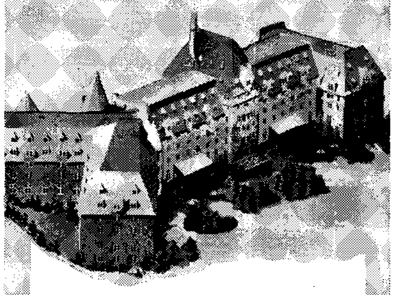

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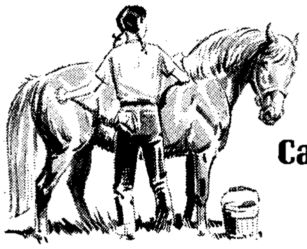

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variety, are made of much sterner stuff.

At the same time, some younger women, following in the footsteps of Marianne Moore, have become close but detached observers of the facts of nature and—sometimes—of art. Keeping themselves out of it, they display a woman's talent for dealing intensely and imaginatively with the concrete. May Swenson is perhaps the most skillful and devoted of this group. She applies a naturalist's care to her descriptions of animals, plants, flowers, landscapes, and seascapes, and a warm interest underlies this examination of her surroundings. She can, moreover, move through city streets without being chilled by their buildings and machines. "To Mix with Time" (Scribners), which contains new and old poems, is a volume full of color and variety, and of high technical skill.

Anne Sexton, in her second book, "All My Pretty Ones" (Houghton Mifflin), as in her first, "To Bedlam and Part Way Back," does take risks. She assumes the difficult and dangerous task of putting down the primary horrors of life, along with a good many of those secondary horrors which the imagination is able and willing to conjure up. Her realism deals with so many shocking secrets that her moderate use of surrealistic language and method hardly counts; and these are almost always women's secrets that do not, in the ordinary way of things, get told. To outline personal relationships (and Mrs. Sexton's poems, unlike Miss Swenson's, are full of people) always at a high pitch of emotion requires courage; to describe fully the dark conflicts of the self without slipping over into the shrill voice of confession or the sobbing note of self-pity requires high control at every conscious and unconscious level. Mrs. Sexton sometimes crosses a boundary retrogressively—from large grief into small grievance, from natural fears to contrived ones. But she usually writes from the center of feminine experience, with the direct and open feeling that women, always vulnerable, have been shy of expressing in recent years.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

COCKATRICE, by Wolf Mankowitz (Putnam). This description of one aspect of the English movie world is given by Danny Pisarov, a handsome, flashy assistant producer who is never going to be a name in the industry. This is because, for no particular reason, he is a born loser

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whose driving envy makes him aggressive in public and mildly melancholy in solitude, and whose only talent is for imitation; he imitates the most successful man he knows—his employer, Arno Borian. It is Christmas in London, and while Borian is away sunning himself on a yacht, Danny, who lives in Borian's house, tries to steal from the producer's roster of performers his biggest star—a French ingénue. This is a lurid, pathetic story, and the best things about it are that it is short and keeps to the point.

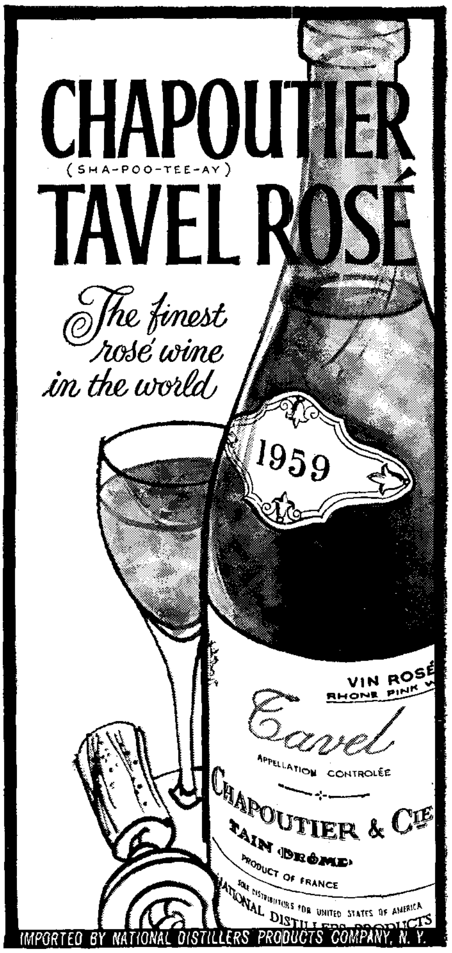
THE EXILES, by Albert J. Guerard (Macmillan). Mr. Guerard's light, desultory examination of the Caribbean political scene centers on the attempt of an American writer to interview Justo de Villamayor, once a powerful figure in the Republic of Santa Isabella and now an exile in the neighboring Republic of Haiti. Villamayor is a mysterious and complicated man who appears to have led several lives, and the writer, Nicholas Clive, finds his search for the great man hampered but enlivened by the persistent presence of another mysterious figure, Manuel Andrada, a native of Santa Isabella and a wistful soul who longs to make himself famous as an assassin. Andrada, who is full of affection that nobody wants, secretly adores Villamayor, but he considers it his duty to kill him, and he trusts his other hero, Clive, to lead him to his quarry.

WHAT'S BECOME OF WARING, by Anthony Powell (Little, Brown). The first American edition of a novel that Powell wrote before the Second World War, long before he began to publish his well-known "Music of Time" series. This one is set in and around the English publishing business. Its plot is no great shakes, but it does serve as a Christmas tree for the display of a grand, glittering array of splendid comic characters doing funny things. Mr. Powell's prose is beautiful and hilarious, and the whole nutty arrangement ends too soon.

NOTE: "The Even Temperature in the Cave," a volume of six short stories by Mary Nash, of which two originally appeared in this magazine, has been published by Little, Brown.

GENERAL

THE SOUTH AND THE SOUTHERNER, by Ralph McGill (Atlantic-Little, Brown). The Southerner of the ti-



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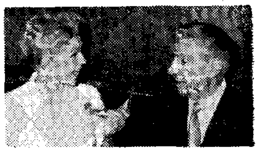

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tle is mostly Mr. McGill himself, the publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*. He recalls his boyhood in the Tennessee mountains and his schooling in Chattanooga and Nashville, and reminds the reader that Southern whites as well as Negroes have suffered from extreme poverty, lack of education, and lack of opportunity. In the course of growing up, and especially after he became a newspaper reporter, Mr. McGill began to understand his region's history and the reasons for the backwardness he saw all around him. Since then, he has observed development and improvement—in both the economy of the South and the opportunities for all its natives. (He thinks, by the way, that Southern Negro leadership in recent years has been impressive—decisive, reasonable, and ethically Christian.) He uses a quasi-autobiographical, quasi-reporting method instead of merely arguing, and the result is that he teaches rather than preaches. And the lesson is a sound one: that the South is a mosaic, not a monolith—a part of America, a culture in the process of change.

THE TRIAL OF MARIE BESNARD, by Marie Besnard, translated from the French by Denise Folliot (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). Nothing could better suggest the unearthly nature of this memoir than the celebrated opening of Kafka's "The Trial": "Someone must have been telling lies about Joseph K., for without having done anything wrong he was arrested one fine morning." Like Joseph K., Mme. Besnard, a fifty-two-year-old widow of Loudun, in Poitou, had not done anything wrong, but one fine morning in July of 1949 she was arrested and imprisoned on a charge of fatally poisoning (with arsenic) thirteen people, including her parents, her husband, his parents, and his sister. It took her twelve years (five of them spent in prison, the rest marking time on bail) to demonstrate to the reluctant satisfaction of the state that she was the innocent victim of a malicious neighbor, a wildly ambitious policeman, and a criminally inept police toxicologist—that there had, in fact, been no poisonings at all. Mme. Besnard tells her agonizing story in a flat, unexcited voice ("A policeman's job can't be very difficult to learn. You need a guilty person. Who? That one. Right! To work. Who has a grievance against him, who is envious, who wouldn't mind seeing him in trouble?") that chills

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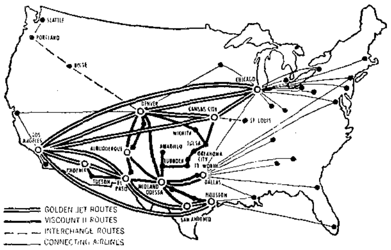

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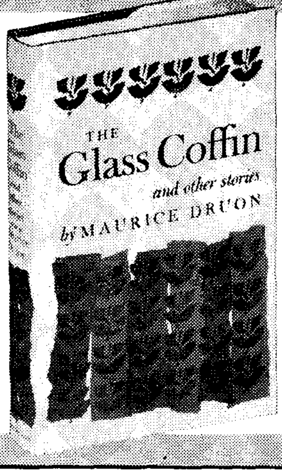

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one to the bone. Sybille Bedford contributes a useful legalistic introduction.

THE CONSERVATIVE ENEMY, by C. A. R. Crosland (Schocken). This collection of essays about the English political scene by a Labour M.P. is breathtakingly sensible—few men nowadays can argue this hard and yet keep calm. Mr. Crosland has another rare virtue: he thinks that the voters are as smart as he is. Nothing, in fact, is wrong with the book except its title, which suggests that it is the product of the sort of fire-breathing English radicalism that depends on being mean to the Queen—a false impression, since, for one thing, Mr. Crosland mixes a very high proportion of fact with opinion. And, for another, he strongly opposes the old-guard Labour Party notion that the English must nationalize everything. His approach is practical and forthright. He knows that splinters of the British Left variously fear the United States, or television, or advertising, or the bomb, or the peerage, or the Conservative Party; he, on the other hand, isn't even afraid to admit that Conservatives and Labour, though they have plenty of differences, have lots of agreements, too. He writes clearly, energetically, specifically, and with humor. Perhaps half his comments apply to the United States. We share some problems with the United Kingdom—a slow rate of economic growth is probably the one that we've heard most about lately—but the two nations' political structures are so different that it's hard to imagine that many of Mr. Crosland's remedies would suit us. But then it's not the solutions that make the book valuable, it's the author's attitude—without cant, accurate about defining problems, and kindly.

THE DAY THEY SHOOK THE PLUM TREE, by Arthur H. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace & World). A fact-filled journalistic biography of the infamously stingy Hetty Howland Robinson Green (1835-1916), her fortune, which was estimated at well over a hundred million dollars, and her two miserable children—Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green (1868-1936) and Mrs. H. Sylvia Ann Howland Robinson Green Wilks (1871-1951). Four-fifths of the book is devoted to the life of her son, a professional Texan who married a Chicago prostitute and spent his money on girls, stamps, jewels, jigsaw puzzles, pornography, and Texas Republican politicians. Hetty, who

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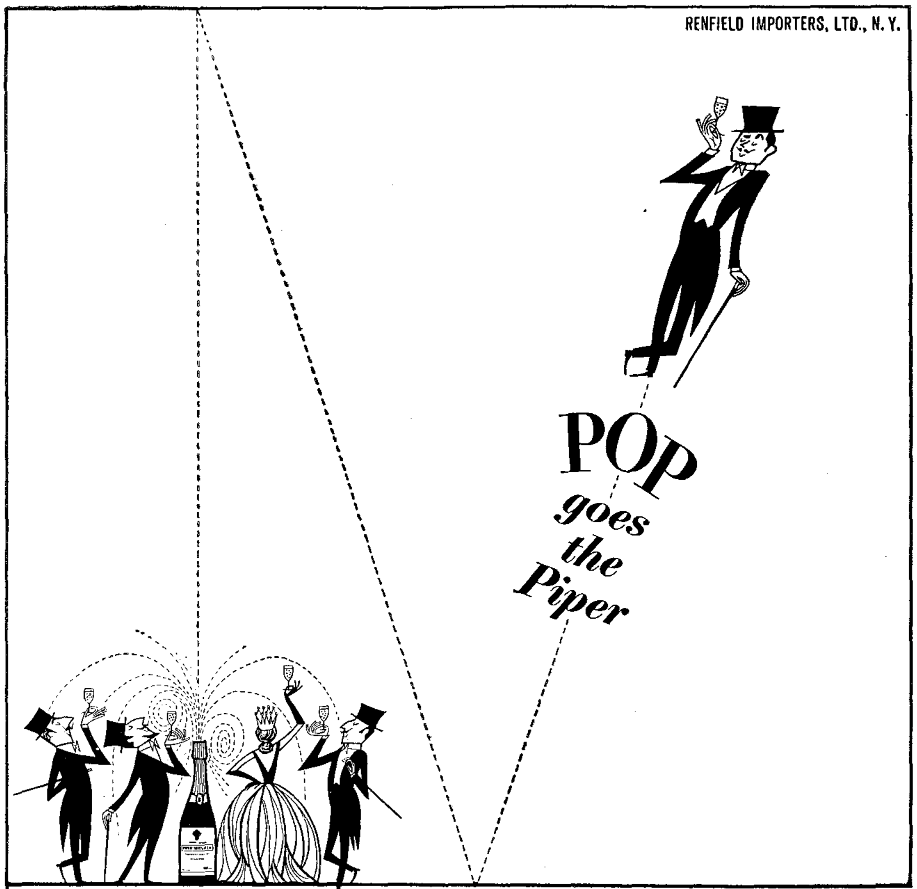
made the money and had the character and ruled the roost, shares the remaining fifth with her pathetic daughter, whose chief enthusiasms were Dwight D. Eisenhower, Dick Tracy, and rare roast beef. Hetty Green was an incredibly warped and complicated woman, but Mr. Lewis is satisfied to present her simply as a usurer with dirty fingernails, a ragged dress, and a pocketbook tied to her waist. The title refers to the day that Mrs. Wilks's will was executed and the family fortune distributed far and wide.

Glückel of Hameln 1646-1724: Written by Herself, edited and translated by Beth-Zion Abrahams (Yoseloff). This is the first English translation direct from the medieval Jüdisch-Deutsch (a philological ancestor of modern Yiddish) of the work of the first published female Jewish diarist. Glückel was born in Hamburg in 1646 and was married at fourteen to Chaim Segal, a jewelry merchant of Hameln (the Hamelin of Browning's "Pied Piper"), who died in 1689, leaving her twelve children, eight of them unmarried. It was during the sleepless nights after his death that Glückel began her memoirs to her children. She knew many of the prominent figures of seventeenth-century Europe (Frederick I of Prussia attended the wedding of one of her children, and Glückel herself married, in 1700, the foremost financier of the Lorraine), but her memoirs are full of practical concerns and homely parables. She read widely, and several anecdotes from Herodotus and other ancient historians found their way into her diary. Although she was preoccupied with the making of money and the arranging of suitable marriages, her writings are filled with quaint digressions—moralistic, pragmatic, or merely superstitious.

On the Prevention of War, by John Strachey (St. Martin's). A remarkable survey—concise, thorough, and simple—of what is known and thought and has been done (precious little) about heading off another big war. Mr. Strachey summarizes other men's opinions very well; he can convey both an idea and his disagreement with it clearly and fairly. His book is therefore a useful guide to American and English nuclear war-and-peace doctrines. Mr. Strachey's imagination is lively—and envisioning the possible courses of future wars requires an inventive talent—yet he has a down-to-earth appre-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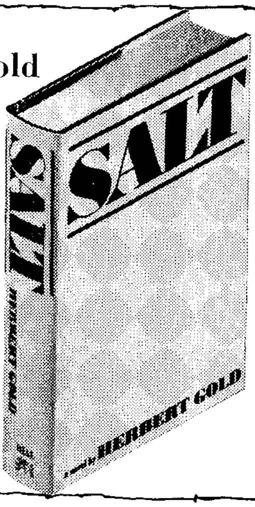
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BIG EYE

During the summers in Antarctica, the sun shines 24 hours a day, and scientists who live there in the line of duty get a staring, glazed look called Big Eye for want of sleep.

We've known people to get something like Big Eye in our board rooms as a result of watching the tape hour after hour. They stare and stare and sometimes seem to be mesmerized by the parade of prices across the Trans-Lux screen.

Now it's perfectly true that we often tell investors to keep track of their holdings, but the form of Big Eye just described is not what we mean. A speculator who trades on minor price variations may watch the tape with reason, but a long-term investor should not concern himself with minute-by-minute price fluctuations. As long as his company is a good one and continues in an upward trend, and as long as there is no news development that seems likely to alter it, he certainly doesn't need to keep an hourly check on his stock.

Of course, the opposite of board-room Big Eye, which might be called the ostrich syndrome or the head-in-the-sand reaction, is as dangerous as Big Eye is foolish. Everyone who owns securities should keep regular tabs on their behavior and be prepared to sell them if they prove disappointing. That's simply having common sense about common stocks.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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ciation of immediate difficulties. Ultimately, he thinks, the United Nations should control all nuclear weapons. That's for the long run. For the short run, he offers what he calls "modest, conservative, prosaic" suggestions that are quite plausible.

FACE OF NORTH AMERICA: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A CONTINENT, by Peter Farb (Harper & Row). A methodical, first-the-egg-and-then-the-chicken account of the complex of forces—wind and rain, fire and flood, freeze and thaw, wave and wash, growth and decay—that has shaped and reshaped and is still reshaping the American landscape. The amount of relevant information that Mr. Farb has gathered together is truly impressive, and since he writes as neatly as he thinks, it is all readily accessible. Drawings by Jerome Connolly, and many photographs. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

BLACK SPRING, by Henry Miller (Grove). This collection of reminiscences, stories, and prose sketches is marred by Mr. Miller's philosophical jargon, political ranting, and self-conscious reflection of literary "influences." But when Miller the raconteur is on his own—neither prophet nor mystic nor deliberate link in a literary tradition—he is incomparable, doing his best, in ribald yet moralistic fashion, to laugh the Victorian Age to extinction. Some sections of the book have appeared in his earlier works.

•

THE MYSTERIOUS AND, ON THE WHOLE, UNFORTUNATE EAST

[*Letter received by a lady in Hong Kong from her dry cleaner*]

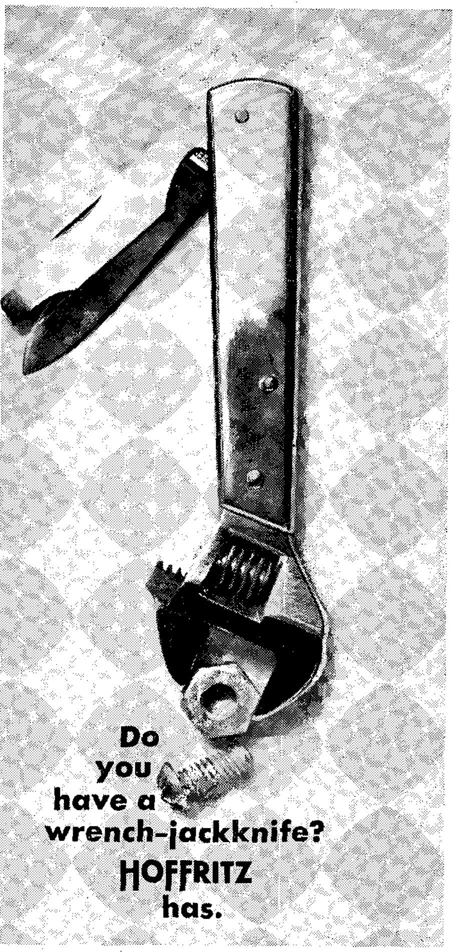
DEAR MADAM:

We regret to inform you that the grey flowered silk dress and jacket for clean on the 30th March, was damaged by the water dropping from the upstairs, in which our upstairs is Carnarvon Hotel, who's passenger forgot short the water, therefore, until early morning the water coming and happen dripping down to our full place and whole clothes was wet and damaged, however, we are unfortunate in this matter of lot customer's garment was so much damaged by the way. Under this circumstance.

We beg to your kind consideration and forgive us for our unfortunate! May we dyeing it into black colour or not?

Expecting you for your kindness, we remain,

Very truly yours,
Central & Pao Keez
LEE PAO KUN
Manager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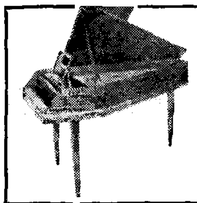
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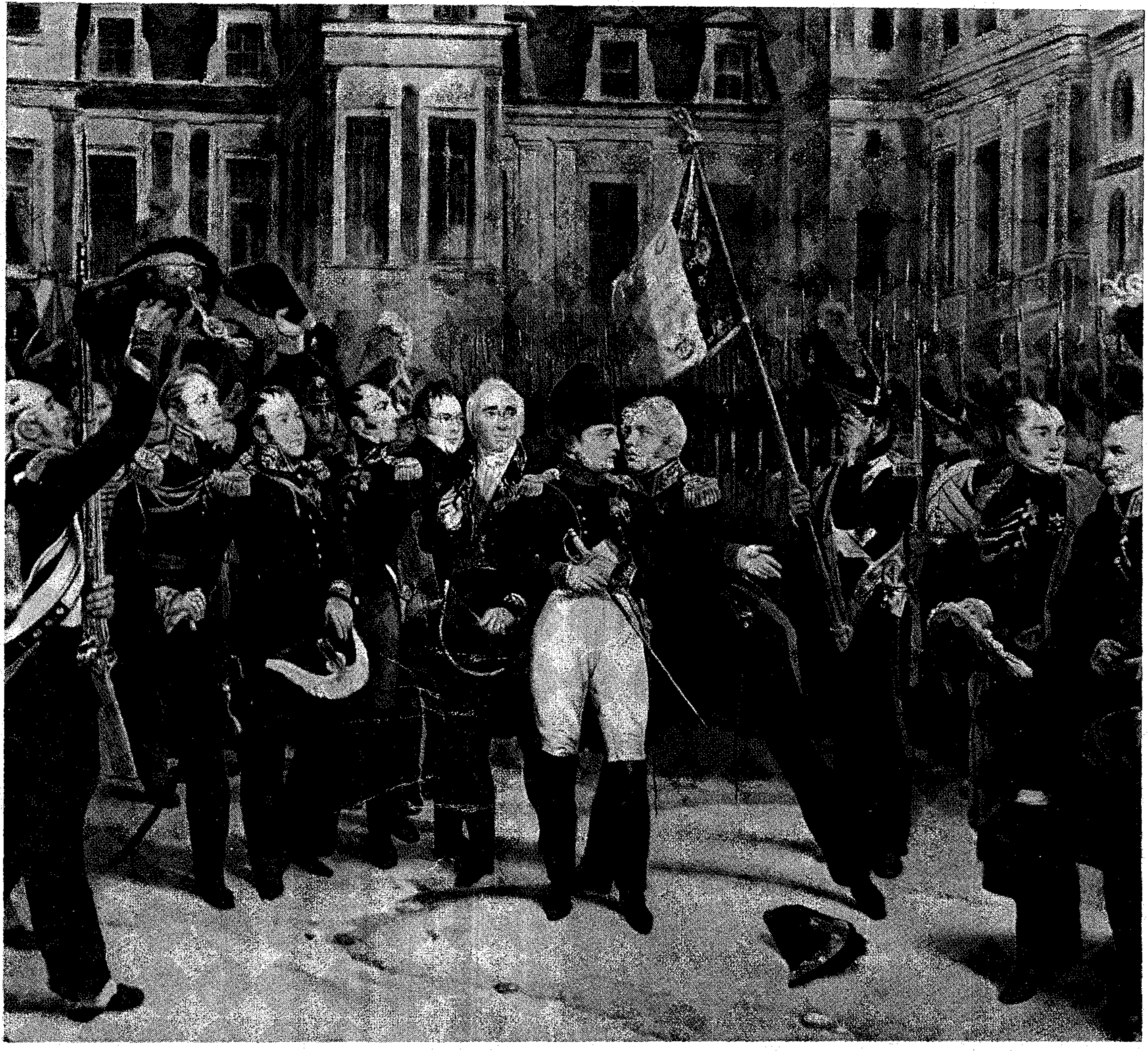

Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

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